

Iroquois Folk Lore

Gathered from the Six Nations of New York.

Selected and Arranged by the

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At the request of this Association, now sixty years old, I select for my last publication some things from my large collection of Iroquois folk lore which may interest some, and which comes from many sources.

As a charter member of the American Folk Lore Society in 1888, I had two papers in its first volume, and continued this for many years, Indian themes being in demand. My first important public work of this kind was of a material nature, gradually approaching my present theme. Mr. Arthur C. Parker, my successor, went farther in this, and I have freely quoted from his admirable publications.

The Bureau of Ethnology takes in a larger field, mainly in the West, and with a large staff, but in its second volume (1883) published Mrs. Erminnie A. Smith's "Myths of the Iroquois." She was a native of Marcellus, N. Y. Later the Bureau has published bi-lingual Onondaga, Mohawk and Seneca myths (vol. 21) by J. N. B. Hewitt, who aided Mrs. Smith.

The Dutch told of Indian customs and superstitions, mostly Algonquin. The Jesuits had written so much of a kindred people in Canada, that here they said little. The English knew little of the upper Iroquois till late in the 17th century. After the Revolution there was more direct contact and more became known.

THE IROQUOIS TRAIL AND DAVID CUSICK

When the Iroquois learned to speak and write English we found they had much to tell. David Cusick, 1825, the Tuscarora, first threw a lurid light on his people through his pictures and tales. My "Iroquois Trail," 1892, contains his history, and Mrs. Smith included some tales and four pictures. His chronology is a "long, long trail," in which Onondaga often appears. The creation of the Great

Island, the Great Turtle and the woman who fell from the upper world, the two children and their strife, the creation of the Onwe Honwe on the Kanawage or St. Lawrence river, and the shipwreck of some foreign people who at last became extinct—these lead the way. Then the northern giants troubled the people, but were driven off 2,500 years before Columbus came. A welcome peace followed, and then the Mischief Maker made trouble, as he always does. The Big Quisquis (hog) and the Big Elk attacked the towns south of Lake Ontario and were slain. A league was formed, with its council fire on the St. Lawrence.

About 2,200 years before Columbus ambassadors went south to visit the great emperor living in the Golden City. He built forts near Lake Erie, and there was a hundred years war, which left his forts in ruins. The home people suffered. A great horned serpent lurked in Lake Ontario; a blazing star fell into a river fort; the people fought each other till all were destroyed, wild animals alone remaining.

Some, however, hid themselves in a hill at Oswego Falls, and were called thence by the Holder of the heavens, who led them down the Mohawk and Hudson to the sea. Most returned, settling as Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas. Part went to Lake Erie and the Mississippi, but these five became the Five Nations.

A century later the Flying Heads and Lake Serpent troubled them. They had to make forts. About 1,250 years before Columbus came the Stone Giants, who were cannibals and marched against Fort Onondaga. The Holder of the Heavens led them into a deep ravine and in the night rolled great stones on them. But one escaped. "The hollow, it is said, is not far from Onondaga." A land serpent also troubled them, but the best Onondagas fought bravely and killed him.

Now comes a thriller. About 1,000 years before Columbus came civil war and great Atotarho lived at Fort Onondaga. "His head and body was ornamented with black snakes; his dishes and spoons were made of skulls of the enemy; after a while he requested the people to change his dress; the people immediately drove away the snakes—a mass of wampum was collected and the chief was soon

dressed in a large belt of wampum; he became a law giver, and renewed the chain of alliance of the Five Nations and framed their internal government, which took five years in accomplishing it. At Onondaga a tree of peace was planted which reached the clouds of Heaven; under the shade of this tree the Senators are invited to set and deliberate, and smoke the pipe of peace as ratification of their proceedings; a great council fire was kindled under the majestic tree, having four branches, one pointed to the south, west, east, north; the neighboring nations were amazed at the powerful confederates; the Onondaga was considered a heart of the country; numerous belts and strings of wampum were left with the famous chief as record of alliance, etc., after he had accomplished the noble work he was immediately named Atotarho, King of the Five Nations, and was governed by the Senate, chosen by the people annually; the successor of the Kings to follow the woman's line."

About this time the Senecas were defeated by the Squakies, but the Onondagas came to their aid and the foe lost the day, the Senecas extending their bounds to Oak Orchard creek. In the days of Atotarho II the Great Bear invaded the country. At Skonyatales lake, in Madison County, there was a dreadful fight between this and a lake lion. The bear was killed. "About this time a great musqueto invaded the fort Onondaga; the musqueto was mischievous to the people, it flew about the fort with a long stinger, and sucked the blood of a number of lives." The Holder of the Heavens was one day "visiting the king at the fort Onondaga; the musqueto made appearance as usual and flew about the fort, the Holder of the Heavens attacked the monster; it flew so rapidly that he could hardly keep in sight of it, but after a few days chase the monster began to fail; he chased on the borders of the great lakes towards the sunsetting and round the great country; at last he overtook the monster and killed it near the salt lake Onondaga, and the blood became small musquetoës."

In the next reign the Oneidas built forts farther down the Susquehanna. In one a boy was born who became Big Neck, a giant. He made trouble, building a fort where he was afterward killed.

In the reign of Atotarho IV, 800 years before Columbus,

the double headed snake encircled the fort at Canandaigua lake, ate many of the Senecas, and was killed by a dreaming boy. The fort was abandoned.

Under Atotarho V, the Senecas and Ottawas were at war. A Seneca party near Lake Chautauqua, found a poisonous animal which killed many thro' pestilence. The war lasted long in a desultory way.

Atotarho VI reigned 650 years before Columbus. Some Senecas went from the fort at Tonawanda to the Ohio river. There a furious Lizard destroyed all but one who was rescued by the Holder of the Heavens in a lion's form. By burning the flesh as soon as bitten off the Lizard was destroyed. The Ottawas, too, sued for peace. Thus, under the next Atotarho, an exploring expedition was sent and went to the Ohio and beyond the Mississippi. There they saw a flying fish and were welcomed by the Dog Tail Nation, with short tails. These sat on perforated seats. A giant stopped them before reaching the Rocky Mountains. One ambassador went to Kentucky and another to the Ottawas. The latter had bad luck.

Under Atotarho VIII, 400 years before Columbus, there was war between the Senecas and Missisaugas, and the latter planned to destroy Fort Kienuka. They were defeated. An Onondaga hunter was captured by a Stone Giant in Canada and had a curious escape, bringing him good luck. It was at this time that the Nanticokes brought witchcraft here. Near Fort Onondaga 50 persons were burned for this. Near Oneida creek occurred the dead hunter episode.

In the days of Atotarho IX, 350 years before Columbus, the Eries became powerful. At this time the Peace Queen reigned, but she took sides with the Eries. When she asked peace the Eries were left alone. At this time the Five Nations are said to have had 23,000 warriors, a wild estimate.

Atotarho X reigned 250 years before Columbus. Another Great Bear appeared.

Atotarho XI reigned 150 years before Columbus, and the Tuscaroras had aid from the Five Nations, coming north

much later. At that time there was a comet, an earthquake, and a prophet foretold the white man's coming.

Atotarho XII, 50 years before Columbus, saw war between the Mohawks and Mohegans. The Oneidas and Onondages aided the former, defeating the latter, who at that time were between them and the Hudson.

Atotarho XIII, 1492, saw the Eries and others destroyed.

Despite his extravagant chronology David Cusick recorded many of the most persistent Iroquois tales, telling them briefly, but as an Indian would have told them. The white man often mistakes, giving Algonquin names to Iroquois men and women, or interpretations of names which are far from the truth, as those of Oswego and Skaneateles.

WRITERS IN GENERAL

In Onondaga county, Mr. J. V. H. Clark, first president of our society, may be said to have begun the record of superstitions and tales in later days, and I regard those in his history as superior to those in his later "Lights and Lines of Indian Character," etc., 1854. Some later writers on Iroquois folk lore have been Lewis H. Morgan, Dr. Horatio Hale, Rev. John W. Sanborn, Wm. W. Canfield, De Cost Smith, Mrs. H. Maxwell Converse, Arthur C. Parker, Mrs. Helen F. Troy, David Boyle, Miss M. E. Trippe, Mrs. E. E. Emerson, H. R. Schoolcraft, Judge Dean, Mrs. N. P. Martin, with some Indians. Several of the former were good linguists, and had their information directly from Indians. Many others told of a few. With the valued aid of Albert Cusick and others on the Onondaga reservation, I collected much folk lore and some tales. My general record includes much from the Jesuit Relations and Moravian Journals.

THE CREATION

Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt gave bi-lingual Onondaga, Mohawk and Seneca versions of this, published by the Bureau of Ethnology, 1903. The Onondaga he had in 1889, from the late John Buck, Onondaga chief and fire-keeper on the Grand River reservation, Canada. The Mohawk version

he had from the same place, and the Seneca from Cattaraugus. The arrangement is good. The translation is on the upper part of the page, arranged for our use. Below are the words as used by the Indians, with translation under each. This is fine for study, but tedious from minute detail and frequent repetition. I therefore give another simpler account. Though I copied Judge James Dean's interesting and early Oneida account in the N. Y. State Library, which includes some things not found in others, it seems better to take David Cusick's story, just as he wrote it.

DAVID CUSICK ON THE CREATION

"Among the ancients there were two worlds in existence. The lower world was in a great darkness, the possession of the great monster; but the upper world was inhabited by mankind; and there was a woman conceived and would have the twin born. When her travail drew near, and her situation seemed to produce a great distress on her mind, and she was induced by some of her relatives to lay herself on a mattress which was prepared, so as to gain refreshments to her wearied body; but while she was asleep the very place sunk down towards the dark world. The monsters of the great water were alarmed at her appearance of descending to the lower world; in consequence, all the species of the creatures were immediately collected into where it was expected she would fall. When the monsters were assembled, and they made consultation, one of them was appointed in haste to search the great deep, in order to procure some earth, if it could be obtained; accordingly the monster descends, which succeeds, and returns to the place. Another requisition was presented, who would be capable to secure the woman from the terrors of the great water, but none was able to comply except a large turtle that came forward and made proposal to them to endure her lasting weight, which was accepted. The woman was yet descending from a great distance. The turtle executes upon the spot, and a small quantity of earth was varnished on the back part of the turtle. The woman alights on the seat prepared, and she receives a satisfaction. While holding her, the turtle increased every moment, and became a con-

siderable island of earth, and apparently covered with small bushes. The woman remained in a state of unlimited darkness, and she was overtaken by her travail to which she was subject. While she was in the limits of distress one of the infants was moved by an evil opinion, and he was determined to pass out under the side of the parent's arm, and the other infant in vain endeavored to prevent his design. The woman was in a painful condition during the time of their disputes, and the infants entered the dark world by compulsion, and their parent expired in a few moments. They had the power of sustenance without a nurse, and remained in the dark regions. After a time the turtle increased to a great Island, and the infants were grown up, and one of them possessed with a gentle disposition and named Enigorio, i. e., the good mind. The other youth possessed an insolence of character, and was named Enigonhahetgea, i. e., the bad mind. The good mind was not contented to remain in a dark situation, and he was anxious to create a great light in the dark world, but the bad mind was desirous that the world should remain in a natural state. The good mind determined to prosecute his designs, and therefore commences the work of creation. At first he took the parent's head, (the deceased) of which he created an orb, and established it in the center of the firmament, and it became of a very superior nature to bestow light to the new world, (now the sun) and again he took the remnant of the body, and formed another orb, which was inferior to the light, (now the moon.) In the orb a cloud of legs appeared to prove it was the body of the good mind, (parent.) The former was to give light to the day and the latter to the night; and he also created numerous spots of light, (now stars;) these were to regulate the days, nights, seasons, years, etc. Whenever the light extended to the dark world the monsters were displeased and immediately concealed themselves in the deep places, lest they should be discovered by some human beings. The good mind continued the works of creation, and he formed numerous creeks and rivers on the Great Island, and then created numerous species of animals of the smallest and greatest, to inhabit the forests, and fish of all kinds to inhabit the waters. When he had made the universe he was in doubt respecting some being to possess the Great

Island; and he formed two images of the dust of the ground in his own likeness, male and female, and by his breathing into their nostrils he gave them the living souls, and named them Ea-gwe-howe, i. e., a real people; and he gave the Great Island, all the animals of game for their maintenance; and he appointed thunder to water the earth by frequent rains, agreeable to the nature of the system; after this the Island became fruitful, and vegetation afforded the animals subsistence.

“The bad mind, while his brother was making the universe, went throughout the Island and made numerous high mountains and falls of water, and great steepes, and also creates various reptiles which would be injurious to mankind; but the good mind restored the Island to its former condition. The bad mind proceeded further in his motives, and he made two images of clay in the form of mankind; but while he was giving them existence they became apes, and when he had not the power to create mankind he was envious against his brother; and again he made two of clay. The good mind discovered his brother’s contrivances, and aided in giving them living souls. (It is said these had the most knowledge of good and evil).

“The good mind now accomplishes the works of creation, notwithstanding the imaginations of the bad mind were continually evil; and he attempted to enclose all the animals of game in the earth, so as to deprive them from mankind; but the good mind released them from confinement, (the animals were dispersed, and traces of them were made on the rocks near the cave where it was closed.) The good mind experiences that his brother was at variance with the works of creation, and feels not disposed to favor any of his proceedings, but gives admonition of his future state. Afterwards the good mind requested his brother to accompany him, as he was proposed to inspect the game, etc., but when a short distance from their nominal residence, the bad mind became so unmanly that he could not conduct his brother any more. The bad mind offered a challenge to his brother and resolved that who gains the victory should govern the universe, and appointed a day to meet the contest. The good mind was willing to submit to the offer, and he enters the reconciliation with his brother; which he falsely mentions that by whipping with flags would des-

troy his temporal life; and he earnestly solicits his brother also to notice the instrument of death, which he manifestly relates by the use of deer horns, beating his body he would expire. On the day appointed the engagement commenced, which lasted for two days; after pulling up the trees and mountains as the the track of a terrible whirlwind, at last the good mind gains the victory by using the horns, as mentioned the instrument of death, which he succeeded in deceiving his brother, and he crushed him in the earth; and the last words uttered from the bad mind were, that he would have equal power over the souls of mankind after death; and he sinks down to eternal doom, and became the Evil Spirit. After this tumult the good mind repaired to the battle ground, and then visited the people and retired from the earth."

There are many variants of this story. Judge Dean's is one of the best of these. In Van der Donck's early Mohawk version the woman comes from and returns to heaven, well pleased to have fulfilled her mission of being the universal mother of all men and animals. In Hewitt's versions the woman who falls is the grandmother of the two boys, the good one being called Odendonnia or Sapling, in the Onondaga tongue, and the other Ohaa or Flint. Usually several animals dive to bring up mud to place on the Turtle. Some die in the attempt. In these recent accounts the animals have a prominent place.

The Abbe Gallinee, who visited the Seneca towns with the great explorer in 1669, had the creation myth from La Salle in quite a different form. After the fall of the woman, "a Spirit descending from the heavens with three arrows, passed two of them over her body. She conceived two male children, one of whom became a great hunter and was greatly beloved of his mother; the other, being unfortunate in the hunt and killing only lean beasts, his mother despised him. This one, afflicted by his misfortune and losing heart, the Spirit, his father, visited and consoled him by promising to give him fortune in the hunt, and to teach him besides the art of building and agriculture. In fact he showed him the park where the fat beasts, which his brother killed in the hunt, were shut up, and led him under the waters, where he showed him a house built neatly and commodiously. He gave him the seeds of melons,

corn, etc. He then built for his mother a house of this model, gave her fruit and very good venison to eat, and began to grow so much in her good graces as to cause his brother to be jealous.

"A great serpent having destroyed all the men first made, the son invoked the aid of the Spirit, his father. He gave him the third arrow, and showed him how he must kill the serpent with it, and what he must do with the body. All was done, and men came again. The father at last became a beaver, and for this reason beavers understand building. From him spread the nation of the Iroquois."

The game park, gifts and house appear in some N. Y. stories.

FALSE FACES AND CREATION

On the Grand River, in Canada, David Boyle relates myths connecting the Flying Heads and False Faces with the creation. Here is one:

"After the making of the world and its people by Rawen Niyoh, he left it for a time, but when he returned he was one day walking through an open place, following the sun, overlooking his own work and examining the ground where the people were going to live, when his eye caught a strange, long-haired figure coming in the opposite direction. The face of this figure was red and twisted, the mouth being pulled up at the left corner. Rawen Niyoh (Hawenneyu) said to him: 'Where did you come from?' to which the False Face replied: 'I am the real owner of this world. I was here before you.'

"Rawen Niyoh said, 'I think I am the owner of this place, because I made it.' 'That may be quite true,' the False Face assented, 'but I have been here a long time, and I have a good claim to it, and I am stronger than you are.' Show me how you can prove this,' demanded Rawen Niyoh.

"The False Face suggested that they should retire to a valley not far from two high mountains. The False Face ordered one of the mountains to come nearer, and it moved close to them. Rawen Niyoh was very much surprised at the result, on which he ordered the other mountain to approach, which it did—the two remaining so nearly together

that Rawen Niyoh and the False Face had hardly room to get out."

"Each was satisfied with this exhibition of power on the part of the other, and Rawen Niyoh said, 'I think it would not be well for you to be seen by the people who are coming to this place, because you are so ugly, for every one would follow you to look at you.' Ak-on-wa-rah (the False Face) agreed to this on condition that he should be allowed to claim the new people as his grandchildren, and they were to call him Grandfather. 'I will help all I can,' said he, 'to drive away sickness from among the new people, and I am able to protect them from storms by causing the winds to go up high into the sky.'

"Rawen Niyoh replied, 'I am sure you have much power to help the people, and you must keep this power as long as they live. We will make a bargain. They shall be your grandchildren and you their Grandfather. They must observe a dance—the False Face Dance—at the Long House forever. Now we make this bargain, which shall last as long as you and I, and the people and the world shall last.' Akonwarah replied, 'It is well.'" In other stories the False Face fails to move the mountain.

False Face orders are more in Canada than in New York, and as such will appear again. Some stories which I collected and published years ago in the *Journal of American Folk Lore*, will follow. Most of them I had at Onondaga from Albert Cusick.

THE TERRIBLE SKELETON

In old times the Onondagas lived on a much larger reservation than now—a great land,—but they made hunting parties to the Adirondacks. A party once went off in which were an old man, his daughter and her husband, and their little boy. They went one day and camped, and another day and camped, and then separated. The old man, his daughter and her husband turned one way, but the little boy accidentally went the other with his uncle. The three kept on, and late in the day found an empty cabin in a clearing. There was an Indian bedstead on each side within,

and as no one seemed to live there they resolved to stay for the night. They gathered plenty of fuel, stripping long pieces from the shag-bark hickory, built a fine fire, spread their deerskins on the rude bedsteads, and then went to sleep—the old man on one side, and the man and his wife on the other.

When the fire became low and it grew dark in the cabin, the young people were aroused by a sound like a dog gnawing a bone. They stirred about and the noise ceased, but was followed by something like rattling bones overhead. They arose and put on more fuel, and were going back to bed when they saw a dark stream from the other couch. It was blood and the old man was dead. His clothes were torn open and his ribs broken and gnawed. They covered him and lay down again. The same thing happened the second time, and this time they saw it was a terrible skeleton, feeding on the dead man. They were frightened and in whispers devised a plan of escape. They made a greater fire, and the wife said to her husband, "I am so thirsty; I must go to the spring and have a long drink." She went quietly out, but a little way off ran with all her might toward her own country.

When her husband thought she had a good start he made a very big fire, to last a great while, and then he said, "What has become of my wife? I am afraid she is drowned in the spring. I must go and see." So he went out, and a little way off he, too, ran with all his might, and when he overtook his wife he caught her by the arm and they ran on together. By and by the fire went down, the skeleton came again, and when he found both were gone he started in chase. Soon they heard him howling terribly behind them and ran the faster for this.

It happened that night that the Onondagas had a great dance and it now drew near morning. The fugitives heard the drum far away, tum-tum, tum-tum, and ran faster and shouted, but the skeleton did the same. They heard the drum again tum-tum, tum-tum, and it was nearer and they shouted again. Their friends heard the distress-hallo and came with all their arms. The skeleton fled. The fugitives fainted and did not regain their senses for four hours. Then they told their story.

A council was held and the warriors started for the dreadful spot. They found the hut and a few traces of the old man. In the loft were some scattered articles and a bark coffin. In this was the skeleton of a man left unburied by his friends. It was determined to destroy everything. Fuel was gathered and fire applied. The warriors stood around with bended bows and raised hatchets. The fire grew hot, the cabin fell in, and out of the flames rushed a fox with red and fiery eyes, dashed through the ranks and disappeared in the forest. The dead hunter was seen no more.

"But what had the little boy to do with all this?"

"O, that is to show it was well he went the other way."

David Cusick briefly related the above, but I had this from Albert Cusick, Sa-go-na-qua-de, his grand-nephew, as well as the next. Both stories were published in 1888, as he related them to me. The lakes mentioned below are in the group at Tully and the tale is unique, though with some features peculiar to the thunder god stories. It is their mission to destroy harmful serpents and other pests. There are many Oneidas on the Onondaga reservation.

THE SERPENT AND THE THUNDERERS

Sa-go-na-qua-de, "He who makes every one angry," told me this story, which I reproduce nearly in his own words. An old Oneida came into his aunt's house at Onondaga Castle, and after all had given him the customary tobacco, the story-teller's fee, he related the following tale:

A long time ago, in an Indian settlement, were two wigwams not far apart, and in these lived two squaws who were very good friends. They had two children of about the same age, who played together, and when they had little bows and arrows they shot together. As they grew bigger they wanted stronger bows and arrows, and their uncles made some for them. They used these every day, and became skilful in killing birds and small game, and then asked for some still stronger, that they might kill larger animals. They were now young men and good hunters. One of them, being handsome and kind, was very much liked by the

women and some of the maidens would have married him, but he refused all offers. At last his friend talked with him, and told him he had better marry, or something might happen for which he would be sorry. This troubled him, and he said he would soon choose a wife, but first they would have a long hunt together.

They got ready for this, telling their mothers they were going away on a great hunt, far from their village, and might be gone many days. So their mothers took some corn and roasted it, and then pounded this into meal in their wooden mortars. This was light and would keep a long time. The young men filled their sacks, took their bows, and went to their hunting ground. They walked all day and camped in the woods. They walked all the next day, and camped on the hunting ground, where they soon built a wigwam.

After this they hunted every day, and one was lucky and brought home a great deal of game, but the one whom the girls liked came home without any, and said very little. This happened for several days, and the one who had been so happy and such a favorite seemed sorry all the time. Every morning they went to hunt in opposite directions, and one day his friend thought he would follow him and see what he did. They went out as before, and after he had walked a little way the lucky hunter turned back into the other's path. He soon saw him running very fast through the woods and hurried after him, calling to him to stop, but he did not. They ran till they came to a lake, and the first one plunged into the water and swam across, while his friend went around the shore. The swimmer got there first, paying no attention to his loud calls. They ran on to a second smaller lake, where they did the same, but this time the one on shore got ahead. The sorry young man then turned back, and his friend ran past both lakes, and was hiding in the bushes when the other came ashore. As the swimmer entered the other jumped out and caught him, asking what was the matter and why he acted so strangely.

At first the young man could say nothing and seemed to know nothing, but soon came to his senses. He told his friend that he was going to be married and must leave him all alone, for he could not go back to his home. If

he wished to see him at any time, he might come to the lake, bringing fresh Indian tobacco and clean clay pipes. These things he must lay on bark just from the tree, and must then say to the lake, "I want to see my friend." So he went off another way and married the big serpent in the lake. When he had gone his friend went back to the wigwam, and he, too, was very sorry and did not wish to hunt. He built a fire and sat down alone.

It was very still for a long time, and then he heard some one coming. When he turned around a young man stood in the doorway, dressed in white and with white feathers on his head. The visitor said, "You seem to be in trouble, but for all that you are the only one that can help us. My chief has sent me to invite you to our council." Then he gave him wampum, to show that he brought a true message. The hunter said, "Where is the council?" The young man in white answered, "Why, you came right by our wigwam in the woods, though you did not see it. Follow me, and you will find it quite near." So he went with him, not very far, till he saw smoke rising from the ground, and then a wigwam. Going in, he saw eight chiefs sitting quietly on the ground. All had white feathers on their heads, but the principal chief had larger feathers than the rest. They gave him a place, and the hunter sat down and smoked with them. When the pipe came round to the principal chief, he rose and spoke to the young man:

"You have come to help us, and we have waited for you a long time." The young man said, "How can I help you?" The chief answered, "Your friend has married the big serpent in the lake, whom we must kill. He has told you how to call him when you want to see him, and we will furnish the tobacco and pipes." The chiefs then gave him clean pipes and fresh tobacco, and the hunter took these and went to the lake. The principal chief said also, "When your friend comes you must ask to see his wife. She will want to know if the sky is clear. When she comes you must take them a little way from the lake and talk to them there. The chiefs will come in the form of a cloud; on the lake, not in the sky."

So he took the fresh tobacco, the clean bark and pipes, and laid them by the shore. Then he stood by the water

and called loudly for his friend, saying he was going away and wished to see him once more. Soon there was a ripple out on the lake, and the water began to boil, his friend coming out of it. He had a spot on his forehead, and looked like a serpent and yet like a man. His friend talked with him, asking what he should say to his mother when he got home. Then he asked to see his wife that he might tell his mother what she was like. The serpent man said that she might not wish to come but he would try. So he went to the shore and lay down, placing his lips to the water and beginning to drink. Then the hunter saw him going down through the water, not swimming like a man but moving like a snake. Soon the water boiled again and he came back, saying that his wife would come, but she did not. Then he looked around to see if the sky was clear; and went to the shore once more, drinking again and going down in the water like a snake.

Now a greater sight was seen. The lake boiled again, not in one spot but all over, and great waves rolled up on the shore as though there had been a strong wind, but there was none. The waves grew larger, and then the serpent man's wife came out of the water. She was very beautiful and shone like silver, but the silver seemed like scales. She had long hair falling all around her, as though it had been gold and silver glittering in the sun. Her husband came with her through the waves and upon the shore, and all three sat down on a log and talked together.

The hunter remembered the chief's words, and at last saw something like a cloud a great way off, moving upon the water and not through the sky. Then he asked them to go into the woods, where the sun was not so hot, and there talk with him. When they did this he said he must step aside, and then he ran away, as the chiefs had told him. As he ran, a great cloud came at once over everything, and terrible thunder and lightning followed where they had sat, with rain everywhere.

At last all was quiet again and the hunter went back to the lake, where a big and a little serpent lay dead on the ground. They were the serpent woman and his friend. The eight chiefs were there, too, and had a dance, rejoicing over their dead enemy. When this was over they cut up

both serpents, making eight equal bundles of them. Each chief put one on his back and then they were ready to go. All thanked the young man for what he had done, and told him he would always be lucky, saying, "Ask us for what you want at any time, and you shall have it." Then they went off through the woods in Indian file, and as he looked they seemed to step higher and higher, until they went up to the sky. Then there was a great thunder storm, for the chiefs were the Thunderers.

The hunter went back to his wigwam, but it was quiet and lonesome and he was sad; so he took down part of his meat, carrying it a half day's journey into the woods, where he hung it up on the trees. Then he returned for more, doing the same with the rest until he got home, where he told the story to the mother of his friend. She was very sorry for the death of the son whom she had loved, but adopted him in his place, and so the young man had two mothers.

So far, the old Oneida said, it was "all a true fact," but he had an opinion about the place which was not a part of the story. He thought Crooked Lake, in a group of lakes far up the valley, was the first lake the young man swam across, and Round Lake the second. This seemed likely to him, but it was only his opinion.

O-KWEN-CHA, OR RED PAINT

Out of my collection of Iroquois folk lore I select some that are distinctly Onondaga. My friend, Albert Cusick, or Sa-go-na-quade, began writing this story, but, finding it slow work, he dictated the rest to me and I took it down with care, reproducing his words as well as I could. He remarked the three trials, which are so frequent a feature of European tales, and other things may be noted, but others are early and typically Indian, such as the bones and the tree. Cusick thought this a genuine old Onondaga story. He had it from Bill Lije or Soo-noo-weh, a famous story teller over half a century ago.

There was once, a long time ago, a little boy named O-kwen-cha or Red Paint, who lived with his old grand-

mother in an old Ka-no-sa hon-we, or old-fashioned house, which had no windows and but one doorway. The door was made out of the skins of wild animals, such as deer, bears, wolves and foxes. The old skin door was so old that nearly all the fur had disappeared, and the smoke stack was so large that, a little way off, the old house seemed to have no roof. This smoke stack was its window and chimney. But the old Ka-no-sa hon-we had a roof of bark, covered with moss. The bark was so old that a young maple was growing on the roof, and the moss was so thick that the bark could not be seen from the outside. The inside of the old cabin had no floor, and the fireplace was in the center, on the bare ground. On one side of its walls were hung dried venison and bears' meat. On another were war clubs, bows and arrows, feather heads, buckskin leggings, coats and moccasins. These had not been used for many moons. There was also a ganna-cho-we, or Indian drum, and many other things used in hunting, dancing and war were hung on these old bark walls.

O-kwen-cha's grandmother did all the work, brought all the wood and killed all the game. Many a time she returned with a deer or a bear on her back, and sometimes brought a string of fish, so that they always had plenty to eat. She went away every day but always told him, when about to leave, that he must not touch the drum that hung upon the wall.

He was a very small boy, about knee high, and his clothes were made of the skins of different wild animals. The coat which he wore was a fox skin, and his leggings the skin of a white weasel. His belt was a rattlesnake's skin, and his feather head-dress was made of the feathers of a partridge. In his belt were stuck a war club, a stone tomahawk and a bone scalping knife. On his back hung his arrow pouch, full of arrows, which his uncles had made for him many moons ago. His bow was made from a rib of a Ka-ya-kwa-ha, or Mammoth Bear. All his face was painted with streaks of red, that could not be washed off. That was why he was called O-kwen-cha, or Red Paint.

So you can imagine how he looked with his wild Indian dress. He was never allowed to go out of this Ka-no-sa

hon-we, or cabin, so he amused himself, day by day, shooting at the flies and fleas, and some times at his grandmother's old moccasins.

In this cabin were four beds that no one had slept in for many moons. O-kwen-cha had his mind full of these things, and sometimes would sit and think what the beds were for, and why he was so often told not to touch the Indian drum, and why he was not allowed to go hunting with his grandmother and be out of doors. While in these deep thoughts he would get up and give a little war whoop, and then say to himself that he was a young man and as good a runner as any warrior; that he could hunt, as he had killed many flies and bugs. This made him bold, and sometimes he would say, "I could kill a bear like this." Then he would take an arrow from his pouch and shoot at the dry bear's meat on the wall. Then he would pull the arrow out of the meat, and look at the point for fresh blood.

One day, getting tired with his games, he thought he would amuse himself with something new. Thinking what it should be, he set his mind on the ga-na-cho-we, or Indian drum. So he got upon the bed and reached the drum. As soon as he got down he said to himself, "This is the way I think my uncles used to do." Then he began to drum and to chant his war song: "Ha-wa-sa-say! Ha-wa-sa-say!" etc. Then came his uncles from under the four beds, dancing the war dance. When they did this their dancing was heard throughout the world.

O-kwen-cha's grandmother was at the end of the world when he danced with his uncles, and she heard the beating of the drum and dancing, as plainly as if she had been in her own cabin. So she ran home at once and when his grandmother ran her steps were heard throughout the world. So the world and its people, and the bad men with magic powers (orenda), heard the beating of the drum and the dancing, and the running of the old woman. Then the people said, "He, Ha! (i. e., Ho, ho!). So Cho-noo-kwa-anah (i. e., Uncombed Coarse Hair), is in trouble again. We will soon know which of the men with magic powers will try to take her life, or her children's life, if she has any more left."

While he was beating his drum, O-kwen-cha heard his grandmother running home. He got right down and put the drum in its place; but he was very sorry to do this, for he lost the fun he had had with his uncles. When the drum was hung up they were no more to be seen. He looked under the beds whence he saw them come, but they were not there. So he went back and put more wood on the fire, listening for his grandmother's footsteps. At last she came, with the sweat on her face and all out of breath. "Oh, my grandchild," she said, "what have you been doing? Oh, you have caused my death! You have killed me! What have you been doing?"

He replied, "Oh, nothing, only I have been making your old moccasins dance. Oh, it was real fun to see your moccasins dance!" But Cho-noo-kwa-a-nah, his grandmother, said, "But whose foot-tracks are these on the dust?" "Oh, those are your moccasin tracks," he said, "just see what I can do." So he went to a corner and got her old moccasins, putting them in a row and then taking his bow and arrows. He then began to beat on the string of his bow and sang his war song, "Ha-wa-sa-say! Ha-wa-sa-say!" and the old moccasins danced till the cabin was full of dust. "Oh," said his grandmother, "O-kwen-cha is quite a witch!"

She went off the next day, and he had the dance of his uncles again. Again the world heard the drum and dancing, and the running of the old woman. When she came he repeated the moccasin dance. On the third day he made his uncles dance again, and the world heard the drum and dancing, and the running of Cho-noo-kwa-a-na.

This time she had not been very far, so she caught him with the drum still in his hands. She had said hardly a word when a very tall man appeared. He was so tall that he could not walk into the cabin, but had to crawl on his hands and knees, and to stoop down as he talked. This was what he said: "Three days from to-day you are to appear at my place, and be ready for a grand wrestling match. We are to bet for our heads. If I throw you three times I will cut your head off, and if you throw me three times you may cut my head off and save your life." His name was Sus-ten-ha-nah, or "He Large Stone," for he lived on a very large flat stone. He lived on human flesh,

and never was beat in wrestling. He cut off the heads of all whom he threw and ate their flesh.

As soon as he left, Cho-noo-kwa-a-nah made ready to go to the large flat stone. It was a three days' journey. As she left her cabin she said to O-kwen-cha, "You must stay here and not go out of doors, for you have plenty to eat and plenty of wood. Only hope that I may throw and kill Sus-ten-ha-nah when we wrestle." So she went away, feeling very sorrowful, for she knew that her days had now come to an end.

She journeyed a day. In the evening she made a fire, ate her dried bear's meat, and stayed over night. In the morning she ate again and took her journey. About noon, on the third day, she reached the place where Sus-ten-ha-nah lived. He was anxious for her coming, for now he was very hungry. He had eaten up all that came in his way, all that lived near and far, and all the game he could find. He was a great eater. He would eat a whole bear or deer at a single meal, and now he had eaten nothing for a long time.

Cho-noo-kwa-a-nah got up on the flat stone. Hardly had she done this when Large Stone seized her by the neck and was going to throw her on the stone. Just then he heard some one calling to him, "Here, here! that is not the way to wrestle. Here, here! give me the chance, grandmother!" Sus-ten-ha-na stopped to see where the voice came from. He was looking afar off and said "Ho, ho! plenty of game to-day!" The voice came again, "I say, grandmother, give me the chance!" She looked around, when O-kwen-cha appeared, coming through the stone and saying, "Give me the chance! give me the chance to wrestle!"

Red Paint, small as he was, was now very powerful in magic. "Ho, ho," said Large Stone, "So you want to wrestle with me, do you? What do you amount to?" said he, at the same time clutching him by the legs. He tore his body in two pieces and threw them aside. Then he went at Coarse Hair again, but up came O-kwen-cha again, crying, "Give me the chance, grandmother!" So she let him try again.

He threw Large Stone three times, and then Sus-ten-ha-

nah said, "Now you can cut off my head." So he knelt down to give O-kwen-cha a chance. As soon as this was done the head flew high up in the air, and Red Paint and his grandmother wondered when it went up so high. The body remained kneeling. While they looked the head came down again, and stuck to the body. Then O-kwen-cha took his bone scalping knife and cut off the head again. Then the head flew up again for three times. The third time, when the head flew up, the boy said to his grandmother, "Let us draw the body to one side," and they laid it on the flat stone. When the head came down it struck on the stone, and that flew into a thousand pieces, which were scattered all over the world. That is why we have stones lying about everywhere. The head also broke into a thousand pieces, which flew all over the earth, and the brains became snails and that is why they are found everywhere. (Ge-sen-weh is the Onondaga word for both snails and brains.)

Thus O-kwen-cha killed Sus-ten-ha-nah. His grandmother said, "Now we have killed our enemy we will go home." But he replied, "No! we have lived below long enough. Now I have to go after my uncles." Then he told her to go home alone. When she had gone, he gathered all the bones that lay there, of those whom Sus-ten-ha-nah had killed, and put them all together in a row—all that he could find. Then he went to a great hickory tree which stood there, and called out, "Euch! Euch!" or "Take care! take care! This tree will fall over you; you had better get out of the way!" He pushed hard on the tree, and the big tree fell, and the bones came to life and began to run away. Some had short backs, and some short legs, and some had big heads on little bodies, or little heads on big bodies; while some had the heads of bears, and others of deer or wolves, for the right bones had not always come together.

When Red Paint saw how oddly they looked, he made them exchange heads and bodies, and all other parts that did not match; so that the men looked like men, and the bears and deer as bears and deer should. Then the people wanted Red Paint to stay with them and be their chief; but he said, "No. Go back to your own homes and your own people, your fathers and your mothers." He found one

of his uncles in the crowd, and told him to go home to his grandmother. "Tell her," he said, "I am going to find my other three uncles." Then all the people went to their homes, and Red Paint made his journey again.

When the evening came he built a little fire and lay down for the night. On the third day of his journey he heard an Indian drum some where, he could not tell where. In the evening he built a fire again, and heard the drum all the time. Then he went to sleep, but when he woke again he found himself a great way from his fire, and dancing. He was going toward the drum. He said "He, He! the old fellow is quite a witch!" When he journeyed in the morning he went toward the drum again, and heard it all the day, but did not see it. He stopped again and made a fire.

The same thing happened again, and he found himself dancing in the morning. The sound grew louder, and the third day he came to an opening, where there was a great crowd. A big man was beating the drum very hard, as he sat by a kettle of boiling soup. The people were dancing around very hungry, and waiting for him to give them some soup. Every little while he grabbed one of them and ate him, while Red Paint stood a little way off to see what he was doing.

Then Red Paint took his war club and ran at the man, whose name was Kah-nah-chu-wah-ne, or He Big Kettle. When he ran at him he hit him on the forehead with his club, but he seemed not to notice it at all. He hit him again, and the third time Kah-nah-chu-wah-ne looked up and scratched his forehead, saying, "It seems to me the mosquitoes bite." Red Paint called out, "They do bite, and I will show you some more of that." He Big Kettle tried to catch him, but Red Paint got hold of him and they began fighting. In the midst of this O-kwen-cha took his bone scalping knife again, and cut off his head, throwing it into the big kettle of soup. The people were very glad when they saw this, and wanted Red Paint to be their chief, but he said he could not, for he had something else to do. Then they wanted something to eat, but he said, "If you eat the soup in the kettle you will all die." So he sent them away to their own homes, their fathers and mothers, their wives and children.

After they had gone away, he broke in pieces the big kettle and big drum. Also he made a big fire, and when he had cut Kah-nah-chu-wah-ne's body in pieces he threw it into the fire. When every thing was destroyed, he gathered all the bones, and placed them in a row on the ground, near a big pine tree. He gathered all he could find, and arranged them as well as he could, by their appearance. Then he pushed hard against the tree and called out, "Euch! Euch! Look out! look out! this tree is going to fall on you." Then the bones came to life and ran out of the way. But some had long arms and some short; the heads had sometimes got on the wrong bodies, and he had to exchange different parts, until all appeared as men, deer and bears should. He found one of his uncles there and said, "You must go home to my grandmother, and tell her I am going to find my other two uncles." So he sent all to their homes and went on alone, going west all the time.

When he had traveled three days he heard the barking of a dog, as though it were a great way off. He went in that direction all day, without seeming to come near him. He built a fire and camped that night, but when he had traveled all the next day he had not seen the dog. On the third day he met a tall man, whose flesh was eaten on his legs from his feet to his thighs. When O-kwen-cha first saw the man he stopped and looked, and he was a great way off. Then he saw the dog running after the man, and biting great pieces of flesh from his legs. The man cried out, as if in great pain, every time the dog bit him.

Then Red Paint said, "I wish my dogs were here to fight this dog." So he whistled for his dogs to come. The dogs were Ok-wa-e, the Bear, and Ku-hah-sen-tea-tah or Lion. These were his dogs, as he called them. He set them on the dog which bit the man. Lion and Bear pitched on the dog, killed and tore him in pieces. Then Red Paint said to his dogs, "Go back to your places till I call you again." He then put spittle on the tall man's legs, and the flesh healed up till all was right again. Then he saw that he had found his third uncle. He told him to go back to his grandmother, for there would be no dangers on the way. All these were now over. He said, too, "I am going to find my other uncle. Tell my grandmother I will soon be back."

Red Paint went on. He had journeyed three days when he came to a settlement, and at once went to find some one who was very poor. On one side of the reservation (settlement) he found a little boy and made friends with him. They soon became great friends, and the boy asked him to go to his home and stay with him. He lived there quite a while, and they often went out hunting with bows and arrows. The little boy had a small bow, but O-kwen-cha's was of the rib of the Mammoth Bear. He was a good hunter and killed much game.

At last these boys became such good hunters that they brought in partridges or wild turkeys almost every day. Sometimes they had a deer or bigger game. The boy's mother liked Red Paint, because he was such a good hunter, and would have been very sorry to part with him had he wished to go home.

One day the little boy, Red Paint's friend, told him that there was to be a great feast at the council house that night. There would be dancing and many things to amuse the people. There would be big kettles of soup for the feast, and they would make wampum, too. O-kwen-cha said, "How is this, that the people make wampum?" His friend answered, "They are going to hang up a human being's skin on a long pole. This skin the people have had for many moons past. When they want to make wampum they take the soup and pour it in the mouth of the skin, and as it passes through it turns into wampum and falls down."

Now this skin was the very one Red Paint wanted. He asked his friend to go with him that night, when they held their great feast, and he replied, "I'll ask my mother and see what she says about it." But she said, "No, you two had better stay at home. The people will run around and I am afraid they will run over you." But on the night of the dance O-kwen-cha had already made up his mind what to do.

Quite late in the evening, when the whole nation was gathered at the long house, he went over, and there he saw a great crowd of people. Then he said, "I wish Tah-hun-tik-skwa, the bat, would come here. Then I wish that Cheten-ha, the mouse, would come. And I wish that Tah-hoon-to-whe, the long eared owl, would be here." All came and

he told them what to do. He said to Tah-hun-tike-skwa, the bat, "You may amuse the people by flying around, so that they will chase you." He told Che-ten-ha, the mouse, to climb up on the pole and gnaw off the cords which held up his uncle's skin. He told Tah-hoon-to-whe, the owl, to fly to and fro, between him and the mouse, to tell him how the mouse got along.

So the bat flew into the council house, and the people had great sport flying around and trying to catch him. After a while the owl came to him and said, "The cords are almost broken now." The owl also went into the long house and told the bat that their work was about done. Then the owl and bat flew off and left the people, who were almost breathless. The sweat ran from their brows, so lively a time had they had in chasing the bat. When they had cooled off, a chief made a speech about the ceremony now to take place, but, while he was speaking, Red Paint went and took his uncle's skin away. When he did this he stopped and thought, "I wish all to sleep." He went back to the council house and found all asleep.

Then he said, "I'll pay you for taking my uncle's skin." So he went in and cut off the leading man's head, taking it with him and hiding his uncle's skin. He had gone but a little way when the people woke up, and found that the principal chief's head had been cut off and carried away. When they went to find the skin, that was gone too. Then there was a big stir, and some said they knew Red Paint was on the reservation and had done this, for they had seen him on one side of the village with the little boy. Then there was a greater stir, and some cried, "Where is he? Look for him! Search for him! Kill him!" Then Red Paint pretended to be looking, too, and halloed from where he was in the dark, but a little way off, "Here he is! here he is!" Then they began to chase him. He ran ahead of the rest calling on them to follow. "There he is!" said he, "there he is, over yonder." But he carried the chief's head all the time, while pretending to be one of them. They ran a long way off, and some got out of breath and went back, giving up the chase.

Then O-kwen-cha went back to the council house about daylight. "There," he said, "I have killed the man who

stole the skin. I have killed the man who cut off our chief's head." So they thought it was Red Paint's head, and when he threw it into the crowd they kicked it around, having a game of foot ball with it. While they did this he slipped off and got his uncle's skin from the place where he had left it. When he had run very far off some one noticed the head and said, "Why, this is our chief's head and not Okwen-cha's!" When they lifted it, so it was. Then they said, "Red Paint has cheated us again!" There was another great stir, and they shouted, "Chase him! kill him!" They threatened to catch him and take his skin off, too. But he was very far off by that time. It was too late.

When Red Paint was going homeward by himself, he found it very lonesome. "Why should I not have company," he said to himself, "while I have my uncle with me?" Then he began to breathe in the mouth of the skin, and the last of his four uncles came to life again. So they journeyed on together, having a pleasant time.

When he reached his grandmother's, she had fastened the old door very tight, so that no one could come in. He rapped at the door and begged and begged her to open it. He said, "Grandmother, I have got back now with my fourth uncle. Open the door!" But all the answer they had was a cry. They begged and begged again for a long time, but all the answer was the old grandmother's cry. At last they broke the door in.

When they got inside, Red Paint found his grandmother had become very old, and was bending over a little fire, trying to get warm. The dust and ashes lay on her back about an inch thick. She always cried now when any one rapped at the door, because, after Red Paint was gone, the rabbits would come and rap at the door. Sometimes the squirrels would come and say, "Grandmother, I have got back." This they did to fool her, making her think it was Red Paint. When she opened the door away would run a rabbit or squirrel. This made her cry when any one came and rapped, for she said, "It is only a rabbit, a squirrel or a coon. You are fooling me;" for she was very old.

When he saw her look so old, Red Paint said, "I will make a young woman out of my grandmother yet." Then he took a little stick and stuck it in the back of her ear,

under the loose skin, and twisted it till all the wrinkles were straightened out, and her face became smooth again. His grandmother looked up, with not a wrinkle on her face, and seemed a handsome young woman. Then she turned around and Red Paint stood there. She knew him at once, and was so glad that she felt young again all over.

O-kwen-cha said, "Now we will fix up the old house." He went around and looked at it, and said, "I want it such a size," and at once there was a nice new house where the old *kanosa honwe* had been. Just then the other three uncles came along. They had been hunting on the way and had not traveled fast, but they brought plenty of bear's meat, which they had dried on the hunting grounds. So O-kwen-cha restored his family, and when I came away they were all living happily.

"When I came away," is the proper ending of an Onondaga story. The bones and falling trees appear in early Iroquois legends. This year (1921) I had a variant in a Caddo story in Oklahoma, where a falling arrow takes the place of the tree.

THE GOOD HUNTER AND THE GREAT MEDICINE

In the *Journal of American Folk Lore*, 1901, pp. 153-159, was an article of mine with the above title, part of which I now transcribe. The Canadian Onondagas probably have this, but I find it in several versions among those of New York, who have many medicine ceremonies and rules for its use. Capt. Samuel George was at one time appointed physician at Onondaga by our authorities, some thinking his remedies as good as ours. My two versions of the Good Hunter are from N. Y. Senecas and Tuscaroras.

In the Jesuit Relation for 1636 is an account of the Huron feasts, and one of these lacks clearness. "The Ononhara is for the madmen. . . . They refer the origin to a certain interview of the wolves and the owl, where this nocturnal animal predicted to them the coming of *Ontarraoura*, that is, a beast which approaches the lion by the tail (*retire au Lyon par la queue*), which *Ontarraoura* revived, they say, a certain good hunter, a great friend of the wolves, in the midst of a good feast; whence they conclude that the feasts

are capable of healing the sick, since they even give life to the dead."

It was easy for me to see that this beast was the panther, an animal little known to the missionaries or Hurons, but which has been widely named the mountain lion. The Onondagas still call it Sken-tak-tes-go-nah, Long Tail. Its nocturnal habits and even its cry, often mistaken for that of the panther, might have associated the owl with it in tales of the forest, but what was the story of the good hunter? In answering this question I have nothing very original to offer, but will transcribe two accounts very nearly as I find them. In neither of these does the panther or owl figure, but the death of the good hunter, the gathering of birds and beasts, his revival and the gift of the great medicine, are prominent features. In the lapse of two centuries and a half, and in its relation by another people it has slightly changed, but is probably essentially that of the ancient Hurons.

The oldest version of this recorded is in Doty's History of Livingston County, New Young, as it was given long ago, by an old Seneca, to Mr. Horsford, their missionary. I quote this brief account in full.

"In ancient times a war broke out between two tribes. On the one side the forces were jointly led by a great warrior and a noted hunter. The latter had killed much game for the skins, the remains being left for beasts and birds of prey. The battle was going against his side, and he saw that, to save his own life, he must quit the field. As he turned, the body of a great tree lay across his path. He came up to it, when a heavy blow felled him. On recovering he found, strangely enough, that he could as easily pass through as over the obstruction. Reaching home, his friends would not talk with him; indeed they seemed quite unaware of his presence. It now occurred to him that he, too, had been killed, and was present in spirit only, human eyes not seeing him. He returned to the place of conflict, and there, sure enough, lay his mortal part quite dead, and its scalp gone. A pigeon hawk, flying by, recognized the disembodied hunter, and gratefully offered to restore his scalp; so, stretching away in its flight to the retiring victors, he plucked it from the bloody pole. The other birds

had, meantime, prepared a medicine which soon united the scalp to the head, when bears and wolves gathered around and joined in the dance. The hunter got well and lived many years, his experience strengthening their religious faith, and teaching them how to use the remedies so strangely acquired, which, to this day, are among the most efficacious known to the Indians."

In 1881, Elias Johnson, a Tuscarora chief, published the "Legends, Traditions, and Laws of the Six Nations," in which the story has an ampler form. Of this I will give a summary. The good hunter appears, as before, as one noted for kindness and generosity to all, even to beasts and birds. Though a hunter he was considered the protector of these. On one occasion he went out with a war party. The battle was furious, and in the most desperate struggle he was struck down, scalped and left for dead.

A fox came along when the conflict was over, and recognized this friend of bird and beast lying lifeless on the field. Shocked by the sight he raised the death lament, and called all the beasts together. Their cries were heard in the forest; they came by hundreds to the spot and tried to revive their friend. Vain were all their efforts, and he remained lifeless. As they sat down on their haunches to hold a council, they raised their heads and a dolorous cry rent the air. Then the bear was asked to speak, as being the nearest relative and best friend of man. He appealed to each and all for medicine, but though each had his own, none did any good. Again they lifted up their heads and howled a mournful requiem, long continued and with many varied tones.

This sad lament, wild as the Highland coronach, brought the oriole to the spot. He was told of their sad plight, and in turn went and called a council of the birds. There was a flapping of wings everywhere, and all came, from the eagle to the wren, in response to the call. With beak and claw they made every effort, but nothing came of it. The hunter was dead, stubbornly dead, and his scalp was gone. The eagle's head had become white in his long and wise life, and from his lofty eyrie he had looked down, and knew every force of nature and every event of life. This white-headed sage said that the dead would not revive unless the scalp was restored.

First of all the fox went to seek this. He visited every bird's nest and every hen-roost, but no scalp did he find. The pigeon hawk took up the search, but soon returned. She flew so swiftly that no one expected her to see much, for birds have characters as well as men. The white heron flew more slowly, and said he would do better, but came to a field of luscious wild beans, which tempted him. He fed and slept, and fed again, while the council awaited his return. At last the crow took up the mission. The warrior who had the scalp knew of the council, but feared nothing when he saw the crow flying near, for he was accustomed to that. She saw the scalp stretched on its hoop, to dry in the smoke above his cabin. Her chance came and she carried it off. Great was the rejoicing at her successful return. At once they put the scalp on his head, but so dry and warped had it become that it would not fit.

Here was a new trouble. All did their best but nothing availed. Then the great eagle said that on the high rocks where he lived far above all other birds, the mountain dew had collected on his back, and perhaps this might serve. He plucked one of his long feathers, dipped it in this dew, and applied it to the scalp. It worked finely and the scalp was moist again. The animals brought other things for the cure. The scalp was placed on the head, to which it closely adhered. The hunter revived and recovered his strength. They gave him the compound which had restored him, as the gift of the Great Spirit, and there was then a pattering of feet and a rustle of wings as the council dispersed. The good hunter returned to his lodge in peace. The Seneca chief, the late Edward Cornplanter, gave a fine version of this also.

THE MEDICINE

The medicine was always cherished, and was used in the same way as at Onondaga, where I had the local account. A wooden cup is taken to a running stream, and filled by dipping down the stream. When brought back to the house it is placed near the fire, with some native tobacco, (*N. rustica*). There are prayers while the tobacco is gradually thrown on the fire. The smoke is grateful to the Great

Spirit, and with this American incense their prayers rise heavenward. The medicine man then places a piece of skin near the cup, and on this the medicine is laid. He takes up a little of the pulverized compound with a wooden spoon and dusts it on the water in three spots in the form of a triangle. This is closely watched. If it spreads over the water and whirls about on the surface, the sick person will recover. If it sinks at once he will die and nothing can be done. In the one case the medicine is given: in the other all the water is thrown away.

This is not the only medicine, and Mr. Johnson gave another story and use: One day a hunter heard the sweetest music in the woods, but thorough search did not reveal its source. Charmed by the sound he went again and again, but with no better success. Not a note was heard. At last the Great Spirit came to him in a dream and told him what to do. He was to purify himself before seeking it, and this he at once did. The forest path was taken, the charming strain fell upon his ear, and he listened attentively till he could sing every note himself. Then he drew nearer. A tall green plant stood before him, with long and tapering leaves. This he cut down, but it was immediately healed and became as before. He did this repeatedly with the same results, and then knew it as medicine especially good for wounds. Rejoicing in his great discovery, he took part of the plant home, where it was dried and pulverized. Then he touched it to a bad wound which a man had received, and it was healed at once. Thus did the Great Spirit give this great medicine to men, and very grateful were they for it.

This medicine is used very differently, and Mr. Johnson described the feast to which it specially belongs. Once in six months there is a great feast at the hunting season, and this comes in the spring and fall. On the night of the feast, as soon as it is dark, all concerned assemble in one room. Lights are extinguished, and even the coals are carefully covered. The medicine is placed near these and tobacco is laid beside it. Then all begin to sing, proclaiming that the crows are coming to the feast, and the other birds and beasts whose brains formed part of the first great medicine, the one which originated when they revived the good hunter. At the end of the song their calls are imi-

tated. Thrice, during the night, prayers are offered, and during these tobacco is thrown on the smothered embers. In these it is asked that all may be protected from harm, and that this medicine may heal hurts of every kind. To preserve due solemnity and prevent interruption, the doors are locked when the ceremonies begin. None may enter or go out, or even fall asleep. Anything like this would spoil the medicine.

The actual feast begins just before daybreak. The past observance being here described as in the present, the master of ceremonies first takes a deer's head and bites it, imitating the call of a crow. He then passes it to another, who bites it in turn and imitates some other beast or bird. Thus it goes around. When it begins to be light the master of ceremonies takes a duck's bill and dips it full of the medicine. Some of this he gives to each one present, who puts it into a piece of skin, wrapping it in several covers. This is kept for the next feast, six months later. The panther's skin was preferred for the first cover, when it could be had.

Those who take active part in this feast are all medicine men, but chiefs may be present and those who have been cured by the medicine. While these things are going on inside the house, the young people are having a merry time outside, and the remnants of the feast are theirs when those inside are done. The tune heard at its discovery is sung when this medicine is used, both at the feast and at its administration. The ceremonies are thought to make it effective. Each medicine man has a large quantity, which he keeps in a bag. To this he sometimes adds pulverized corn roots or squash vines, if he fears its exhaustion. When it is given several assemble and sing. Both kinds were deemed very useful in healing wounds received in war. These were the great medicines; others were less important.

Mrs. Harriet M. Converse, who has been initiated in the Seneca Na-gu-gar-ha, gives a favorable account of this society, and says that devout Christian Senecas are among the active members. The Onondagas call a secret medicine lodge Ka-noo-tah, the one that makes the great medicine, but there are other names having some reference to these.

FALSE FACES

Though there have been medicine men of local reputation among the Onondagas, the False Faces have taken their place here in ceremonies for the sick. The members wear large wooden masks, the faces grotesquely carved and painted, the eyes adorned with brass or tin, and with horse hair for long flowing locks. Doorkeepers wear corn-husk masks here, but in Canada these form a distinct society.

In the N. Y. Regents' Report for 1850, Mr. Lewis H. Morgan gives an account of them. The actual False Faces were properly evil spirits with supernatural powers, and without bodies or limb—really the traditional Flying Heads. They frequented solitary places, starting from tree to tree, paralyzing men and bringing storm and pestilence.

As a society they appear in all Iroquois villages, having secret initiations, ceremonies and dances. If one dreamed he was a False Face, he related his dream to a proper person, and as Iroquois dreams must be fulfilled, he gave a feast and was initiated. If he dreamed he ceased to be a member, he gave a feast and withdrew. The dream governed throughout.

When they appear in public as such, they all wear masks. All are males except one woman, who is Mistress of the Band. She is called Go-go-sa Ho-nun-na-tase-ta, or Keeper of the False Faces. She has charge of the regalia, and is the only organ of communication with the members, whose names are supposedly unknown.

When one is to be healed a feast is prepared at the sick man's house, and the False Faces come in in Indian file, led by the woman. On the occasion described, each wore a mask, a tattered blanket, and carried a turtle-shell rattle. They stirred the ashes on the hearth, and sprinkled hot ashes on the patient until his head and hair were covered. All manipulated him in turn, and led him around with them in the False Face dance. This concluded the ceremony. The feast prepared was distributed to them, and carried home to be eaten. They never unmasked before others.

I have met them on their tramp around the Onondaga reservation, at the great winter feast, to drive all witches and evil spirits away. They have good times, too. An

Onondaga hunter, at Green Lake (State Park) west of Jamesville, once heard many voices, and wondered at this in a spot so wild. Creeping quietly to the edge of the cliff he looked down from the rocks to the lake below. The False Faces were coming up from the water, loaded with more fish than he had ever seen. They were very merry over their good luck, and were shouting "Hoh! hoh-o-o-oh!" as they came along. But the old chief looked up and around, and said: "Some one is coming; look out!" So they went directly to the precipice, and one by one they disappeared in the rocky wall. The man above heard their voices in the rocks far under him, as they sang "Hoh! hoh-o-o-oh!" till the sounds died away in the ground. All was quiet again. The Onondagas think there is an underground gallery thence to the reservation quarries.

Among the Onondagas a small stone mask was a sign that a man belonged to the False Faces. I have seen very few. When a child is sick and they hold a feast for him, this makes him a member. Some one makes him a little wooden mask, which becomes his assistant against evil of any kind. This he keeps. It is called Ho-yah-dah-nuh-na, an assistant. Kah-je-sah, a name for a mat, is applied to the corn-husk masks, worn by doorkeepers at public feasts. These keep those in the council house from leaving, catching and throwing them back if they try, but a little present makes the way easy.

A wooden mask must not be long left with the face upward, for it resents the attitude of death and should have frequent attention. I had a fine mask with a small bag of tobacco attached. This should be often changed. After some years I gave it to our Historical Association and I suppose the tobacco is still there. I had this from Mr. De Cost Smith of Skaneateles, who made a fine collection of wooden masks, and whose exhaustive article on "Witchcraft and Demonism of the Modern Iroquois" appeared in 1888. (*Jour. of American Folk Lore*, '88, pp. 184-193.) He said, "During the 'New Year's Dances' there are three occasions on which the masks are used, or, in other words, three 'devil dances,' or dances in honor of the Hon-do-i. Two precede the 'burning of the white dog.'" I omit these two, which were held in 1883 on January 14th and 15th.

Mr. Smith said, "The dance of Thursday, January 26th, was more interesting, but was, properly speaking, a 'medicine dance,' in which the Hon-do-i were not asked to help the people against the witches, but were expected, in view of the honor shown them, to withdraw the sickness for which they themselves were responsible." I may say that Mr. Smith's personal observations were confined to the Onondagas, with whom he was a favorite. I quote his account in full, as the best of which I know.

"During the early part of the day the dancers went from house to house, dancing for the cure of those who could not leave home. In the afternoon, toward three o'clock, the people gathered in the council house to await the coming of the Hon-do-i. Two old women were cooking a kettle of dried corn, beans, and slices of pork over the fire at the women's end of the room, for on this, as on other occasions, one end is occupied by the men and the other by the women. Food for feasts is always prepared at the women's end of the house, excepting bread and cakes, which are furnished from the private houses. During this time the devils would appear occasionally before the door, the people within and without giving way immediately for them, and the 'head devil' would push open the door suddenly and enter with a bound, to see if the feast were ready. When this had happened several times the food was declared cooked, and the whole band of dancers entered and took seats near the middle of the room.

"The head chief then stood up and addressed the dancers as A-gwe-ge, 'All.' Then proceeding to the stove, he threw tobacco into the fire, and lifting off the pot full of food gave it to the 'head devil,' who took it and walked out, followed by the others. While they were gone a number of benches were arranged in a semi-circle in front of the women's stove. On this semi-circle of benches those who were suffering from disease or sickness now seated themselves to the number of thirty or forty. When the devils had eaten the food they returned to the council house, and all save one (the 'head devil,' whose duty it was to guard the door) went to the stove, and with a great deal of grunting and groaning, 'Han-han, han-han,' ran their hands through the ashes on the hearth, and then started in single file around the half-circle of benches, each Hat-do-i in turn

rubbing ashes upon the head of each of the sick persons. The action consists in rubbing the hands quickly on the head, and then blowing upon it two or three times.

"After this the devils sat down, and a man with a turtle shell rattle took a seat on a separate bench, facing the invalids, where he sang an accompaniment, and with the rattle beat time for the following dance. A woman somewhat beyond middle age, apparently appointed for that purpose, led out to the nearer end of the seats one of the sick women, while at the same time a man led forth one of the devils to dance with the patient. The pair, having danced facing each other to the other end of the row of benches, resumed their seats, and another couple took their place, a sick woman being brought forth, as before, by the old woman, and a devil by the man already mentioned. These two also danced across the floor, and upon taking their seats were followed by others, until each sick woman had danced with one of the devils. Then all in the council house danced, in an irregular crowd, around the inside of the building.

"During these ceremonies the head demon had stood with his back against the door to prevent persons going out, and I was afterward told that if any one present refused to take part in the final, general dance, the Hon-do-i 'would throw him down, put ashes on him,' and inflict various indignities upon him. The medicine dancing was now over, and the crowd was allowed to go and come as it chose. The group of sick persons that had occupied the benches consisted of men and women, old and young, but only the women danced, as I have described, each with a separate Hat-do-i."

The Jesuits, in their missions to the Onondagas, never saw these masks, but one, who was with De Nonville's expedition against the Senecas, in 1687, saw one in a cabin there. Bartram found them at Onondaga in 1743. Nowhere did they find the burning of the white dog accompanying the dream feast of the New Year. Both features are very modern.

If one connects the masks with the Flying Heads, as depicted by David Cusick, he will get a hint of their first meaning. About 1400 years before Columbus—no matter

about the time—"The Holder of the Heavens was absent from the country, which was destitute of the visits of the Governor of the Universe. The reason produced the occasion that they were invaded by the monsters called Konea-rau-neh-neh, i. e., Flying Heads, which devoured several people of the country. The Flying Heads made invasions in the night; but the people were attentive to escape by leaving their huts and concealing themselves in other huts prepared for that purpose. An instance:—there was an old woman which resided at Onondaga; she was left alone in the hut at evening; while others deserted. She was setting near the fire parching some acorns, when the monstrous Head made its appearance at the door; while viewing the woman it was amazed that she eat the coals of fire, by which the monsters were put to flight, and ever since the heads disappeared and were supposed concealed in the earth."

STONISH GIANTS

I have alluded to the Ot-ne-yar-heh or Stonish Giants, who overran the country, fought a great battle, and held the people in subjection for a long time. "The Stonish Giants were so ravenous that they devoured the people of almost every town in the country." At the Mississippi they had separated from all others and gone to the northwest. "The family was left to seek its habitation, and the rules of humanity were forgotten, and afterwards eat raw flesh of the animals. At length they practiced rolling themselves on the sand, by this means their bodies were covered with hard skin; these people became giants and were dreadful invaders of the country."

So said David Cusick. According to him the Holder of the Heavens led them into a deep ravine near Onondaga, and rolled great stones on them in the night. But one escaped, and since then "the Stonish Giants left the country and seeks an asylum in the regions of the north."

The Onondagas have a local but different story. They say that a Stone Giant lived near Cardiff, a little south of their reservation, which is by no means their early home. He was once like other men, but was a great eater, be-

came a cannibal, and increased in size. His skin became hard and changed into scales, which alone would turn an arrow. Every day he came through the valley, caught and devoured an Onondaga, a fearful toll. The people were dismayed but formed a plan. They made a road in the marsh with a covered pitfall, decoyed the giant through the path and down he went and was killed. Of course when the Cardiff Giant was "found" it did not astonish the Onondagas that he was of stone.

The Onondagas have also a story of a Stone Giant's race with a man near Jamesville. He ran the man into the hollow at Green Pond, west of that village, where the rocks rise 200 feet above the water on three sides. On the south side the precipice can be ascended by a natural stairway at one spot, and the man was far enough ahead to reach the top before the other. He lay down and looked from the rocks to see what the other would do. The latter came and looked around. Not seeing the man he took out of his pouch what seemed a finger, but was really a pointer of bone. By means of this he could find any object he wished, and so it was always useful in hunting. As he climbed the rocks the man reached down and took away the pointer before the other saw him. The giant begged him to restore it. If he would do this he was promised good luck and long life for himself and friends. Though he begged so piteously the man ran home with it to show his friends, leaving him there helpless, unable to find his way. His friends interceded, telling him to accept the giant's good offer and not incur his enmity. So they went back and found him still at the lake. He received his pointer, promising to eat men no more, and good luck followed the man. This is one of the oldest Stone Giant stories, closely resembling one told by David Cusick.

INDIAN FAIRIES

The fairies, or little people, did not often appear to the Indians, but did many things for them. In the ravine, west of Onondaga Valley, is an exposed and precipitous bank of boulder clay beside the road, with large stones in places. Thomas Webster said the little people had worn

this smooth in sliding down hill, and that they liked the bounce the big stones gave them in doing this. Gis-twe-ah-na, Little men, is a name for the Valley.

David Boyle gives a Canadian account of the pigmies and the pigmy dance. "A race of small people is believed to inhabit caves in rocky places. These people did not appear till long after the creation of the Indians, and are quite different from them in disposition, as well as in size and appearance. Scarcely more than three feet high and of a pale yellow color, they dressed "all over," even in summer time, differing in this respect from the Indian.

"They are not credited with any mischievous tendencies, but were rather disposed to assist the hunter in pursuit of his game. To secure the good offices of the pigmies, however, it was, as a matter of course, necessary that a feast should be given in their honor. In the old days the custom was to kill the first deer for this purpose, and as the pigmies were particularly fond of corn soup, this dish formed a prominent feature of the feast. Now-a-days a pig is sometimes killed as a substitute for the deer.

"Thirty-six songs are peculiar to this ceremony, during the first part of which, these, with four exceptions, are sung in accompaniment to the women's dance, in perfect darkness. Wherever a pigmy feast is given, all these songs must be sung, one-half of them by the men and one-half by the women. No rattle is employed in these dances, but a drum in the hands of a man is constantly in use. After the men have sung their sixteen songs, the women do their half of the singing, continuing to dance at the same time.

"At the conclusion of this second part the room is lighted and the remaining four songs are sung by the women, who dance by moving in a circle in the usual way, while the dance engaged in when the room was dark consisted of a slight alternate shuffle forwards and backwards, the dancers remaining in one place. The pigmy dance requires about an hour and a half, and is usually held in the house of the man or woman who gives the feast.

"My informant gave it as his opinion that the portion of the ceremony performed in darkness referred to the doubt and difficulty connected with an unsuccessful hunt,

while the lighting up symbolized the capture of game. In accordance with the Mohawk myth, as held by some, the pigmies are fond of playing pranks by throwing stones, hence the name—Yagodinenyoyaks.”—Stone Throwers.

My esteemed friend, the late Rev. Thos. La Fort, Onondaga Wesleyan minister, told the following in 1899: “By our forefathers it has been related that long, long ago, there lived between Mohawk and Palatine Bridge, very little folks. They lived by themselves and were called ‘stone-throwers.’ I, Thomas La Fort, saw such a one about thirty years ago, when I was traveling on the road to Albany; he sat on top of a hill and looked down on the road. These little men could appear and disappear whenever they wished.

“About 200 years ago there was a poor man, running around hunting in the woods, but unable to kill a deer. So he was feeling very badly and very hungry, when suddenly he saw a very little old woman standing before him, who said she had been waiting for him and could make him very happy. She offered him three different things: (1) He could find precious gold; (2) He could find bright silver; (3) He could kill as many deer as he wished, having the power to call the animals to him. Then she told him he would enjoy the venison which he would find on the shelves of his wigwam. It happened as the little woman had said, he could shoot the deer without trouble, for they came to him when he called.

“When I was a boy my grandmother told me that she had a grandchild who once was walking with her great grandmother on a road, the grandchild going ahead. Suddenly there appeared a strange-looking little woman, who spoke to her and said, ‘You are feeling unhappy because you cannot walk as steadily as in your younger days, and yet you may become young again, providing you will do as I tell you. Tell your grandchild to walk straight ahead, and not to look back until I give her permission.’ The grandmother did as she was bidden, and the little woman took a bone comb out of her pocket and said, ‘Comb your hair with this as far as your hands can extend.’ The old woman noticed that her hair was lengthening as far as she could reach, at the same time her skin changed color rapidly,

when suddenly the grandchild looked back, and her grandmother, saying, 'My dear child you have destroyed me,' fell down dead."

At a later day, not long before his death, Mr. La Fort gave me the following tale:

"While all the Onondagas were once off sugar-making, a young man remained at home alone because he was ill. While lying on his couch he felt fingers stroking his forehead. Then they patted his shoulders, but no one was seen. Then they came down his arm, and a small arm appeared, but no body. He seized the arm with all his might, but could not hold it, and received a blow upon his head. Then all was still.

"His mother came home and he told her all this. 'O, my son,' said she, 'You have done very wrong. You have driven away your best friend, but I will try to make amends. To-night I will take a good deer's hide and cut it in pieces for twelve pairs of moccasins. This I will put in a convenient place, and lay with it beads, thread and colored moose hair.' This she did. At midnight the young man heard a noise and felt the fingers, as before, but kept still. Then the fingers went away and he heard a sound where the deer-skin lay. In the morning all was gone. The next night came and nothing was heard, but in the morning there stood a pair of moccasins, beautiful beyond anything Onondaga had ever seen. The sick youth was soon well."

Such things, La Fort said, used to be frequent in the old times, the little men being often seen, helping men, but since Christianity had prevailed they had disappeared. He asked what I thought of this. I do not recall the answer.

The Onondagas call them Che-kah-eh-hen-wah, 'Small People or Little Men. The Mohawks, Yah-ko-nen-us-yoks, or Stone Throwers. The Tuscaroras term them Ehn-kwa-si-yea, No Men at all.

I add to the above Mrs. H. Maxwell Converse's account, prefaced by Arthur C. Parker's notes. He said: "The Stone Throwers are a band of elves who are fond of playing harmless pranks. Should one offend them, however, the prank may cease to be harmless. An Indian who discovers

that he has been punished by them at once holds a proper ceremony for their propitiation. Mr. M. R. Harrington, who questioned the Oneidas regarding their belief in the Jo-ga-oh, was told that when a good round stone was needed for a hammer or corn crusher, that an Indian would go down to a creek and place an offering of tobacco beneath a flat stone, and, returning the next day, find within the radius of a man's length a stone just suitable for his purpose.

"The ceremonies of the Pygmy Society are called at certain times to propitiate the elves and sprites, who often wish to be assured of man's gratitude for their favors. The writer has translated the entire ritual, and recorded the songs and chants on the phonograph. The Seneca name for the society is Yot-don-dak-goh.

"The editor has questioned a number of Iroquois children regarding the Jo-ga-oh, and has been told that these little folk have sometimes been seen running through the woods. They generally are dressed in all the traditional paraphernalia of the Indian, but sometimes are entirely naked. The Seneca children who described them, said that they were about a foot high and ran very fast. With adults they are more often heard than seen, and are known by their drumming on the wet drum. The listening initiate who hears the tap of the ringing water tomtom, knows instantly that the elves are calling a council, and summons his society to meet and make the proper offerings to these elves who run in the darkness and who wander upon the mountains.

"The elves are naturally unsuccessful hunters. This is not because they lack skill, but because the animals have learned to detect their peculiar scent. Because of this the members of the Pygmy Society save the parings and scrapings from their finger rails, and tie them in little bags to throw among the rocks for the elves. They are believed to saturate them in water and bathe in it. The animals think that human hunters seek them and are not afraid."

Mrs. Converse's account follows. Her strong poetic taste is shown in all her stories, and I give this one literally to show her personality.

"NEH JO-GA-OH, THE MYTH DWARF PEOPLE
"GA-HON-GA, THE STONE THROWERS

"Among the fable folk of the Iroquois, the Jo-ga-oh, or invisible little people are beings empowered to serve nature with the same authority as the greater spirits. These little people are divided into three tribes, the Ga-hon-ga of the rocks and rivers, the Gan-da-yah of the fruits and grains, and the Oh-dan-was of the under earth shadows.

'The Ga-hon-ga, guardians of the streams, dwell in rock caves beside the waters, and though dwarf in being are gigantic in strength. They can uproot the largest tree by a twist of the hand, and hurl massive rocks into the rivers, to lift the waters when floods threaten. They have frequently visited Indians in awake dreams, and led them to their dwelling places, and then challenged them to feats of strength, such as playing ball with the rocks, often hurling them high out of sight in the air. Because of this fondness the Indians often called them 'Stone Throwers.'

"When a drought parches the land, the Indian, wise in mystery ways, goes far into the forests, and searches along the mountain streams, until he finds the signs of the Ga-hon-ga. These are little cup-shaped hollows in the soft earth that edges the streams, and are the promise of rain. The Indian carefully scoops up these hollows in the mud, and dries them on a fragment of bark in the sun. They are the 'dew cup charms' that, placed in a lodge, attract the Gan-da-yah of the fruits and grains, who begin immediately their activity in the ground of the garden.

"In their province of watchfulness they instruct the fish, directing their movements, and giving them shelter in their deep water caves, if pursued by merciless fishermen, or confused in the whirl of the flood. They know the twists of every trap, and will loosen them to release the captive fish, when they deem it wise to do so. They can command a fruitful or barren season, and, unless propitiated, frequently punish negligence with famine.

"By a legend of these Gahonga, at one time an abandoned orphan boy was playing by the side of a river, where one of these little people was paddling his canoe. The boy was invited to take a ride, but the boat was so small that

he at first refused. By continual urging, however, the little rock thrower induced the boy to venture in, when, with a single stroke of the paddle he swept the canoe high from the bosom of the river, up into the air and into the side of a cliff that towered from the mouth of the river. They had entered a cave filled with the old and the young of the little folk, who began their Joy dance in honor of their visitor, the orphan boy.

"Dwelling with these people, the boy was taught their wondrous ways, their mysticism, exorcisms and dances, all so efficacious in coaxing the fruits to come forth to the sun. In the dark recesses of the high cliff cave he learned many strange things, as he saw the little people at work, and so marvelous was it all that his stay seemed but a few days. Then suddenly they commanded him to return to his people. He was given a portion of each bird and animal as a charm, and told how to employ each with effect. The corn and the beans would obey his words, and the berries and fruits would ripen at his bidding, the harvests would be full when he sang, and the flowers would unfurl as he walked through the lands. Unknowing, as they were instructing him, he was being let down in the valley from which he had come. The Ga-hon-ga had vanished, and going among the people he found himself a man; his captivity had been one of 40 years, and yet it seemed but a visit of so many days. He was a man of gigantic proportions, and inspired awe when he taught to the wise the laws and the charms, the dances and songs of the Ga-hon-ga.

"Thus has the story of the little rock people been transmitted from generation to generation for numberless years. The fisherman and the hunter know it; the grandmothers tell it to their children's children, and the children tell it to their dolls; the medicine men chant its songs, and in their incantations for the harvests they dance for the little folk, and the dancers in darkness chant the story in song."

"NEH OH-DO-WAS, THE UNDEREARTH MYTHS

"The Little Folk of the Darkness, the underearth dwellers, are most wise and mysterious. Seldom do the eyes of men penetrate the gloom to recognize them. These Oh-

do-was are the wondrous band of elf folk that hold jurisdiction over the sunless domain beneath the earth, where dwell the creatures of the darkness, and the prisoners that have offended the regions of light.

"In the dim world where the Oh-do-was live are deep forests and broad plains, where roam the animals whose proper abode is there, and though all that live there wish to escape, yet both good and bad, native and captive, are bidden to be content and dwell where fate has placed them. Among the mysterious underearth denizens are the white buffaloes, who are tempted again and again to gain the earth's surface, but the paths to the light are guarded, and the white buffalo must not climb to the sunlight, to gallop with his brown brothers over the plains. Sometimes they try to rush up and out, and then the Oh-do-was rally their hunters, and thin out the unruly herds with their arrows. 'Tis then that a messenger is sent above to tell the sunlight elves that the chase is on, and the earth elves hang a red cloud high in the heavens, as a sign of the hunt. Ever alert for signals the Indian reads the symbol of the red cloud, and rejoices that the Little People are watchful and brave.

"Always intent on flight, the venomous reptiles and creatures of death slink in the deep shadows of the dim underplace, captives of the watchful Oh-do-was. Though they are small, it is not often that they fail to fight back the powerful monsters that rush to the door to the light world, but sometimes one escapes and, whizzing out in the darkness of earth's night, spreads his poisonous breath over the forests, and creates the pestilence that sweeps all before it. Then the monsters, maddened by jealousy, search out the places where the springs spout to the surface, and poison the waters, and, where a deep grown root has pushed its way through the underearth in search of water, they tear it with their fangs, and the earth tree above wilts and dies. But such things are rare, for the Oh-do-was are vigilant, and faithful and strong, and will not willingly let death escape to their elves and their human friends.

"At certain times they visit their relatives above. At night they hold festivals in the forests, and the circle beneath many a deep wood tree, where the grass refuses

to grow, is the ring where the dances are held. Inhabiting the darkness, the light of the sun would blind them, but they do not fear the moon's soft rays. The creatures of the night, the bats and birds, and the prowlers of the darkness, know the Oh-do-was and are wary, for sometimes offensive intruding animals are captured, and carried far beneath the fields and forests, nor may they expect to be ransomed by their elf guardians of the light, when they visit the regions below, for no Jo-ga-oh ever questions the act of another.

"Thus banded, the Jo-ga-oh of the earth, above and below, guard, guide and advise all living nature, and protect the Indians from unseen foes. The Indian, grateful for this unselfish service, reveres the Little Folk, and sings their praises in ceremonies and dedicates dances to them.

/NEH GAN-DA-YAH OF THE FRUITS AND GRAINS

"In the divisions of the Jo-ga-oh the Gan-da-yah are the most beloved by the Indians. The office of these elves is to protect and advise the fruits and grains. They are the little people of the sunshine, who bring joy and brightness to the Indian's heart.

"In the springtime these 'Little People' hide in dark, sheltered places, and whisper to the earth as they listen to the complaints of the growing seeds. When the sun bestows its full summer glow they wander over the fields, tinting the grains and ripening the fruits, and bidding all growing things to look to the sun. Their labor commences with the strawberry plant, whose fruit is a special gift to mankind. When the earth softens from the frost, the 'Little People' loosen the earth around each strawberry root, that its shoots may better push through to the light. They shape its leaves to the sun, turning the blossoms upward to its touches and guiding the runners to new growing places. Assisting the timid fruit buds at nightfall, they direct them from the west sky, where they had followed the sun, back to the east and the morning's glow. When the full fruit first blushes on the vine, these guardian elves protect it from the ravages of evil insects and the mildew of the damp.

"The ripening of the strawberry is the signal for a thanksgiving by the entire people. The fruit, the first grown of the year, is greeted with songs of joy and gratitude. The Priestesses (Ho-non-di-ont) hold meetings of praise in the darkness of the night. In their Dark dances the berry had its own Joy dance, and there is an especial dance and song for the Jo-ya-oh, by whose fostering care the fruit has come to perfection. The strawberry wine is made on these occasions and distributed among the people, a separate portion being reserved for the singers who officiate at the Berry dance.

"There is an ancient folk tale that when the fruits were first coming to earth, an evil spirit stole the strawberry plant, hiding it under the ground for centuries, until it was finally released by a spy sunbeam, who carried it back to the sunny fields of earth, where it has lived and thrived ever since, but fearing another captivity, the 'Little People' maintain special guard over their favorite fruit.

"These elf folk are ever vigilant in the fields during the season of ripening, and vigorous are their wars with the blights and diseases that threaten to infect and destroy the corn and the beans. The universal friends of the red man, they assume various forms for protection and guidance, frequently visiting the lodges of the Indian in the guise of birds. If they come as a robin they carry good tidings; if as an owl, watchful and wise, their mission is one of warning, an enemy is coming who will deceive; if as a bat, that winged animal, the symbol of the union of light and darkness, it denotes some life and death struggle close at hand. The most minute harmless insect or worm may be the bearer of important 'talk' from the 'Little People,' and is not destroyed, for the 'trail is broad enough for all.'

"According to a law enacted by these guardian elves, a true Indian should not relate the myth tales of his people during the summer. No one could tell, they thought, when some bug or bird might be listening and report the offence to the elves, who, in turn, would send a watcher to enforce silence on the part of the breaker of the law. They dread that some creature of animate nature may overhear these tales, and entranced by them, forget to go back

to winter homes when the snow falls. Even the vine that crept over the lodge door, may listen so eagerly that it will forget to let down its sap before the frost comes, and die. The bird singing on the tree's limb, which leafs above the door, may, in his wonder and bewilderment, forget the sun way to the south, and fall a victim to the first snow. The ground animals may stop to listen, with their heads half out of their burrows, and, marveling over the story, tarry till the winter seals them there, to perish in the ice breath of the north blast. Knowing these things, the Indian reserves his myth tales until the winter time comes and his fireplace glows.

"When the leaves have strewn the barren earth, and the snow has covered the leaves and built its mounds high in the lowlands, the 'Little People' are safe folded in their shadow slumbers, and the earth knows them no more until the melting snows, and the swollen streams and the leafing trees summon them to the season of springtime."

The three sections of the above interesting paper seem to have been written at different times, and united without revision.

Some of the animal stories are close reproductions of those of the white man, and some of the earlier ones are somewhat affected by changed conditions. The following, which I had from Albert Cusick, closely adheres to the primitive type. The first part he wrote himself, and the latter I took down from his dictation.

THE LOST BOY

"A long time ago, among the Onondaga Indians, were several families who went off to camp near the wildwood streams, where fish, deer, otter, beaver and other like game could be caught for winter use. These Onondagas, or People of the Hill, journeyed several days, and finally came to the hunting grounds. The hunting ground where they stopped was a very beautiful place, with its little hills and the river with high banks. Not far from their camp was a beautiful lake, with high, rocky banks, and with little islands full of cedar trees. When they came there it was in the moon or month of Chut-ho-wa-ah, or October. Some

of these Indians made their camps near the river, and some near the lake. As it was quite early in the season for hunting, some of the Indians amused themselves by making birch bark canoes. With these they could go up and down the river and on the lakes, fishing and trapping, or making dead falls for other small game.

"In the party were five little boys who had their own bows and arrows, and would go hunting, imitating their fathers and uncles. Among them was one much smaller than the rest, who was greatly teased by the other and older boys. Sometimes they would run away from him and hide themselves in the woods, leaving him crying; then they would come back and show themselves, and have a great laugh over the little boy's distress. Sometimes they would run for the camp, and would tell him that a bear or a wolf was chasing them, leaving the little boy far behind, crying with all his might. Many a time he sought his father's camp all alone, when the other boys would leave him and hide themselves in the woods.

"One day these little Indians found a great hollow log, lying on the ground. One of them said, "May be there is a Ta-hone-tah-na-ken (rabbit) or a Hi-sen (red squirrel) in this hollow log. Let us shoot into it, and see if there is any Ta-hone-tah-na-ken in it.' All agreed to this, and they began to take the little boy's arrows from him, and shoot them into the hole; then the larger boys said to him, 'Now go into the hollow log and get your arrows.' The little boy said, 'No; I am afraid something might catch me.' Then he began to cry, and was not at all willing to go into the log. The others coaxed him to do so, and one said he would get his uncle to make him a new bow and arrows if he would go into the log and get the arrows they had shot there. At last this tempted the little boy. He stopped crying, got down on his hands and knees, and crawled into the log. When he had gone in a little way he found one of his arrows, and handed it out. This gave him courage to go in a little farther. When he had advanced some distance in the log, one of the larger boys said, "Let's stop up the log and trap that boy in it, so that he can't get out." This was soon agreed to and the boys began to fetch old rotten wood and old limbs, stopping up the hollow log and trapping the little boy in it.

When this mischief was done the four boys ran to their camp, saying not a word about the little boy who was trapped in the log.

"It was two days before the mother and father began to notice the absence of their boy, for they thought he must have stayed over night with one of the others, as very often he had done; but the second day a search was begun, and the other four boys were asked whereabouts they had left him. They all said that they did not know, and that the last time they were out the little boy did not go with them. Then the entire camp turned out to join in the search, as now they knew that the boy must be lost. After they had hunted a long time he could not be found, and they ceased to look for him. They thought he must have been killed and eaten by a wolf or bear.

"When he was first shut up in the log the little boy tried to get out, but could not do it, as the chunks of rotten wood were too large for him to move. He could not kick or push them out. Then he cried for help, but no one came. There he was for three days and three nights, crying loudly for help, and now and then falling asleep. But on the fourth night, while he was in the hollow log, he thought he heard some one coming. He listened, and was sure he heard the crying of a very old woman, and the noise of the tramping of feet. The crying and the tramping came nearer to the log where he was. At last the crying came very close to him, and then he heard a noise as though some one sat down on the log. Now he heard the old woman cry in earnest, and now and then she would say: 'Oh, how tired I am! how tired I am! and yet I may have come too late, for I do not hear my grandchild cry. He may be dead! he may be dead!' Then the old woman would cry in earnest again.

"At last he heard a rap on the log and his own name called: 'Ha-yah-noo! Ha-yah-noo! are you still alive?' Ha-yah-noo, or Footprints under the Water—for this was the little boy's name—answered the old woman, and said that he still lived. The old woman said, 'O, how glad I am to find my grandchild still alive!' Then she asked Ha-yah-noo if he could not get out; but he said he could not, for he had already tried. Then said the old woman, 'I will

try to get you out of this log.' He heard her pull at the chunks of old wood; but at last she said she could not get him out, as she was too old and tired. She had heard him crying three days before, and had journeyed three days and nights to come and help her grandchild out of his trouble. Now this old woman was an O-ne-ha-tah, or Porcupine. She lived in an old hemlock tree, near the spot where the boy was shut up in the log.

"When Grandmother O-ne-ha-tah had said that she had to journey three days and nights, and now she could not help Ha-yah-noo out of the log, she was very sorry and began to cry again. Finally she said she had three children who were very strong, and that she would get them to help her; so she went after them. It was almost daylight when they came, and then Ha-yah-noo heard them pull out the chunks which stopped up the log. At last Grandmother O-ne-ha-tah said to him, 'Come out now. My children have got the chunks out of the log. You can come out.'

"When Ha-yah-noo came out he saw four wild animals around him. There was Grandmother O-ne-ha-tah and her three children, as she called them. They were Oo-kwa-e, the Bear; Sken-no-doh, the Deer, and Tah-you-ne, the Wolf. 'Now,' said O-ne-ha-tah, 'I want one of you to take care of this boy, and love him as your own child. You all know that now I am very, very old. If I were younger I would take care of him myself.'

"Tah-you-ne, the Wolf, was the first one to speak, saying she could take care of the boy, as she lived on the same meat on which he fed. 'No,' said O-ne-ha-tah, 'you are too greedy. You would eat up the boy as soon as he is left with you alone.' The Wolf was very angry. She showed her teeth and snapped them at the boy, who was much afraid and wanted no such mother.

The next that spoke was Sken-no-doh, the Deer. She said that she and her husband would take care of the boy, as they lived on corn and other things which they knew the boy liked. Her husband would carry him on his back wherever they went. But Grandmother O-ne-ha-tah said, 'No; you can't take care of the boy, for you are always traveling, and never stay in one place. The boy cannot do the traveling that you do, for you run very fast and make

very long journeys. The boy cannot stand it and you have no home for him for the winter. Boys like this have homes.' Then the Deer ran away, very happy, as though she were glad to be rid of the boy.

"Then Oo-kwa-e, the Bear, said she knew she could take care of him, as she lived in a large stone house and had plenty to eat. She lived on meats and fishes, and all kinds of nuts and berries, and even wild honey, all of which the boy would like. She had a good warm bed for him to sleep on through the winter, and she was a loving mother to her children. She would rather die than see them abused. Then O-ne-ha-tah, or Porcupine (meaning 'Full of quills'), said: 'You are just the one to take care of this boy. Take him and carry him home.' So the Bear, like a loving mother, took the boy and brought him to her home. When they got there, Oo-kwa-e said to her two children, Oo-tutch-ha or Young Bears, 'Don't play with him roughly, and he will be your kind little brother.' Then she gave him berries to eat, and they were all happy.

"The stone house was a cave in the rocks, but to the boy it seemed to have rooms, like any other house, and the little bears seemed like human children. They did not tease him, but lived in the most friendly way, and the old Oo-kwa-e was a very kind mother to the boy. It was now quite late in the fall, and the days were short and dark. Then Mother Oo-kwa-e said, 'It is late and dark now. We had better go to bed.' The nights were cold, but the bed was warm, and they slept till the spring.

"One evening it thundered; for the bears do not wake up till the thunder is heard. It made such a noise that they thought the walls were coming down. Then the old Oo-kwa-e said, 'Why! its getting light. We had better get up.' So they lived happily together for a very long time. She went out in the woods, going to and fro for food, and the children amused themselves at home.

"Every now and then, through the summer, the Bear people would come in and say, 'In such a place are many berries.' These would be strawberries, raspberries or others, according to the season. Later they told of chestnuts and other nuts of which they were fond. Then they would say, 'Let us go and gather them.' So the Mother

Bear and Little Bears went, taking the little boy along, for they always expected a good time. The other bears knew nothing about the boy. When they came near the spot and he was seen, these would be frightened and say, 'There is a human being! Let us run! let us run!' So they would scamper off as fast as bears can, leaving their heaps of nuts or berries behind them. Then the old Oo-kwa-e would gather these up, she and her children, and take them home, which was a very easy way of getting plenty of food. Thus the boy became very useful to Mother Bear.

"The boy lived with them thus for about three years, and the same things happened every year. In the third year Mother Bear said, 'Some one is coming to kill us.' Then all looked out and saw a man coming through the woods, with his bow and arrows in his hand, and his dog running all around, looking for game. Then Mother Bear said, 'I must see what I can do.' So she took a forked stick, and pointed the open fork toward the man. It seemed to come near him, and appeared to him like a line of thick brush that he did not wish to break through. So he turned aside and went another way, and they were safe that time.

Another day she again said, 'Some one is coming toward us again, and we shall be killed.' She put forth the forked stick; but the man did not mind it, and came straight toward her stone house. The stick itself split and there was nothing in the way. Then she took a bag of feathers and threw these outside. They flew up and down, and around, and seemed like a flock of partridges. The dog ran after them, through the bushes and trees, supposing them to be birds, and so the second man went away.

The days went by, and the third time Mother Bear saw a man coming. This time she said, 'Now we certainly are all going to die.' Then she said to the boy, 'Your father is coming now, and he is too good a hunter to be fooled. There is his dog, with his four eyes, and he, too, is one of the best of hunters.' Now when a dog has a light spot over each eye, the Indians say that he has four eyes. So the man came nearer. She tried the forked stick, but it split, and still the man and dog came on. She scattered the feathers, and they flew around as before, but the hunter

and dog heeded them not, and still both came on. At last the dog reached the door and barked, and the man drew his bow and shot at anything that came out.

"When Mother Oo-kwa-e saw the man standing there, she said, 'Now, children, we must all take our bundles and go.' So each of the Bears took a small bundle and laid it on its back, but there was no bundle at all for the boy. When all were ready, she said, 'I will go first, whatever may happen.' So she opened the door, and as she went out the man shot, and she was killed. Then the oldest of the Oo-tutch-ha said, 'I will go next,' and as he went he also was killed.

"Th last little Bear was afraid, and said to the boy, 'You go first.' But the little boy was also afraid and said, 'No; you go first. I have no bundle.' For all the Bears tried to get their bundles between them and the man. So the little Bear and the boy at last went out together; but though the Bear tried to keep behind, the man shot at the first and he was killed. As the hunter was about to shoot again, the boy called out, 'Don't shoot me! don't shoot me! I am not a bear!' His father dropped his arrow, for he knew his voice at once, and said, 'Why did you not call out before? Then I would not have killed the Oo-kwa-e and Oo-tutch-ha. I am very sorry for what I have done, for the Bears have been good to you.' But the boy said, 'You did not kill them, though you thought so. You only shot the bundles. I saw them thrown down and the spirits of the Bears run off from behind them.' Still, the man was sorry that he had shot at the Bears. He wished to be kind to them as they had been to his boy.

"Then the father began to look at his boy more closely, to see how he had grown and how he had changed. Then he saw that long hairs were growing between his fingers, for, living so long with them, he had already begun to turn into a Bear. He was very glad when he took the boy back to his home, and his friends, relatives, and the whole town rejoiced with him. All day they had a great feast, and all night they danced, and they were stil dancing when I came away." In a variant of this the Bear tells the father, in a dream, how to rid the boy of these long hairs.

Bear stories were very popular among the Iroquois, bears being their nearest relatives in the animal world. Three stories were collected by Mrs. E. A. Smith, and in these are several incidents here given, which appear separately and in no two of the three. In this story, according to Iroquois usage, the mother is placed before the father when the boy is missed.

European stories are common both east and west among our Indians, but adapted to a new environment. Some are absolutely unchanged. "How the Bear lost his Tail" is of this class, and very popular in New York. Another has some modern actors, but I have met with nothing like the following Onondaga story.

THE DUEL OF THE BEAR AND FOX

For some reason the bear and fox fell out, and were going to fight a duel. The fox chose a cat and a lame dog for his seconds, while the bear had the wolf and the pig, but the wolf kept away. The bear and the pig came to the place first, both a little afraid, and the bear said he would climb a tree and watch for the rest. The pig hid under the leaves by a log. The bear said, "I see the fox coming. He has two men with him, and one is picking up stones to throw at us!" For when the dog limped the bear thought he was picking up stones. The cat, too, raised its tail and waved it around. When it did this the bear said, "Now I see the other man. He has a big club, and O! how he waves it around! Lie down there! Keep still! They'll give it to us if they find us!" Then he looked again. "Yes, they're coming! Keep still! keep still!"

"So the cat came under the tree and upon the log. The pig wanted to see, and tried to peep out; but when the cat saw the leaves moving she thought it was a mouse. Down she sprang in an instant, and had the pig by the nose. "Ke-week! ke-we-eek!" he squeaked and squealed, which scared the cat in turn, and she ran for the tree. The bear was so frightened when he saw her coming that he let go his hold, fell from the tree and was killed. Then I came away.

This is a child's story, allowing spirited action on the part of the frightened bear, but when the narrator imitates the pig's squeal there is intense delight among the Indian children. It was a favorite tale.

CORN STORIES AND CUSTOMS

The origin of maize, or Indian corn has been a subject of study with many men; the Indians disposed of it very simply. According to Roger Williams' story in 1643, "the crowe brought them at first an Indian graine of corne in one eare, and an Indian or French beane in another from the great God Kautantowit's fields in the southweste, from whence, they hold, come all their corne and beanes."

Van der Donck, in 1656, wrote that "they say that their corn and beans were received from the southern Indians, who received their seed from a people who resided still farther south." The native beans were of various forms and colors. The Dutch writer goes on: "They have a peculiar way of planting them which our people have learned to practice; when the Turkish wheat, or, as it is called, maize, is half a foot above the ground, they plant the beans around it, and let them grow together. The coarse stalk serves as a bean-prop, and the beans run upon it." Pumpkins or squashes were planted in the same way, and white farmers kept up the latter practice, and on the triple arrangement is founded the following picturesque tale, which I received at Onondaga. It used to be told by Joseph Lyon, or Ka-no-wah-yen-ton, see the backs of prostrate people.

"A fine young man lived on a small hill, and being there alone he wished to marry. He had flowing robes, and wore long and nodding plumes, so that he was very beautiful to behold. Every morning and evening he came out of his quiet house, and three times he sang, "Che hen, Che hen, Sone ke kwah no wah ho ten ah you ke neah. Say it, say it, some one I will marry;" and he thought he cared not at all who it might be. For a long time he kept this up, at morn and eve, and still he was a lonesome young man.

"At last a tall young woman came, with long hair neatly

braided behind, as is the Indian style. Her beads shone like drops of dew, and her flowing green mantle was adorned with large golden bells. The young man ceased to sing, and she said, 'I am the one for whom you have looked so long. Now I am come to marry you.' But he looked at her and said, 'No; you are not the one. You wander so much and run over the ground so fast that I cannot keep by your side. Good friends we are sure to be, but I want a bride to make a home.' So the pumpkin maiden went away, and the young man was still alone, singing at night and morn, hoping his bride would come.

"One day there appeared a slender young woman, of grace of form and fair of face. Her beautiful mantle was spotted here and there with lovely clusters of flowers, and groups of bangles hung upon it. She heard the song and drew near the singer. Then she said she could love dearly one so manly, and would marry him if he would love her in turn. The song ceased; he looked at her and was pleased, and said she was just the one he wished and for whom he had waited so long. They met with a loving embrace, and ever since the slender bean twines closely around the stalwart corn, he supporting her and she cherishing him." Perhaps it might be added that they are not divided in death, for beans and corn form Indian bread.

All this has nothing to do with the origin of corn, July 20, 1743, John Bartram, Conrad Weiser and others were riding northward on a trail a little south of our present county line. Bartram said, "On our left we perceived a hill where the Indians say Indian corn, tobacco and squashes were found on the following occasion: An Indian (whose wife had eloped) came hither to hunt, and with his skins to purchase another; here he espied a young squaw alone at the hill; going to her and enquiring where she came from, he received for answer that she came from heaven to provide sustenance for the poor Indians, and that if he came to that place twelve months after he should find food there. He came accordingly and found corn, squashes and tobacco, which were propagated from thence and spread through the country, and this silly story is religiously held for truth among them."

Conrad Weiser mentioned this story in passing this hill in 1737.

I have it also in fuller form, from a Seneca source twenty years later. The hill is Mount Toppin in Preble.

Among the Iroquois corn, beans and pumpkins are known as Our Life or Our Supporters, collectively, and L. H. Morgan gives the Seneca word for this as De-o-ha-ko. The Onondagas call them Tune-ha-kwe, those we live on. Onondaga had large crops of these in colonial times, and in several places here the ancient corn pits may yet be seen.

In Handsome Lake's Religion as given by Sose-ha-wa, in 1848, special mention is made collectively of these three foods. "Continue to listen: It has pleased our Creator to set apart, as our Life, the Three Sisters. For this special favor let us ever be thankful. When you have gathered in your harvest let the people assemble and hold a general thanksgiving for so great a good. In this way you will show your obedience to the will and pleasure of your Creator. Thus they said." But there were Indian thanksgiving days before Handsome Lake was born.

In August, 1894, the preaching of the New Religion was publicly resumed at Onondaga, and this was carefully reported for the Syracuse Herald. In this the above quotation from Sose-ha-wa does not appear, nor is it in the Seneca version and translation published at Albany. Hoh-shair-honh, Stopper of a crowd, was the preacher at Onondaga. The ceremony occupies several days, and white wampum is used.

WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT

A belief in witches and witchcraft is deeply rooted in the Iroquois mind, and deaths for this have occurred in quite recent times. While at Onondaga, 1887-88, Mr. De Cost Smith had several reminders of such things. One was of a double execution of witches at Oneida about 1825. He adds, "I was told last autumn that an old man had been put to death for witchcraft on one of the Canadian Iroquois reservations, about seven years before. He was killed by men who lay in wait for him and shot him from an ambush. 'What was done by the dead man's friends?' I asked, 'Nothing; they thought he had been at that business long enough.' 'And the white people?' 'They didn't know

it'." He adds "During a general council of the Six Nations, held in August, 1888, of which the open confession of sins was one of the striking features, a chief of the Onondagas confessed that he had practised witchcraft, but, becoming penitent, had reformed."

To quote my friend still farther, "An Onondaga, about fifty years of age, pointed out to me, quite recently, an old woman living on the reservation whom he believed to be a witch. He is quite convinced of it, for some years ago he was going home one night about eleven o'clock, when, just as he was going around a wooded hill, he saw this woman ahead of him. She was walking in the same direction, and so did not at first see him. Her hair hung down over her eyes, and she blew from her mouth flames of different colors to light her path. As she did this her hair was licked by the flames and blown up from her face. He followed her, and when near the council-house began to run. She ran around the building and along the fence, until she came to a long log house (no longer standing) in which witches were said to congregate, and, as she reached the door, she once more blew flames from her mouth and disappeared within." (*Witchcraft and Demonism of the Modern Iroquois*, 1888, pp. 184-194.)

Albert Cusick, who was ordained deacon by Bishop Huntington, and to whom I am greatly indebted for my knowledge of Indian lore, gave me the next two stories, found at Onondaga.

"A man, whose brother was very sick, suspected the witches of causing his illness. He tried to find out who they were and where they met, so he went to an old woman and told her he wanted to be a witch. She said, 'If you are very much in earnest you may be, but when you begin you must go to your sister and point at her. Then she will be taken sick, and after a time will die.' So he went and told his sister, and they arranged a plan. She was to pretend to be ill after he came home, and let this be known.

"When night came he started for the place of meeting with the old woman, but, as he went he now and then broke off a leaf or a bit of underbrush. All at once the old woman sprang into a tree and clung to it, and as she turned around she was a great panther, with sharp teeth, long claws and

glaring eyes. As she spat and snarled at him he was terribly frightened, but pretended not to be afraid. So she came down as an old woman again, and said, 'Didn't I frighten you?' 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'I was not a bit afraid. I would like to be like that myself.' So they went on, and as they went he broke the brush here and there.

"After a time they came to an open place in the woods, where were gathered many old men and women, and some young women, too. He was surprised at those he found there. There was a little kettle over a fire in the midst of the place. It was very small indeed, not larger than a tea-cup. Over it hung a bunch of snakes, from which blood dripped into the kettle, and of this all drank a little from time to time. He pretended to drink, and after that looked carefully about to see who were there. They did many things and took many shapes, and often asked what he would like to be. He said, 'A screech owl.' So they gave him an owl's head, which he was to put on later. They told him when he had this on he would be able to fly like a bird. He imitated the owl's cries and movements, and they said he would be a boss witch. When he put on the head he seemed to lose control of himself, and it took him over the trees to his brother's house. At the same time the meeting broke up, and the witches went off in various shapes, as foxes, wolves, panthers, hawks and owls.

"When he came to his brother's all in the house were scared at the noise of an owl on the roof, for he made sounds just like one. Then he took off the head and went into the house. He pointed at a dog, instead of his sister, and the dog sickened and died. His sister pretended to be sick, as they had agreed, and the witches came to see her. They mourned for her, just as though they had not intended her death, and talked about her illness everywhere.

"The next day the young man got the warriors together and told what he had seen. They consulted and armed themselves, agreeing to follow him that night. The band went through the bushes and trees, finding the way by the twigs and leaves he had broken. They knew the spot, which was on their reservation, and when they reached it the witches' meeting had begun. They had officers and speakers, and one of these was making a fine speech. They said

if they killed any persons they would go to heaven, and the Great Spirit would reward the witches well. They might save their victims from much evil by killing them, for they might become bad or unfortunate. If they died now they would go to the Good Spirit. While he was speaking the young man gave a sign. The warriors rushed in and killed all the witches."

The other story follows. "An old woman lived with her grandson, but went away from home every night. There was a loft in her cabin where she went every evening, but she would not let the boy go there. He asked many times where she went, but she would not tell him. When he seemed asleep she was off at once, and if he woke up when she returned, he heard curious sounds on the roof before she came in.

"Once, while she was away during the day, he thought he would find out what he could. So he climbed into the loft. There was a hole in the roof, and in one corner of the loft there was a round chest of bark. In the bottom of this was an owl's head. 'Ah! this is very fine,' said he. 'These will make good feathers for a hat.' So he put the owl's head on his head. At once he lost control of himself, and the head flew off with him. He did not know what would happen, but seemed and acted like an owl. Away he went, through the air, to a house where a sick woman lay, and flew all around it. A very crazy acting owl was he, as any owl might have been in the sun. He tried to stop himself, but could not. He caught hold of sunflowers, but they came up by the roots. He caught hold of bushes, and they did the same. At last he flew into the house and fell among the ashes, where the frightened people caught him. They found nothing but a small boy and an owl's head, but he told his story and thus a witch was found out."

"The Cat Hole" at the Onondaga Reservation quarries is called Oost-sta-ha-kah-hen-stah, Hole in the rock and has the reputation of being a receptacle for the bodies of witches. Cusick told me that the sister of an old friend of his was killed and thrust into this as a witch. In Clark's Onondaga (i. 46) we are told that, "As late as 1803, four squaws were accused of witchcraft at the Castle, three of whom were executed." The fourth promised reformation

and was spared. One of the three acknowledged her guilt. "She was taken to the top of the hill east of the Castle, killed with an axe and buried among the rocks."

Mr. Clark is very definite in describing all the details of the offence and punishment, and one story of his, from Ephraim Webster, the Indian trader and interpreter, is worthy of notice:

"Mr. Webster, in his conversations with the old settlers, said that an old Indian of the Onondagas used to relate that, at an ancient period, when a portion of the Onondagas had an extensive settlement and populous village on the flats east of Jamesville, that he resided there, and stepping out of his cabin one evening, he sank down deep into an immense cavern, which was brilliantly illuminated with flaming torches. No sooner had he reached the floor then he found himself instantly surrounded by hundreds of witches and wizards, who rather unceremoniously ejected him. The circumstance lay heavy upon his heart.

"Early the next morning he proceeded to the council-house, and laid the matter before the assembled chiefs. They asked him if he could identify any of the persons he had seen. He replied that he thought he could. He straightway proceeded through the village, and pointed to this and that one, whom he thus signified as delinquents. They were at once doomed for execution, and without trial or ceremony, upon the evidence or whim of a single individual, numbers of both sexes were killed. According to the tradition the slaughter was immense, it seemed there could be no end to the alarming panic; many of the people dispersed, and for a season it was feared the whole nation would be broken up. It is said that more than half of those who remained at home were killed, amounting in all to hundreds."

Mr. Clark based the first part of his story of "The Enchantress" on this, and gave the informer the name of Ta-hou-ta-nah-ka. The village was the one destroyed at Frontenac's invasion in 1696, rebuilt and then abandoned about 1720. Ephraim Webster died in 1824, aged 62 years. He came to Onondaga in 1786, at which date any influential chief of the earlier town—even in its latest years—would have been a good deal over a century old. I think the

story may have come through the interpreter but not from the leading actor in it.

On this subject I will quote David Cusick again. After telling of a man who "drew hair and worms from the persons whom the witches had blown into their bodies," he tells of the origin of this.

"It was supposed that the Skaunratohatihawk, or Nanticokes in the south first founded the witchcraft. Great pains were taken to procure the snakes and roots which the stuff was made of to poison the people. The witches formed into a secret society; they met in the night and consult on various subjects respecting their engagements; when a person becomes a member of their society, he is forbidden to reveal any of their proceedings. The witches in the night could turn into foxes and wolves, and run very swift, attending with flashes of light. The witches sometimes turned into a turkey or big owl, and can fly very fast, and go from town to town, and blow hair and worms into a person; if the witches are discovered by some person they turn into a stone or rotten log; in this situation they are entirely concealed; about fifty persons were indicted for being witches, and were burnt to death near the fort Onondaga, by order of the national committee." The Nanticokes came into New York in 1753.

ATOTARHO, THE ENTANGLED

Though this chief became not only the principal chief of the Onondagas, but the head of the Five Nations, it is curious that Clark does not mention him. Neither is Dekanawida named, though claiming great honor. Hiawatha alone appears. I have already quoted David Cusick's account of the first Atotarho, whom I place 1100 years later than he did. In ten centuries he names thirteen rulers of this line. At this rate the present chief should be the nineteenth in succession. Yet within sixty years I have personally known three men who have held this office.

The name slightly varies according to the dialect, but all translate it "Entangled," except J. N. B. Hewitt, who makes it "He obstinately refuses to acquiesce." As regards the League he was irreconcilable.

Some years ago I found an account of Atotarho and Hiawatha in William Dunlap's "History of the New Netherlands, Province and State of New York," published in 1839. He had the story from Ephraim Webster in 1815, and the book is little known.

An inferior chief of the Onondagas "conceived the bright idea of union and of a great council of the chiefs of the Five Nations. The principal chief opposed it. He was a great warrior and feared to lose his influence as head man of the Onondagas. This was a selfish man. The younger chief, whom we will call Oweko, was silenced; but he determined in secret to attempt the great political work. This was a man who loved the welfare of others. To make long journeys and be absent for several days while hunting, would cause no suspicion, because it was common. He left home as if to hunt; but taking a circuitous path through the woods, for all this great country was then a wilderness, he made his way to the village or castle of the Mohawks. He consulted some of the leaders of that tribe, and they received the scheme favorably; he visited the Oneidas, and gained the assent of their chief; he then returned home. After a time he made another hunt, and another; thus, by degrees, visiting the Cayugas and Senecas, and gained the assent of all to a great council to be held at Onondaga. With consummate art he then gained over his own chief, by convincing him of the advantages of the confederacy, and agreeing that he should be considered as the author of the plan. The great council met, and the chief of the Onondagas made use of a figurative argument, taught him by Oweko, which was the same that we read of in the fable, where a father teaches his sons the value of union by taking one stick from a bundle, and showing how feeble it was and easily broken, and that when bound together the bundle resisted his utmost strength."

Atotarho no longer obstinately refused to agree.

Dr. Hale said: "Another legend of which I have not before heard, professed to give the origin both of the abnormal ferocity and of the preternatural powers of Atotarho. He was already noted as a chief and a warrior, when he had the misfortune to kill a peculiar bird, resembling a sea-gull, which is reputed to possess poisonous qualities of sin-

gular virulence. By his contact with the dead bird his mind was affected. He became morose and cruel, and at the same time obtained the power of destroying men and other creatures at a distance. Three sons of Hiawatha were among his victims. He attended the councils which were held, and made confusion in them, and brought all the people into disturbance and terror. His bodily appearance was changed at the same time, and his aspect became so terrible that the story spread, and was believed, that his head was encircled by living snakes."

WITCH WATER GULL

This may be the bird described in Mrs. H. M. Converse's story of Ji-jo-gweh, the Witch Water Gull. This night bird had vampire wings which sucked the air, affecting everything they touched. The bird thirsted for blood and its breath was poison. If a feather dropped, blood followed, hard as flint and destroying life. Every where it left evil. It feared sunlight and moonlight, but roamed in darkness and the frightened people hid. Some tried to kill it, but the blunted arrows fell back, and misfortune befell the hunter. Nothing harmed it and the people lived in fear.

A voice came to a young Indian girl. If she made a strong ash bow, twined it with her long hair, and feathered the arrow with a young eagle's down, she could kill it. She climbed the cliff to an eagle's nest and got the down. This she bound to her arrow. Then she made the ash bow, but asked advice of the medicine man. They placed a small bag of tobacco on her neck, and prayed the good spirits to guard her. Then she went to the lake where the bird nightly came to drink. No sound was there as yet, and she hid in the vines. Long she waited, but the bird came not. She took her bow to go home, when with a shriek the demon bird circled above her. She trembled, but the charm gave her courage and she drew her bow. The night air had softened it, and it was as straw. She was in despair, but clasped the charm, repeated the magic words, whispered them to the arrow, which went straight to the monster's heart. Screaming and flapping the waves with its wings, it sank in the lake. Where it sank some birds

rose from the foam, and flew to the south. They were the white sea crows, which had been devoured by Ji-jo-gweh and were now released. When they are seen hurrying in flocks before a storm, Ji-jo-gweh is driving them, as he haunts the storm clouds.

I add, in full, the story of "Ot-to-tar-ho, the Tangled," as given by Mrs. Converse and mentioned by Dr. Hale. This is from the "Myths and Legends of the New York State Iroquois," 1908, p. 117. Though collected by her they were edited by Arthur C. Parker, of the State Museum, Albany, after her death.

"It was at some time during the remote period before the organization of the Iroquois Confederacy, that there was born among the Onondagas a most remarkable personage named Ot-to-tar-ho, and whether myth or human, he still lives in a legend that will be remembered and retold as long as there are Iroquois remaining.

"The legend runs that in his youth he was gentle and mild, fond of innocent amusements and the chase, and was beloved by his people, who looked forward to the time when he would be chosen their chief and become their counselor. But one day, when hunting in the mountains, he chanced to kill a strange bird which, though beautiful in plumage, was virulently poisonous. Unaware of its deadly nature, Ot-to-tar-ho, delighted with his prize, plucked its bright feathers to decorate his head, and while handling them inhaled their poison, which entering his brain maddened him, and upon his return to the village in insane rage, he sought to kill those whom he met. Amazed at the strange transformation the people were in great consternation, and fled from him in fear. No more was he the gentle Ot-to-tar-ho; no more did he care for their games; no more did he care for the chase, but was sullen and morose, and shunned all companionship with his people, who also avoided him, for he had developed a mania for killing human beings.

"The poisonous fire that burned in his brain had so distorted his features that he became hideous to behold; his long glossy hair fell from his head, and in its stead there grew surpents that writhed and hised, when he brushed them back from his face, and coiled around his pipe in rage when he smoked.

"Many believed he had been witched, that some ferocious animal had taken possession of him; others that he was controlled by an evil spirit who was seeking to destroy the nation. Various were the surmises of the people, but the mystery baffled them, and their appeals to their medicine men were received by these wise men in silence; yet they sought by long fasting and dancing, and various incantations, to appease the wrath of the evil one; but their efforts were all in vain, for still the demon, if demon it was, continued to dominate Ot-to-tar-ho, who only became more furious and violent, and seemed to have been endowed with supernatural powers.

"His mind had become so powerful that it could project a thought many miles through the air, and kill whosoever he desired. Developing clairvoyance of vision and prophecy, he could divine other people's thoughts, and through this power came to dominate the councils, assuming a control that none dared oppose, and ruled for many years with such insane and despotic sway that he broke their hearts, and the once powerful, proud, and most courageous of all the nations became abject and cowardly weak.

"It was at this time that Hi-ant-wat-ha, (Hiawatha), grieving over the deplorable condition to which the demonized Ot-to-tar-ho had reduced his people, and desiring to promote their welfare and restore them to prosperity and the proud position they had lost, conceived the idea of forming a league which would unite the five nations, the Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas and Senecas, and in a bond of union and good fellowship, which would not only cement a tie of national brotherhood, but by their united action they would become more formidable in war, and better able to vanquish other nations, and extend their domain and power. But Ot-to-tar-ho was intractable and bitterly opposed to Hiawatha, and to defeat him put three of his brothers to death.

"Although driven away by the relentless Ot-to-tar-ho, Hiawatha, actuated by his love for his people and great concern for their happiness, did not abandon the hope of effecting his purpose, and later returning, aided by a powerful chief, succeeded in placating the intractable Ot-to-tar-ho, by combing the snakes from his head with the wam-

pum, and the union was formed, the nations united, and the confederacy of the Iroquois—one of the greatest political organizations ever accomplished by either civilized or uncivilized peoples—was formed.”

Dr. Hale said the bird resembled a sea gull, hence I have given a story of this bird. He also said that Atotarho killed three sons of Hiawatha, Mrs. Converse making these three brothers. No other story mentions any male relatives of the great chief. No son could have succeeded him in office, descent being reckoned in the maternal line, but he has successors in Canada at the present time.

In telling the following, in the Hiawatha tradition, Mr. A. C. Parker gives the name of my late friend, Baptist Thomas as Sa-ha-wi, which I had from him as So-hat-tis, Long Feather. The first is his name as a chief; I had some stories from Mr. Thomas, but not the following, which he gave Mr. Parker, premising that I take now only the part relating to Atotarho.

Hiawatha had left the Mohawks, in great grief, after his sister, Da-si-yu, had died. He paddled up the Mohawk, made the portage, and came to Onondaga lake by Oneida lake and Three Rivers.

“He landed on the north side, (near the present site of Liverpool), and built a hut. (This spot he named Gaskwaso-etge.) Here he made a camp fire and stayed for three days. Then he saw the monster. He was a long way off and he was looking at Hayentwatha. So Hayentwatha moved his camp, but the next morning the monster came nearer. This being was Tha-do-da-ho. So the next evening Hayentwatha moved his camp again, and in the morning again he saw the monster before his camp fire. It seems that he had snakes in his hair and covering his shoulders, and one great one came up from his thighs and went over his shoulders. Hayentwatha looked at Thadoda-ho and said ‘Shon-nis?’ (who are you?) The monstrous being did not reply, but his face looked very angry.

“Again Hayentwatha changed his camp and built a shelter on one of the two islands in the lake. (Oneida). This spot he named Si-ye-ge. As before, the monster camped silently near him. He was nearer than ever before and seemed watching him from the corner of his eyes.

"So then again Hayentwatha moved his camping place. He crossed the lake and camped at the point on the south shore. As he built his lodge he looked inland and saw, seated on a knoll, the monster Thadodaho. He then observed that whatever move he made the snake-bearing monster was ever before him. He seemed to anticipate his movements. This fact frightened Hayentwatha and he prepared to take up his journey again."

This time he went to the Onondaga village and for some years was free from his persecutor. Then we turn to another story.

The time to do something came. Atotarho's presence, for some reason, was necessary, and he had to be sought out and cured. Dekanawida called for volunteers. Five nations had agreed on union. "Our next step is to seek out Adodarhoh. It is he who has always set at naught all plans for the establishment of the Great Peace. We must seek his fire and look for his smoke," said Dekanawidah.

"The chief speaker of the council then said, 'We do agree to confirm all you have said, and we wish to appoint two spies who shall volunteer to seek out the smoke of Adodarhoh.'

"Two men then eagerly volunteered and Dekanawidah asked them if they were able to transform themselves into birds or animals, for such must be the ability of the messengers who approached Adodarhoh. The two men replied, 'We are able to transform ourselves into herons and cranes.'

"Then you will not do, for you will pause at the first creek or swamp, and look for frogs and fish."

"Two men then said, 'We have magic that will transform us into humming birds. They fly very swiftly.' 'Then you will not do, because you are always hungry and are looking for flowers.'

"Two other men then said, 'We can become the Dare, the white crane.' 'Then you will not do, because you are very wild and easily frightened. You would be afraid when the clouds move. You would become hungry and fly to the ground looking about for ground nuts.'

"Then two men who were crows by magic volunteered, but were told that crows talked too loudly, boasted, and were full of mischief.

"So then, in the end, two men, who were powerful by the magic of the deer and the bear, stepped before the council and were chosen. . . .

"When the spies returned the speaker of the council said, 'Ska-non-donh, (Deer), our ears are erected.' Then the Deer and Bear spoke, and they said, 'At great danger to ourselves we have seen Adodarhoh. We have returned and tell you that the body of Adodarhoh has seven crooked parts, his hair is infested with snakes, and he is a cannibal.' The council heard the message and decided to go to Onondaga at midsummer.

"Then Dekanawidah taught the people the Hymn of Peace and the other songs. He stood before the door of the long house, and walked before it singing the new songs. Many came and learned them, so that many were strong by the magic of them when it was time to carry the Great Peace to Onondaga.

"When the time had come, Dekanawidah summoned the chiefs and people together, and chose one man to sing the songs before Adodarhoh. Soon, then, this singer led the company through the forest, and he preceded all, singing the Peace songs as he walked. Many old villages and camping places were passed as they went, and the names were lifted to give the clan name holders."

Twenty-two of these names are given, all said to be in the Mohawk territory, but some of them were prominent in other parts of the League.

"Now they entered the Oneida country, and the great chief Odetsheden, with his chiefs, met them. Then all of them marched onward to Onondaga, the singer of the Peace Hymn going on ahead.

"The frontier of the Onondaga country was reached, and the expedition halted to kindle a fire, as was customary. Then the chiefs of the Onondagas, with their head men welcomed them, and a great throng marched to the fireside of Adodarhoh, the singer of the Peace Hymn leading the multitude.

"The lodge of Adodarhoh was reached and a new singer was appointed to sing the Peace Hymn. So he walked before the door of the house, singing to cure the mind of Adodarhoh. He knew that if he made a single error or hesitated, his power would be weakened, and the crooked body of Adoharhoh remain misshapen. Then he hesitated and made an error. So another singer was appointed and he, too, made an error by hesitating.

"Then Dekanawidah himself sang and walked before the door of Adodarhoh's house. When he finished his song he walked toward Adodarhoh, and held out his hand to rub it on his body and to know its inherent strength and life. Then Adodarhoh was made straight and his mind became healthy.

"When Adodarhoh was made strong in rightful powers and his body had been healed, Dekanawidah addressed the three nations. He said, 'We have now overcome a great obstacle. It has long stood in the way of peace. The mind of Adodarhoh is now made right and his crooked parts are made straight. Now indeed we may establish the Great Peace.'

In "The Traditional Narrative of the Origin of the Five Nations," Atotarho twice appears. He meets Dekanahwidah early in his mission, but later makes a little trouble at Onondaga. I now record the first only.

"Dekanahwidah continued his journey and came to where the great wizard, To-do-dah-ho, lived. This man was possessed with great power as a wizard, and no man could come to him without endangering his life, and it is related that even the fowls of the air, whenever they flew directly over his place of abode, would die and fall down on his premises, and that if he saw a man approaching him, he was sure to destroy or kill him. This man was a cannibal, and had left the settlement to which he belonged for a long time, and lived by himself in an isolated place.

"Dekanahwida came and approached the abode of the cannibal, and saw him carrying a human body into his house, and shortly he saw him come out again and go down to the river and draw some water. Dekanahwida went closer, and when he had come to the house he went up onto

the roof, and from the chimney opening he looked in and saw the owner come back with a pail of water, put up a kettle on the fireplace to cook his meal, and after it was cooked he saw him take the kettle from the fire and place it at the end of the fireplace, and say to himself, 'I suppose it is now time for me to have my meal, and after I am finished I will go where I am required on business.'

"Dekanahwida moved still closer over the smoke hole, and looked straight down into the kettle. The man Tah-do-dah-ho was then moving around the house, and when he came back to take some of the meat from the kettle he looked into it, and saw that a man was looking at him from out of the kettle. This was the reflection of Dekanahwida. Then the man, Tah-do-dah-ho, moved back and sat down near the corner of the house, and began to think seriously, and he thought that it was a most wonderful thing which had happened. He said to himself that such a thing had never occurred before as long as he had been living in the house, 'I did not know that I was so strange a man,' he said. 'My mode of living must be wrong.' Then he said, 'Let me look again and be sure that what I have seen is true.' Then he arose, went to the kettle and looked into it again, and he saw the same object—the face of a great man—and it was looking at him. Then he took the kettle and went out, and went toward the hillside and emptied it there.

"Then Dekanahwida came down from the roof, and made great haste toward the hillside, and when Tah-do-dah-ho came up the hill he met Dekanahwida.

"Dekanahwidah asked Tah-do-dah-ho where he came from, and he said, 'I had cooked my meat, and I took the kettle from the fire and placed it on the floor. I thought that I would take some of the meat out of the kettle, and then I saw a man's face looking at me from the kettle. I do not know what had happened; I only know such a thing never occurred to me before, as long as I have been living in this house. Now I have come to the conclusion that I must be wrong in the way I am and the way I have been living. That is why I carried the kettle out of my house and emptied it over there by the stump. I was returning when I met you.' Then he said, 'From whence did you come?'

"Dekanahewidah answered, 'I came from the west and am going eastward,' Then the man said, 'Who are you that is thus speaking to me?'"

"Then Dekanahwidah said, 'It is he who is called Dekanahwidah in this world.' Dekanahwidah then asked: 'From whence have you come?' The man then said: 'There is a settlement to which I belong, but I left that settlement a long time ago.'

"Then Dekanahwidah said, 'You will now return, for peace and friendship have come to you and your settlement, and you have now repented the course of wrong doing which you pursued in times past. It shall also now occur that when you return to your settlement you, yourself shall promote peace and friendship, for it is a fact that peace is now ruling in your settlement, and I want you to arrange and settle all matters'."

I make no effort here to reconcile the chronology of the Indian story-tellers, or even their facts—if we may call them such. The above is dated just after Dekanahwidah came from Canada, and before he had entered an Iroquois town. Of course he was not yet the famous Mohawk chief whom Pyrlaeus named, first of all, among the head chiefs of the Five Nations when the League was formed. Back of those who did the work stands the man who devised the plan. The League "was suggested by Thannawage, an old Mohawk," said Pyrlaeus, writing in the Mohawk country in 1743.

HIAWATHA

As most Indians have several names, I make but a suggestion of the identity of this Thannawage with Taenya-wahkee, which the Onondagas assured me was the true form of Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha, which was Mr. J. V. H. Clark's name for Hiawatha until he laid aside divine power and dwelt as a mere man at Cross lake. The fact that he became the second Mohawk chief in the present list, and actually has a successor in Canada at the present time, favors this view. Along with this we have Webster's story, recorded by Dunlap, that an inferior Onondaga chief really planned the League, worked for five years in obtaining the

consents of all, and then triumphantly carried it through. The successors of that Onondaga chief have ever since been Mohawks. He won the aid of the powerful Dekanahwida and was not forgotten.

I feel sure that in his story Mr. Clark received accounts of two persons, his Indian informants confusing these in the story of one great event.

Dekanahwidah, with a foretold and important mission, comes across Lake Ontario in a mystic white canoe of stone, is received by Onondaga hunters at Oswego, does great things for the people, yet refuses to be named among the future chiefs of that people. He stands alone.

The second personal history begins, not at Lake Ontario but at Cross lake. This man is not great, but is very wise and very sympathetic. In trouble they turn to him for valued advice. He is a leader but there is something for them to do. In his quiet life among them he is accessible to all. He has known domestic joys and sorrows. In the greatest trial of all he does not forget what he can still do for others.

So I recognize in Mr. Clark's story the two men who stood side by side in working out a great problem in our own national history. When wisdom and power work together great results follow.

As Mr. Clark's story first brought the name of Hiawatha before the public, it is proper that this should have prominence in any account of Onondaga folk lore. At the same time it is so well known locally that there is little need of giving well known details, which a few words will call to mind.

Of course there is no occasion to dwell on—hardly to mention a well known tale of our western Wonder Land, bearing Hiawatha's name. The wise Onondaga, using no labials, would have broken down in trying to utter the names of his supposed Algonquin friends. It was beyond his power to do this. Yet Longfellow did a great work in this poetic way. His own fame insured the resultant fame of the great Iroquois chief, and gave the world itself some idea of frequent scenes in our forest life. In picturing

his hero he grasped the idea of a thoroughly unselfish man:

“How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people.”

I have already quoted Dunlap's account of Hiawatha, under the name of Oweko, and his emphatic words: “This was a man who loved the welfare of others.” All stories agree in this.

In giving Mr. Clark's later tale I may make some running comments on it, which will not interfere with the narration, and some of these may be in his own words. Less known tales will be given in full. He had his story from Abraham La Fort and Capt. Frost at Onondaga in 1843, and wrought it out carefully with a view to oratorical effect, reading it in Fayetteville the next winter, and before the Manlius Lyceum in the village where he lived. It was well received and took permanent form in the history of Onondaga in 1849. To him we owe Hiawatha's name, variously rendered in other Iroquois dialects, and variously translated.

CANASSATEGO'S TALE

An earlier reference to the origin of the Five Nations, as such, is from Canassatego—not the great Onondaga, but a Seneca chief who lived in Ohio. In 1755, William Henry, a trader among the Indians there, was made captive by the hostile Senecas, and had become quite a favorite with them in the third year of his bondage. He said, “Old Canassatego, a warrior, counsellor, and the chief man of our village, used to come frequently to smoke and talk with me.” Finding him curious on various subjects the old chief gave him much information. As the story is not well known, I give “his account of the manner in which his country was made and peopled.”

“When our good Manitta raised Akanishionegy out of the great waters he said to his brethren, ‘How fine a country is this! I will make the red men the best of men to enjoy it.’ Then with five handfuls of red seeds, like the

eggs of flies, did he strew the fertile fields of Onondaga. Little worms came out of the seeds and penetrated the earth, where the spirits who had never yet seen the light entered into and united with them. Manitta watered the earth with his rain; the sun warmed it; the worms with the spirits in them grew, putting forth little arms and legs and moved the light earth that covered them. After nine moons they came forth perfect boys and girls. Manitta covered them with his mantle of warm purple cloud and nourished them with milk from his finger ends. Nine summers did he nurse them, and nine summers more did he instruct them how to live. In the meantime he had made for their use trees, plants and animals of various kinds. Akanishionegy was covered with woods and filled with creatures.

"Then he assembled his children together and said, 'Ye are five nations, for ye sprang each from a different handful of the seed I sowed; but ye are all brethren, and I am your father, for I made ye all; I have nursed and brought you up:—

"Mohocks, I have made you bold and valiant, and see, I give you corn for your food. Oneidas, I have made you patient of pain and of hunger; the nuts and fruits of the trees are yours. Sennekers, I have made you industrious and active; beans do I give you for nourishment. Cayugas, I have made you strong, friendly and generous; ground nuts and every root shall refresh you. Onondagoes, I have made you wise, just and eloquent; squashes and grapes have I given you to eat, and tobacco to smoke in the council. The beasts, birds and fishes I have given to you all in common.

"As I have loved and taken care of you all, so do you love and take care of one another. Communicate freely to each other the good things I have given you, and learn to imitate each others virtues. I have made you the best people in the world, and I give you the best country. You will defend it from the invasion of other nations, from the children of other Manittoas, and keep possession of it for yourselves, while the sun and moon give light and the waters run in the rivers. This you shall do if you observe my words.

"Spirits I am now about to leave you. The bodies I have

given you will in time grow old and wear out, so that you will be weary of them, or from various accidents they will become unfit for your habitation and you will leave them. I cannot remain here always to give you new ones.

"I have great affairs to mind in distant places, and I cannot again attend so long to the nursing of children. I have enabled you, therefore, among yourselves to produce new bodies; to supply the place of old ones, that every one of you, when he parts with his old habitation, may in due time find a new one, and never walk longer than he chooses under the earth, deprived of the light of the sun. Nourish and instruct your children, as I have nourished and instructed you. Be just to all men and kind to strangers that come among you. So shall you be happy and beloved by all, and I myself will sometimes visit and assist you.'

"Saying this he wrapped himself in a bright cloud and went like a swift arrow to the sun, where his brethren rejoiced at his return. From thence he often looked at Akanishionegy; and, pointing, showed with pleasure to his brothers the country he had formed, and the nations he had produced to inhabit it.

"Here the five nations lived long and happily, communicating freely to each other, as their wants required, all the good things that had been given them, and generations had succeeded generations, when the great evil Manitta came among them and put evil thoughts into their hearts. Then the Mohocks said: 'We abound in corn, which our brothers have not; let us oblige them to give us a great deal of fruits, beans, roots, squashes and tobacco for a very little corn; so shall we live in idleness and plenty, while they labor and live hardly.' And in the same manner spoke the other nations. Hence arose discord, animosity and hatred, inasmuch that they were on the point of lifting the hatchet against each other and miring the ground with brothers' blood. Their Father saw this from the sun, and was angry with his children. A thick blue and red cloud covered all the land, and he spoke to them in thunder. 'Wretches,' said he, 'did I not freely give to each of different kinds of good things, and those in plenty? that each might have something in his power to contribute to his brother's happiness, and so increase the happiness and strengthen the union of

the whole? and do you now abuse those gifts to oppress each other; and would one brother, to make himself, in imagination, more happy, make four brethren in reality more miserable! Ye have become unworthy of the goodness I have shown you, and shall no longer enjoy my favors.' Then the sun of Akanishionegy gave forth darkness instead of light, so that the day was darker than the night, the rivers ran backwards to the mountains, and, with all their fish, re-entered the fountains from whence they sprang, forsaking their ancient beds and leaving dry the banks they used to water.

"The clouds withheld their rain, and carried it away to other regions. The surface of the earth became dust; whirlwinds filled the air with it, and every breathing creature was almost stifled; every green thing withered; the birds flew away; the beasts ran out of the country and, last of all, the afflicted people, famished nearly to death, their dry eyes not having even a tear left, departed sorrowing, and were scattered among the neighboring nations, begging everywhere for food, from those who despised them for their late wickedness to one another.

"Nine summers passed away, and their distress continued. Then the evil spirit left them, for they no longer listened to his counsels; they began mutually to feel and to pity one another's misfortunes; they began to love and to help each other. The nations among whom they were scattered now began to esteem them, and offered to adopt and incorporate them among themselves. But they said: 'No; we are still a people; we choose to continue still a people; perhaps our great Manitta will restore us to our country, and we will then remember this your offered kindness.'

"The great Manitta, seeing their hearts changed, looked on them with compassion. He spoke, and the sun again gave light; the rivers again came forth from the fountains, and ran rejoicing through the delighted valleys; the clouds again showered on the thirsty earth; the trees and plants renewed their verdure; the birds and beasts returned to the forests, and the five nations, with glad and thankful hearts, went back to repossess their ancient seats. From that time down to the present day, it has been an inviolable rule and

custom among the nations, that every brother is welcome to what a brother can spare of the good things which the spirit has caused to spring for him out of the earth.

"All the Indians applauded Canassatego, and said they had heard that good story often, but never before so well repeated. Indeed . . . it was admirably expressed and delivered."

Mr. Henry followed this with an eulogy on Indian eloquence. Colden, in his *History of the Five Nations*, says:

"The speakers whom I have heard had all a great fluency of words, and much more grace in their manner than any man could expect among a people entirely ignorant of the liberal arts and sciences. . . . I have heard an old Indian sachem speak with much vivacy and elocution, so that the speaker pleased and moved his audience with the manner of delivering his discourse which, however, as it afterwards came from the interpreter, disappointed us in our expectations. After the speaker had employed a considerable time in haranguing, with much elocution, the interpreter often explained the whole by one single sentence. I believe the speaker, in that time, embellished and advanced his figures, that they might have their full force on their imagination, while the interpreter contended himself with the sense, in as few words as it could be expressed."

Mr. Jasper Parrish, interpreter for the Senecas, once said it was altogether impossible for him to impart to the translations anything like the force and beauty of the originals. He also said that on great occasions, the Indian orators, Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother in particular, not only studied their speeches and conned them well, but sent to him for rehearsals, that they might be assured that he understood them fully and could translate them accurately.

The foregoing deals with the Five Nations as a body, and some things are suggestive of Clark's *Hiawatha* story. There is no reason to suppose the latter ever saw the above tale, which may be called unique. In fact it suggests present day problems.

HIAWATHA

In his history Mr. Clark related the story twice, each narration supplying some details not found in the other. In one he is sent by Ha-wen-ne-yu, and appears as a grey-haired man. Obstructions to navigation are removed at Oswego Falls. A lodge is built to protect the white canoe, and other minor matters appear.

In a general way, in this story, Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha, according to him the god of fisheries and hunting grounds, or more correctly, said my interpreter, Ta-en-ya-wah-ke, The Holder of the heavens, landed at Oswego from his white canoe, seemingly a sturdy old man, ascended a hill on the west side of the river and looked back on the lake over which he had come, exclaiming "Oshwahkee! Oshwahkee!" which Mr. Clark interpreted, "I see everywhere and see nothing!" From this he said, Oswego has its name. The name really means "flowing out," and in early colonial times was applied to the river from Cayuga lake downward. Grand River, in Ontario, Canada, has this name and gave it to Lake Erie. The Great Kanahwha, in Virginia, had the same Iroquois name.

The mysterious visitor was approached by two Onondaga hunters, who had watched his landing and been impressed by his appearance, and they became his companions in wonderful adventures.

In the white canoe they all ascended the river to free the country from monsters and enchantments. After removing obstacles at Oswego Falls, a great serpent was destroyed, which stretched across the stream in the smoother water above. Another had the same fate some miles above this, and the fish confined between were freed. The Thunder gods usually do this work. They made an outlet to Onondaga Lake, which once extended far back among the hills. The magic paddle made a slight indentation, which the water quickly deepened. The salt springs were laid bare—otherwise there would have been no Salt Point. Near Baldwinsville the enchantress who guarded the chestnut trees was destroyed. There have been fine trees there ever since, often as strictly guarded as of yore.

The most marvelous adventure was above Cross Lake—

at least it began there. Two great mosquitoes, one on each bank, "held the fort," so to speak, and destroyed all who tried to pass. One was soon slain, and the other fled, with incredible swiftness. The foe was close behind.

Here I must use my own notes, from original sources.

The monster fled to Oneida,—then back to Niagara river. An indented stone, near there, shows where the pursuer sat down to rest and have a smoke. He laid down his pipe and it burned a brown hole in the rock, which the Tuscaroras used to show. At Brighton, in Syracuse, the Great Mosquito got well tired, took to the ground and left his foot prints in the sand. Chief Abraham Hill told me he had seen them there. They were bird-like and about twenty-inches long. His pursuer's tracks were there, too, but I asked for no description of them.

The monster met its death near North Syracuse, at a place still called Kah-yah-tak-ne-t'ke-tah-ke, where the mosquito lies, by the Indians. Alas for the results. Its body decayed and became myriads of insects.

Clark's account also told of the killing of two great eagles at the Montezuma marshes. These prevented the escape of innumerable water fowl.

The work of the great deliverer was over for the time being. He laid aside his divine nature, assumed the name of Hiawatha, or the very wise man, and made his home at Cross Lake, Te-ung-to, or home of the wise man, according to Clark. The Onondagas call it Teu-nen-to, at the cedar place. Hiawatha's name will be discussed later.

There was a quiet time till the great Huron war came on, involving the Algonquins of Canada. A great council met on Onondaga Lake, close by the village of Liverpool and a fine place for it. The peril was great. Hiawatha was summoned, and after a time came with gloomy forebodings. His beautiful daughter was with him, and as they landed from the white canoe, a great white bird swooped down, crushing the lovely and loved girl, and being itself killed. There is some difference of opinion about this bird—of more interest than importance. Mr. Clark said this was the White Heron, quite rare here. Its plumes, he said, were gathered up and worn by the bravest war-

riors. Mr. Alfred B. Street, the author of *Frontenac*, had part of the story from a Cayuga chief, who said the Senecas called it *Sah-da-ga-ah*, and the Onondagas, *Hah-googhs*, with the same fate. Albert Cusick, my Onondaga interpreter, caled it *Hah-kooks*, the winter gull, the bird that never lights.

For the incident itself my friend, Dr. Horatio Hale of Canada, was told that a strange bird was shot, just at dusk, and there was a rush to see what it was. Hiawatha's daughter, in delicate health, was knocked down, trampled upon and died. The father was stupefied, but a merry chief at last roused him, and business went on. The League was formed. Hiawatha made the last speech to each nation and all present, seated himself in his white canoe, and rose to heaven amid the sweetest melody.

It is just here that a question arises. Mr. Clark used the story first as a lecture, naturally with some embellishments. He afterward said, in his controversy with Schoolcraft on the authorship of the story: "The name 'Hosee-noke,' at p. 278 of the 'Notes' is an unadulterated fiction of my own, created for the occasion. . . . Again, the speech of Hiawatha, as it appears at p. 280 of the Notes, is a pure invention of my own."

These fictions do not discredit the reception of the main features of the story from his Onondaga friends, and he cited them only to prove Schoolcraft's plagiarism, but the speeches have often been carelessly quoted as the veritable words of Hiawatha. The leading statements will stand as a rule, but it is well to remember that a writer's words may not always be, as he himself says, precisely those of his Indian friends.

The story of the white canoe may be taken with reservations, but mainly because it must be compared with that of Dekanahwida, which may well be thought the original tale in this respect. In that case two stories have simply been told or received as one. If we hold fast to Hiawatha, having never heard of his co-worker, we have the voyager coming from the north on Lake Ontario, apparently from the early homes of the Onondagas, in the Black River country, perhaps from *Out-en-nes-son-e-ta*, Where the Iroquois League began to form—an allusion to its Onondaga origin.

In Canada and Northern New York canoes were made of birch bark. In wars against Canada the Iroquois used brown elm bark for the same purpose, and their canoes were ruder in every way than those of their enemies. If it was his, Hiawatha's white canoe is a natural and picturesque picture of the local story.

The heavenward flight of Hiawatha and the celestial music may be an embellishment or not—we cannot tell—but may also have a more prosaic explanation. Up to the first great council at Onondaga Lake, Hiawatha's home and affiliation had been with the Onondagas. Because of his cordial reception by the Mohawks and his friendship for their chief—for a long time his closest companion—he had now cast in his lot with them and became a Mohawk chief. As such his name is heard in the great roll call of the condoling song. Historically conditions were changed, and it was natural that he should sing a parting song, one of rejoicing because a great and glad task was triumphantly ended. If he went down the lake in a white canoe all the better. White is a sign of peace, well known in every land. And if we would know the words there is no need of invention. We can use some of those sung on another peace occasion at Onondaga, in 1655:

“Good news! good news indeed! It is all good, my brother. It is every way good that we speak of peace together; that we use such heavenly words. O! the beautiful voice that thou hast, my friend! O! the beautiful voice that I myself have! Farewell to war; farewell to its cruel hatchet! Long have we been insane, but henceforth we are brothers—brothers indeed. To-day the Great Peace is made. Farewell to war! Farewell to arms! All we have now done is in every way beautiful and good.”

Could anything have been better for the final act of the Great Peace of an earlier day? Would not the world rejoice to make this Onondaga song our own?

Mr. Schoolcraft had the manuscript of the story from Mr. Clark and claimed it as his own, saying he had received the tale from the Onondaga chiefs named. Hence the quotations I have made. He made his census report, published by the State. His “Notes” are an enlargement of this, with more and fuller vocabularies from various

sources. These are valuable, but he now ranks low on Iroquois themes. Longfellow had Hiawatha's name from him and used western legends collected by him. With poetic license he added new features, ignored or improved some of those he found, but all belong to a distinct Indian family, of a strange language, and have nothing to do with the Iroquois statesman.

As an actual statesman he now poses—not as a warrior. His real personality is now proved by the fact that the second Mohawk chief, in lineal succession, now bears his name as a title. There are mythical stories about the first bearer of the name. It could hardly be otherwise. Underlying these is a real history. The following quotation from L. H. Morgan's *League of the Iroquois* (p. 101) is of a mixed character. He said:—

“Da-ga-no-we-da, the founder of the confederacy, and Ha-yo-went-ha, his speaker, through whom he laid his plans of government before the council which framed the League, were both ‘raised up’ among the fifty original sachems, and in the Mohawk nation; but after their decease these two sachemships were left vacant, and have since continued so.

“Da-ga-no-we-da was an Onondaga, but was adopted by the Mohawks and raised up as one of their sachems. Having an impediment in his speech he chose Ha-yo-went-ha for his speaker. They were both unwilling to accept office, except upon the express condition that their sachemships should ever remain vacant after their decease. These are the two most illustrious names among the Iroquois.”

In his list of Mahowk chiefs, however, Ha-yo-went-ha comes second, and Da-ga-no-we-da third. Dr. Hale says of this, (*Iroquois Book of Rites*, p. 31), “During my last visit to my lamented friend (in September, 1880), when we examined together my copy of the then newly discovered Book of Rites, in which he was greatly interested, this point was considered. The original notes which he made for his work were examined. It appeared that in the list as it was first written by him, from the dictation of a well-informed Seneca chief, the name of Dekanawidah was not comprised. A later, but erroneous suggestion from another source, led him to believe that his first informant was mis-

taken, or that he had misunderstood him, and to substitute the name of Dekanawidah for the somewhat similar name of Shatekariwate (in Seneca Sadekeiwadeh), which stands third on the roll, immediately following that of Hiawatha."

This restores the usual statement. Dekanawidah alone had no successor. Hiawatha heads a long line. In 1897 a published list of Canadian chiefs showed David Thomas as his successor.

Before leaving the historical features of the case, I may again quote Dr. Hale who treated the subject from this point of view in his "Lawgiver of the Stone Age," written after interviewing Iroquois chiefs at Onondaga, N. Y. and elsewhere. To them the supernatural features were only picturesque additions to a real narrative. He may have made Hiawatha too wise and good, but has united Iroquois support in this. His own opinion was "that the justly venerated author of this confederation, the far famed Hiawatha, was not, as some have thought, a mythological or a poetical creation, but really an aboriginal statesman and law maker, a personage as authentic and admirable as Solon or Washington. The important bearing of these conclusions on our estimate of the mental and moral endowment of primitive or uncultivated man is too clear to require explanation."

Dr. Hale, who studied the subject carefully and on both sides, said: "The Five Nations, while yielding abundant honor to the memory of Dekanawida, have never regarded him with the same affectionate reverence which has always clung to the name of Hiawatha. His tender and lofty wisdom, his wide reaching benevolence, and his present appeals to their better sentiments, enforced by the eloquence of which he was master, touched chords in the popular heart which have continued to respond until this day. Fragments of the speeches in which he addressed the council and the people of the League are still remembered and repeated."

Turning now to mere tradition we find one great difference between the Hiawatha story given to Mr. Clark and recorded by him, and the many now known. In the one case he comes and at once removes some great evils. Then for several years he leads a quiet life, from which he is

called to a great council which is swayed by his advice. In the other case he leaves home, where his advice is not wanted, travels for years to secure the welfare of others, and then takes second place, not above the sky, but as a Mohawk chief. It will suffice to tell the story in its simple and yet picturesque form. [He is but a man, but one who has an object before him. He has adventures—like those of others, a little exaggerated. He plans, travels and persuades, perseveres, and it is no wonder he succeeds.

I give, first of all, a summary of Dr. Hale's account of Hiawatha, as he received it in 1875, from Philip Jones, (Ha-ne-se-hen), second Onondaga chief, at Onondaga, N. Y. He was the narrator, but two other chiefs probably made suggestions. He died September 24, 1877, aged 43 years. Daniel La Fort was interpreter.

The narrator said that Hiawatha was a chief of high rank and much esteemed, though many of his friends and relatives had perished through the machinations of Atotarho. Many evils were felt by the Onondagas, and when Hiawatha called a general council of that people there was a hearty response. They came from every part.

It availed nothing. "There appeared among them a well known figure, grim, silent and forbidding, whose terrible aspect overawed the assemblage. The unspoken displeasure of Atotarho was sufficient to stifle all debate, and the meeting dispersed. This result . . . is sufficiently explained by the fact that Atotarho had organized, among the more reckless warriors of his tribe, a band of unscrupulous partisans, who did his bidding without question, and took off by secret murder all persons against whom he bore a grudge. The knowledge that his followers were scattered through the assembly, prepared to mark for destruction those who should offend him, might make the boldest orator chary of speech. Hiawatha alone was undaunted."

He called a second and a third council. To the last one no one came, and Hiawatha left the town, outside of which he passed his foe, seated by a well-known spring. It was enough. "Hiawatha plunged into the forest; he climbed mountains; he crossed a lake, he floated down the Mohawk river in a canoe. Many incidents of his journey are told, and in this part of the narrative alone some occurrences

of a marvelous cast are related, even by the official historians."

"Leaving aside these marvels, however, we need only refer here to a single incident, which may well have been of actual occurrence. A lake which Hiawatha crossed, had shores abounding in small white shells. These he gathered and strung upon strings, which he disposed upon his breast, as token to all whom he should meet that he came as a messenger of peace. And this, according to one authority, was the origin of wampum."

Early one morning he came to the Mohawk town where Dekanawidah lived. One account made him an Onondaga, adopted by the Mohawks, while another makes him of Mohawk birth. For Hiawatha's purposes it was enough that he was influential and might aid him. He was one of seven brothers, inmates of one long house. So the traveler sat by the village spring; waiting his opportunity.

"Presently the wife of one of the brothers came out with a vessel of elm bark, and approached the spring. Hiawatha sat silent and motionless. Something in his aspect awed the woman, who feared to address him. She returned to the house, and said to Dekanawidah, 'A man, or a figure like a man, is seated by the spring, having his breast covered with strings of white shells.' 'It is a guest,' said the chief to one of his brothers; 'go and bring him in. We will make him welcome.' Thus Hiawatha and Dekanawidah first met. They found in each other kindred spirits." The work went prosperously on.

Of course there are variants. One story has the shells from Oneida lake; others from Tully; the meetings of the chiefs vary greatly, and their birthplaces even more. I add the variants I have received at Onondaga, as briefly as possible.

In one of these Hiawatha, unable to do anything at home, begins his journey and lies down by a small lake to rest. An immense flock of ducks alights on the surface, hiding it from his sight. It was wonderful and a greater wonder followed. He stirred and the birds were frightened. Every wing was spread, and in their hasty and swift flight they bore every drop of water away. This opened another scene.

The bottom of the pond was white with shells, suggesting a new use, and for this he gathered many, stringing them at his leisure and need. This, says this story, was the first Iroquois wampum, which Hiawatha caused to be used in all important business affairs. So, when the Dutch came to Manhattan the market was open for the real wampum or Ote-ko-a, which the Iroquois use even at the present day—when they can get it.

But my Onondaga stories tell of a change of materials. Hiawatha at last was far down the Mohawk valley, and it was near night when he approached a Mohawk town. It was not in good form for a person of note to enter an Iroquois town uninvited; so he made a shelter and kindled a fire. The light was seen and messengers came to inquire his business. He made no reply but went on stringing quills of the wampum bird. This wonderful bird soars above the clouds, but he had power to bring it down. The messengers were puzzled by his queer ways but asked the question again. Still no answer came, and they returned to the town.

“What have you seen?” asked the chief. “We have seen an old man,” they said, “who looks tired and sits by a fire, but he does not rest. He has curious quills, such as we have not seen before. One by one he puts these on strings and hangs them by the fire, but not a word will he say.”

“Go back,” said the chief, “and tell him we offer him warmth and food, safety and shelter here.” They went forth and gave their message, and Hiawatha said, “Tell your chief he must send me a string like the one I now have and then I will gladly enter your town. I come with plans for lasting peace.”

Dekanawida had no quills from the wampum bird, but wisely used those of the partridge instead. These were accepted, and then came the first lecture on the use of wampum, always indispensable since then. I had my first lecture from an Oneida chief, whose ample supply covered almost every need. From Hiawatha's traditional use of these strings may have come Dr. Hale's idea that his name referred to the making of the wampum. Belt of Wampum

was the name of a later Onondaga chief, not resembling this.

The two chiefs were now friends and the Onondaga unfolded his plans. The Mohawk agreed to these at once. They went westward on their mission and soon came to a large band of Oneidas, resting beneath and around a great tree. From this Hiawatha called them Ne-ah-te-en-tah-go-na, Big Tree People, and this is still their council name. All the Oneidas at that time lived high on the hills, far from the lake.

In the grand council it is the custom to address them by this and not by the more common national name. Each nation has both these, and in a council with but one nation the national name may be used. Leaving the first party the two chiefs soon came to another large band, grouped around a large boulder of peculiar form. Hiawatha called them Oneota-aug, People of the Upright Stone. From this comes the Oneida national name. In picture writing a stone in the crotch of a tree combines the names.

The Onondaga council name is Seuh-no-keh-te, Bearing the Names, and this might be applied to Hiawatha, for he gave names on every trip. There were several of these, for each nation wanted plenty of time. In the way of names I group them as one. Thus, when they passed through Oneida lake they were thirty miles north of the great trail to Onondaga. As they glided by the islands in the lake, then unnamed and without a history, Hiawatha had a name ready. "This is Se-u-kah, Where the waters divide and meet again. The Onondagas still know the lake by this name.

At the Montezuma marshes they found Indians spearing eels, of which the voyagers partook. Hiawatha said, "These are Tyu-ha-kah, People of the rushes. They shall be the Eel clan." At various places he named all the clans. The voyagers were glad to reach firm land beyond, and called it Cayuga, Where they draw the boats out.

The following story about Hiawatha I take from "The Dekanawida Legend," retaining the form of name used in that. Two attempts for a council with Atotarho had failed and a third was made, and seriously affected by a counter movement.

"Another council was held in the lodge of a certain great dreamer. He said, 'I have dreamed that another shall prevail. He shall come from the north and pass to the east. Hayonwhatha shall meet him there in the Mohawk country, and the two together shall prevail. Hayonwhatha must not remain with us, but must go from us to the Flint land people.' So when the journey across the lake was attempted there was a division, and the dreamer's council prevailed. Then the dreamer held two councils, and those who believed in him conspired to employ Osinoh, a famous shaman.

"Hayonwhatha had seven daughters, whom he loved and in whom he took great pride. While they lived the conspirators knew he would not depart. With the daughters dead they knew the crushing sorrow would sever every tie that bound him to Onondaga. Then he would be free to leave and in thinking of the people forget his own sorrow. Hayonwhatha could not call the people together, for they refused further to listen to his voice. The dreamer's council had prevailed.

"At night Osinoh climbed a tree overlooking his lodge. Filling his mouth with clay he imitated the sound of a screech owl. Calling the name of the youngest daughter he sang:

'Unless you marry Osinoh you will surely die,—whoo-hoo.'

"In three days the maiden strangely died. Hayonwhatha was disconsolate, and sat sitting with his head bowed in his hands. He mourned, but none came to comfort him. In like manner five other daughters passed away and the grief of Hayonwhatha was extreme.

"Clansmen of the daughters then went to the lodge of Hayonwhatha to watch for they knew nothing of Osinoh's sorcery. They gathered close against the large trees and in the shadows of the bushes. The clansmen suspected some evil treachery and were to discover it.

"There was no moon in the sky when Osinoh came. Cautiously he came from habit, but he was not afraid. He drove his staff in the ground, he breathed loud like a magic totem animal snorting, and then he climbed the tree. He spat the clay about the tree to imitate the screech owl,

and as he did he said: 'Si-twit, si-twit, si-twit.' Then he sang:

'Unless you marry Osinoh you shall surely die, whoo-hoo!'

"The morning came and Osinoh descended. As he touched the ground a clansman shot an arrow and transfixed him. Prostrate fell Osinoh and the clansman rushed at him with a club. Osinoh looked up. 'You are unable to club me,' he said. 'Your arm has no power at all. It weakens. To-day I shall recover from the wound. It is of no purpose to injure one.' It was true indeed; the clansmen could not lift the club to kill Osinoh. Then Osinoh arose and went home, and in three days the daughter died. So perished all by the evil magic arts of Osinoh.

"The grief of Hayonwhatha was terrible. He threw himself about as if tortured and yielding to the pain. No one came near him, so awful was his sorrow." He said he would go away and be a woodland wanderer.

"Toward the south he went and at night he camped on the mountain. This was the first day of his journey. On the second day he descended and camped at the base of the hill. On the third day he journeyed onward and when evening came he camped in a hickory grove. This he named O-ne-a-no-ka-res-geh, and it was on the morning he came to a place where round jointed rushes grew. He paused as he saw them, and made three strings of them, and when he had built a fire, he said: 'This would I do if I found any one burdened with grief, even as I am. I would console them, for they would be covered with night and wrapped in darkness. This would I lift with words of condolence, and these strands of beads would become words with which I would address them.'

"So at this place he stayed that night and he called the spot O-hon-do-gon-wa, meaning Rush-land.

"When daylight came he wandered on again, and altering the course of his journey turned to the east. At night he came to a group of small lakes, and upon one he saw a flock of ducks. So many were there and so closely together did they swim that they seemed like a raft. 'If I am to be truly royaneh (noble),' he said aloud to himself, 'I shall here discover my power.' So then he spoke aloud

and said: 'Oh you who are 'floats' lift up the water and permit one to pass over the bottom of the lake dry shod.' In a compact body the ducks flew upward suddenly and swiftly, lifting the water with them. Thus did he walk down the shore and upon the bottom of the lake. There he noticed, lying in layers, the empty shells of the water snail, some shells white, and others purple. Stooping down he filled a pouch of deer skin with them, and then passed on to the other shore. Then did the ducks descend and replace the water. It was here that Hayonwhatha desired to eat, for the first time. He then killed three ducks and roasted them. This was the evening of the fifth day.

"In the morning he ate the cold meat of the roasted ducks and resumed his journey. This was the sixth day, and on that day he hunted for small game and slept. On the morning of the seventh day he ate again and turned his way to the south. Late in the evening he came to a clearing and found a bark field hut. There he found shelter."

Thence he was called to a village where a council was held, but, as his advice was not asked he quietly went away on the tenth day. That evening this happened again. He sat in the council for seven days, but was not consulted. The eighteenth day a runner came from a seashore town. Hayonwhatha was to go to the Mohawk towns and meet Dekanawidah. Five men escorted him.

"On the fifth day the party stopped on the outskirts of the town where Dekanawidah was staying and there they built a fire. This was the custom, to make a smoke so that the town might know that visitors were approaching, and send word that they might enter without endangering their lives. The smoke was the signal of friendship."

So on the twenty-third day the two great leaders met. With eight strings of shells Dakanawidah consoled the visitor, whose mind was thus made clear, so that he was satisfied and once more saw things aright. He was ready for the work of making the Great Peace.

My old friend, Baptist Thomas, brings out this feature of one ceremonial condolence in the Hiawatha story which Mr. Parker had from him. Thus he said: "When a man's heart is heavy with sorrow, because of death, he wanders

aimlessly (wa-he-des-yas-sha-da-na). That is why Ha-yent-wa-tha went away from the Mohawks. His only sister—he had only one sister—died. She was Da-si-yu, and she died. She was not a comely woman, but her brother loved her, and so Ha-yent-wat-ha mourned and no one came to comfort him. Not one person came to him in his grief, to comfort him, therefore his mind was clouded in darkness. His throat was dry, heavy and bitter. So he went away, for he did not wish to stay among a people who had no hearts of sympathy for sorrow.

“The Mohawks had grown callous, and so accustomed to troubled times that they did not care for the sorrow of others, and even despised the tears of mourners. They were always fighting. They even sent out war parties among their own relatives in other towns. Hayentwathah often said this was wrong, but no one listened to him. So when his great sorrow came he went away. He took a canoe and went up stream. He paddled up the Mohawk river, and when he landed to camp he talked to himself about his sorrow. ‘I would comfort others in sorrow,’ he said, ‘but no one comforts me’.”

After various adventures, “he prepared to take up his journey again. His sorrow was not diminished but hung like a black cloud over him. His heart was very heavy and there was no clear sky for him. . . . So Hayentwatha journeyed in his canoe up Onondaga creek. So, in this manner, he came to the Onondaga village. How long he stayed at the Onondaga town, my grandfather, Tom Commissary, did not say. Some say he stayed there and married. Some say he enjoined the Onondaga towns to be at peace and stop their quarreling. After a time, when another great sorrow came,—some say it was because his daughters died—he again continued his journey. . . . So Hayentwatha went south up Onondaga creek, and he came to a certain spot where a brook enters the creek, and he saw there a pond and a grassy place. There, it is said, he saw a very large turtle and some women playing ball. Some say that boys were playing ball, but I say that women were playing ball, because my grandfather said so. So Hayentwatha called this place Dwen-the-gas, and said from this spot comes the Ball Clan (Dwen-the-gas Ha-di-nya-ten) of the Great Turtle.

"Hayentwatha continued his journey and went over Bear Mountain. First he camped, at night, at the foot of the high hill. Here he built a shelter. That night he heard a song, and its words were what he believed and had spoken many times to the Onondaga chiefs and to the Mohawks.

"In the morning he ascended the mountain, and there he found five stalks of corn springing from four roots, and there was only one large stalk at the root from which the five stalks grew. On each stalk were three large ears of ripe corn. Near the corn he saw a large turtle with a red and yellow belly, and it was the turtle that danced. He danced the Ostowagona, the great feather dance. So then Hayentwatha said, 'Did you sing last night? I heard singing.' Then the turtle replied, 'I sang. Now this is the great corn, and you will make the nations like it. Three ears represent the three nations, (first to agree) and the five stalks from a single stalk represent the five nations, and the four roots go to the north and west, the south and east.'

"Hayentwatha proceeded on his journey and after a time he came to a group of lakes. He called it Tga-ni-ya-da-ha-nion (the lake group on hill."

These were the Tully lakes, and the duck episode is described. Leaving Hiawatha I turn to his co-worker.

THE DEKANAWIDA LEGEND

The story of Dekanawida has been little known to the people of New York, until quite recently, as compared with those of Atotarho and Hiawatha. David Cusick wrote the first at so early a day, and under such circumstances as to attract wide attention. Mr. Clark's history of Onondaga was one of the pioneer efforts in that class of literature. With the Indian reservation close by and with the full confidence of its chiefs, he easily brought together much interesting early material. For quite a time every new county history told the tale of Hiawatha. Not one mentioned even the name of Dekanawida. Yet a Moravian missionary in the Mohawk valley placed his name at the head of those who founded the great Iroquois League.

Canada has been more fortunate in this respect, and in varying forms we have practically a homogeneous story, part of which follows.

"North of the beautiful lake (Ontario) in the land of the Crooked Tongues, (Wyandots), was a long winding bay, and at a certain spot was the Huron town, Ka-ha-nah-yenh. Near by was the great hill, Ti-ro-nat-ha-ra-da-donh. In the village lived a good woman who had a maiden daughter. Now strangely this virgin conceived and her mother knew that she was about to bear a child. The daughter, about this time, went into a long sleep and dreamed that her child should be a son whom she should name Dekanawida. The messenger, in the dream, told her that he should become a great man, and that he should go among the Flint people to live, and that he should also go to the Many Hill Nation, and there raise up the Great Tree of Peace."

The grandmother greatly disliked the infant boy, fearing disaster to her nation, and told her daughter she must drown the child.

"So the mother took the child to the bay, and chopped a hole in the ice where she customarily drew water, and thrust him in, but when night came the child was found at its mother's bosom." She tried it the second time, and the third time the grandmother did the same, with the same results. After that they cared for the child, which grew fast and became a strong and handsome man. The Hurons used him badly, though he was honest and truthful. They had a different reputation, and besides all this, hated a man who preferred peace to war. So he was not sorry to leave home.

"He said: 'The time has come when I should begin to do my duty in this world. I will, therefore, begin to build my canoe, and by to-morrow I must have it completed, because there is work for me to do to-morrow, when I go away to the eastward. Then he began to build his canoe out of a white rock, and when he had completed it Dekanawida said: 'I am ready now to go away from home, and I will tell you that there is a tree on top of the hill, and you shall have that for a sign whenever you wish to find out whether I am living or dead. You will take an axe and chop the tree, and if the tree flows blood from the cut,

you will thereby know that I am beheaded and killed, but if you find no blood running from this tree after you have chopped a chip from it, then you may know that my mission was successful." This reminds one of European tales.

"Then Dekanawida also said: 'Come to the shore of the lake and see me start away.'" They came, and his grandmother said, "How are you going to travel, since your canoe is made out of stone. It will not float."

"Then Dekanawida said, 'This will be the first sign of wonder that men will behold; a canoe made out of stone will float.' Then he bade them farewell, put his canoe in the lake and got in. Then he paddled away to the eastward. . . . In a few moments he disappeared out of their sight."

Observe how the following resembles Hiawatha's coming to Oswego.

"It happened at that time a party of hunters had a camp on the south side of the lake now known as Ontario, and one of the party went toward the lake and stood on the bank of the lake, and beheld the object coming toward him at a distance, and the man could not understand what it was that was approaching him; shortly afterward he understood that it was a canoe, and saw a man in it, and the moving object was coming directly toward where he stood, and when the man (it was Dekanawida) reached the shore he came out of his canoe and climbed the bank. Then Dekanawida asked the man what had caused them to be where they were, and the man answered and said: 'We are here for a double object. We are here hunting game for our living, and also because there is a great strife in our settlement.' Then Dekanawida said, 'You will now return to the place from whence you came. The reason that this occurs is because the Good Tidings of Peace and Friendship have come to the people, and you will find all strife removed from your settlement when you go back to your home.' Thus it was.

There are different accounts of Dekanawida's going to the Mohawks and his reception there; his meetings with Hiawatha varying quite as much.

In one of the former immediately "after a journey across

the lake he came into the hunting territory of the Flint Nation. He journeyed on to the lower fall (Cohoes) of the river of the Flint Nation, and made a camp a short way from the fall on the flat land above it. He sat beneath a tall tree and smoked his pipe in quiet meditation."

There came the usual visit and questions, and when he announced that he was sent to establish the Great Peace, he was asked for some proof of this. He said he was ready to give this. He would climb to the top of a tall tree overhanging the fall, and they should chop this down, throwing him into the depths below. It was done and a multitude saw him disappear. They thought him surely drowned. The next morning smoke rose from a deserted cabin, and there sat Dekanawida, cooking his morning meal. No further proof was asked.

In the other case he visits all the towns, meeting Hiawatha on his way. The final Peace council was held near Liverpool on Onondaga lake. There was a preliminary conference of four nations on the opposite shore. These two chiefs bring some across in the white stone canoe, which Hiawatha guides. A great storm twice arises through Atotarho's magic power, and twice Dekanawida commands peace and a great calm follows. Hiawatha goes back for some late comers, including the Peace Queen or Mother of Nations. He tells them that if they cross in a great calm, it will mean that the Great Peace will be established, and so it was. The lake was still.

NAMES OF FOUNDERS OF LEAGUE

Something may be said on the names of these three chiefs which are varied in sound by dialects, and sometimes modified by the hardening of some letter. This is the case with that of Atotarho, as given by David Cusick. It is usually translated entangled, but Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt gives another spelling and meaning, Wathatotarho, he obstinately refused to acquiesce.

Dekanawida he defines as two river currents flowing together. He thought him a pine tree chief, anticipating too much. Mr. A. C. Parker accepts the definition but in "The Constitution of the Five Nations," page 15, is this: "I am

Dekanawidah, so named because my virgin mother dreamed that it should be so and no one else shall ever be named by this name." He wished to stand alone as the great founder of the League, and in every other possible way he would stand alone. The opening clause of the Great Peace reads: "I am Dekanawidah, and with the Five Nations' Confederate Lords I plant the tree of the Great Peace. I plant it in your territory, Adodarhoh, and the Onondaga Nation, in the territory of you who are Fire Keepers."

Hiawatha's name is variously defined. Daniel La Fort could give me no meaning, though Mr. Clark said he had that of very wise man, from La Fort's father. He probably misunderstood him, as the Onondagas often applied such words as we do—descriptively and not as names. Dr. Hale translated the name, he who makes or seeks the wampum belt, alluding to the stories of this. There were no wampum belts in Hiawatha's day, as they are usually defined. Lewis H. Morgan's Seneca interpreter gave it as he who combs, alluding to his combing of Atotarho's head. Pere Cuoq suggested the river maker, with which Hewitt agrees. My able interpreter, Albert Cusick—who also aided Dr. Hale and A. C. Parker, and was highly esteemed by all—told me, after much study, that it essentially meant one who has lost his mind and seeks it, knowing where to find it; i. e. he might seem crazy to some, but would come out all right. He knew what he was about. This certainly fits the case, and Mr. Parker accepts it in a briefer form. As with us, some names are easily defined, some have lost their meanings, and others, after much study, will remain uncertain.

Dr. Hale records the somewhat boastful words of Dekanawida in refusing to have a successor. "Let the others have successors," he said proudly, "for others can advise you like them. But I am the founder of your league, and no one else can do what I have done." Dr. Hale added: "The boast was not unwarranted. Though planned by another, the structure had been reared mainly by his labors." It may be the opinion of some people that a really generous man would not have claimed all the credit.

The facts remain: in 1743 the list of head chiefs of the several nations began with the name of Dekanawida. There

has been no chief of that name recorded since, save as he appears in a separate class of founders in the great condolence song. These are the words:—

“Now then, thou wert the principal of this Confederacy, Dekanawidah, with the joint principal, his son, Odahsheghte; and then again his uncle, Dadodaho; and also again, his son, Akahenyon; and again his uncle, Kandariyu; and then again his cousin, Shadekaronyes.” The first name is that of the Mohawk head chief, and the others of the other nations. Not so in the roll call of the fifty chiefs who were to have successors. The Mohawk list begins thus:—

“Now then, hearken ye who were rulers and founders:

“Tehkarihhoken! Continue to listen, Thou who wert ruler.

“Hayenwatha! Continue to listen, Thou who wert ruler.

“Shadekariwade! That was the roll of you.

“You who were joined in the work,

“You who completed the work, The Great League.”

WAMPUM BELTS

The Thacher case brought out a good deal about certain belts. Two of these mentioned in the testimony, and the most valuable, were not in controversy, but were fully explained by the chiefs. I bought them for the State Museum, without difficulty, and they are the widest belts on record, one being 50 and the other 45 rows wide. Both are shorter than when I first saw them. The so-called tree belt is the widest. I simplify the description in the testimony.

A belt of wampum like these two is a carpet for Tododaho to sit on. Nothing evil can fall upon it, and two prominent women had brooms to keep it clean. The Five Nations furnished him with a stick, which lay close by where he sat, an emblem of a limited power given him by them. If this was not strong enough he would ask them to come and help him. He would first ask of the invader, “What is your business in coming here?”

Hiawatha and Tododaho were at the formation of the

League 300 years ago. The widest belt (50 rows) represents an everlasting tree, always growing and reaching up to heaven that all nations may see it, and under it they set a common fire to burn forever—the council fire of the Five Nations. It was to be kept at Onondaga, the Onondagas being the expounders of the law. The second belt, of 45 rows, is an alliance belt with many successive diamonds, suggesting that, beside the original nations, there was room in the league for more.

After they had ratified the League, so it is said, they looked far away and saw a darkness, and in the darkness an unknown and strange face, but they could not understand what it was. It came to be interpreted that the League would be forced to adopt an unknown law, which might come before that generation passed away. Their heads would roll and roll away, but after a time they would recover their bodies, and then they would embrace the law they had lost, and the council tree would grow forever. When the original law was restored the League would be more permanent than the first one, and the original law would forever remain.

This was the last belt made at that ratification. When the belt was read, it was said by one of the speakers in that council: "This is the last belt which we make confirming the laws we have just adopted." Then he encouraged the people of the Five Nations to learn the meaning of the wampum, so that they might observe the laws. At the conclusion of his speech he said, "As long as you follow the laws of the Five Nations you will be prosperous and happy; but whenever the people heed not the instructions we are giving you, there will be dissensions among our people. Our last remark is—if you disregard and disobey the laws we have made, that generation will suffer." Hiawatha made that speech.

When the council ended he went up Onondaga creek, making the clans and distributing belts among them. I have a curious account of this. It is claimed he did not die but went up in his canoe, saying, "When you fall into a state of confusion, I will come back."

He also saw the strange face appearing in the darkness, and said it was the unknown law coming to prevail

over the new law; i. e., the law just adopted and the tree of peace just planted. The root of this tree would spread from north to south and from east to west. While this was spreading all the Five Nations would lay their heads upon it. This root was the constitution of the League. If any foe should try to harm this, by destroying their people or laws, the man who struck the root would burn, with blood flowing from his mouth. That is, the blow would be avenged. The roots of this great tree would spread forever. Forever the fire would burn and its smoke rise to heaven, so that all nations should see it. Forever would the laws be annually read.

The first meetings of this great council were at Onondaga lake, near or at Liverpool. The last was in East Genesee street, Syracuse, near the Bastable block, the Onondagas now say. The belts were made at this council and were completed at the last meeting, when everything was ratified. That is what the Indians say. Really they are of recent make and less than 150 years old.

Hiawatha, they said, was the proclaimer of councils and the only proper person to call a council. He will come again, but when he did not say. He did not die, and when he comes again he will renew the old and make it stronger than at first. That is the hope of the Onondagas. I will speak of these belts again.

THE RETURN OF THE SUN

The usual story of the fall of the woman from the upper world makes her the mother of two sons, the Good and the Bad Mind, but this is not invariable. She has a daughter and thus lives long as the grandmother of the two boys. This, among others, is the Onondaga story of the orderly evolution of the world, as given by Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt, (21st annual report of Bureau of Ethnology). From this I have selected many incidents which allow of separate treatment. The one here given I have called "The Return of the Sun." The grandmother believed that the older brother caused the death of his mother, and he innocently incurred her dislike. There were occasional family scenes. I leave out many details and tell the tale in my own words.

Odendonnia (Sapling) came to his grandmother's lodge, and she was angry, as usual. She left the house and took away the head of his mother, of which she had made the sun. Her body became the moon, and she took both, when night came, and went easterly with her younger grandson. This was quite inconvenient. At the end of three days Odendonnia said, "I will go and bring back the sun. It is not good that the men who are to dwell on the earth should live in darkness. Who will go with me?" A man-being, called the Fisher, said: "I will go." Another man-being, called the Raccoon, said "I will also go." Another, named the Fox, said, "I will go too." Others offered aid.

Odendonnia said, "Who will make the canoe?" The Beaver said, "I will make it." A man-being called the Yellow Hammer (woodpecker) said, "I will make the hollow part." Others also helped.

Odendonnia said, "Hurry up the work!" and in a short time the canoe was finished and launched. Then he said, "Who will steer?" The Beaver said, "I will do it," and the Otter said, "I will help." So they embarked and went on their way. Then he said, "You must steer the canoe eastward," and they paddled it swiftly. It was dark, very dark, but they went on. Then it grew lighter, and it was daylight when they landed. It was on an island with tall trees, some of which bent far over the water, and when they touched these the canoe stopped.

Then said Odendonnia, "Who will go to yonder treetop and unfasten the sun?" Then the Fisher said, "I will try," and the Fox said, "I will go too." So the Fisher climbed the trees, passing along the branches toward the place where the sun was tied. The Fox ran along below. The Fisher soon arrived at the sun and bit off its bonds. Then he removed it and threw it down to the Fox. Both now ran toward the canoe, and were fully half way back before the grandmother saw what had happened.

Then she was angry again, and wept and reproached her grandson. Tears availed not, so she pursued the fugitives. Fox ran on the ground and Fisher in the trees, and when the old woman was about to seize Fox, he threw the sun up to Fisher and he caught it. The old woman then pursued him, and when he was almost caught he dropped it to the

Fox, and thus it went on till they reached the canoe. Fisher got in first, and next came the Fox with the sun in his mouth. It was a very pretty race, and then the canoe left the shore.

It was far away when the old woman reached the water's edge, but her voice had not failed her, and she called loudly to Odendonna, "Why hast thou done this thing? Thou should'st pity me and allow the sun to go back and forth." Of course he knew that she wanted to keep it in one place, if she could, so he said not a word though she called thrice.

Then she called to the Fox and said, "By thy magic thou canst make the sun go to and fro." Though she thrice said this he answered nothing. Thrice she said the same thing to the Fisher, but he answered not, nor did any one else speak. Then she thrice appealed to the Beaver, with the same words, but there was no reply. But her magic power was greater than that of the Otter, and when she called to him he said, "So be it." She answered at once, "I am thankful." But the Beaver said to the Otter, "Thou hast done a wrong and dreadful thing;" and he struck the Otter in the face with his paddle. His face was flattened by the stroke and all otters have now flat faces.

When they reached home Odendonna said, "I am glad that we have returned well and successful. Now will I fasten the sun on high, where it shall remain fixed forever, but it shall continually pass over the visible sky." He did the same with the moon, but it does not appear how that was brought home.

In David Cusick's version the Good Mind "took the parent's head, (the deceased) of which he created an orb, and established it in the center of the firmament, and it became of a very superior nature to bestow light to the new world, (now the sun) and again he took the remnant of the body and formed another orb, which was inferior to the light, (now the moon.) In the orb a cloud of legs appeared to prove it was the body of the good mind, (parent.) The former was to give light to the day, and the latter to the night; and he also created numerous spots of light, (now stars;) these were to regulate the days, nights, seasons, years, etc."

In a Mohawk version (Hewitt) the body becomes the

sun, and the head the moon. This also has the carrying off and return of the sun, which I have found nowhere else.

THE SUN

Mr. A. C. Parker said: "The sun, according to a myth in the writer's collection, is the chief messenger of the Creator. It is his duty to observe all the activities of men and nature, and report them to his superior. 'He is the eye of the Creator,' said Sosondowa, who related the tale. The sun is especially the patron spirit of war, and lingers as he watches the conflict. Thus days of battle are longer. Each morning he emerges from under the sky dome (horizon) where its rim touches the far east sea. The east wind blows as he mounts the sky path, though 'may be it is the wind of the bowl when it is lifted.' When Endeka Dakwa descends on the west water, the bowl lifts again for the fraction of a moment, and he shoots under and leaves the world to Night. The raising of the sky dome twice each day, makes the tides of the ocean, 'but they don't come even now days,' remarks the myth teller." The sun does his work through helpers, whom evil spirits oppose.

Morgan says: "There is a popular belief among the Iroquois that the early part of the day is dedicated to the Great Spirit, and the after part to the spirits of the dead." At Onondaga I was told that Hawenneyu liked to rest in the afternoon, but I heard nothing of spirits of the dead.

OOT-KWA-TAH, OR THE PLEIADES

The above Onondaga word means "There they dwell in peace," and I had the story from Albert Cusick, in his home on the Onondaga reservation. There are several stories of this kind, more or less variable. This one begins thus:—

"A long time ago a party of Indians went through the woods toward a good hunting ground, which they long had known. They traveled several days through a very wild country, going on leisurely and camping by the way. At last they reached Kan-ya-ti-yo, 'the beautiful lake,' where the gray rocks were crowned with great forest trees. Fish swarmed in the waters, and at every jutting point the deer

came down to bathe or drink of the lake. On the hills and in the valleys were huge beech and chestnut trees, where squirrels chattered, and bears came to take their morning and evening meals.

"The chief of the band was Hah-yah-no, Tracks in the Water, and he halted his party on the lake shore that he might return thanks to Hawenneyu for their safe arrival at this good hunting ground, 'Here will we build our lodges for the winter, and may the Great Spirit, who has prospered us on our way, send us plenty of game, and health and peace.' The Indian is always thankful.

The pleasant autumn days passed on. The lodges had been built and hunting had prospered, when the children took a fancy to dance for their own amusement. They were getting lonesome, having little to do while the others were busy, and so they met daily in a quiet spot by the lake to have what they called their jolly dance, and very jolly they made it.

"They had done this for quite a time, when one day a very old man came to them. They had seen no one like him before. He was dressed in white feathers, and his white hair shone like silver. If his appearance was strange, his words were unpleasant as well. He told them they must stop their dancing or evil would happen to them. Little did the children heed and nothing did they say. They were intent on their sports, and again and again did the old man appear and repeat his warning. They danced on.

"The mere dances did not afford all the enjoyment the children wished, and a little boy, who liked a good dinner, suggested a feast the next time they met. The food must come from their parents, of course, and all these were asked for this when they returned home. 'You will waste and spoil good victuals,' said one. 'You can eat at home as you should,' said another. 'I have no time for such nonsense,' said a third, and so they got nothing at all. Sorry as they were for this, they met and danced as before. A little to eat after each dance would have made them happy indeed. Empty stomachs bring no joy.

"One day, as they danced, they found themselves rising little by little into the air, their heads being light through

hunger. How this came about they did not know, but one said, 'Do not look back for something strange is taking place.' A woman, too, saw them rise and called them back, but with no effect. They still rose slowly from the earth. She ran to the camp, and all rushed out with food of every kind, calling piteously after them. The children would not—indeed could not return. One did merely look back and he became a falling star. The others reached the sky, and are now what we call the Pleiades, and the Onondagas Oot-kwa-tah. Every falling or shooting star recalls the story to them, but the seven stars shine on continuously, a merry band of dancing children."

One story is much like this. Another tells of a band "of eleven young men and boys, the oldest of whom was chosen the chief. They were training for battles which the future would bring, and requested the parents to furnish them food to eat during their period of training. The request was refused several times. The chief kept up their spirits by singing and beating the water drum, whose ringing rhythm charmed their feet to the war dance. Their spirits were high when they finished their dance, and they again implored their several parents for food. The chief was angry when it was refused, and grasping the wet drum again said: 'We will dance ourselves away from earth, and leave it forever.' He sang the Ji-ha-ya (the witch) song, and roused the dancers to high enthusiasm, bade them dance and look upward, and listen to no plea that might be wailed up through the trees. Thus they danced up to the sky, all unheeding of the cries of terror and distress from below, save one who looked down and fell."

Another ends better. Another band was enticed by the sky witches from the earth, and went dancing through the sky. The Sun saw them but could give no help. "The pitying Moon, hoping to quiet the restless dancers, led them to her procession of stars, marching across the sky. Their dancing set the stars whirling and alarmed the Moon, which transformed them into a group of fixed stars, giving them the charge of the red man's New Year. Forever must they dance over the council house during the New Year's feast." Hai-no-nis, their leader, promised the sky witches that his brothers, if unmolested, would forever dance in their honor also.

SERPENT STORIES

Serpent stories are common, some being connected with the Thunder gods, but some are of a more individual character. I have related one which is purely Onondaga, and those of the Hiawatha tradition appear nowhere else. The most famous of all belongs to Canandaigua lake and is told in many ways. The story belonging to Buffalo Creek and Niagara Falls ranks next, but Heno, the Thunderer, is prominent in this. Some, once famous, are now only known by name, and there are mere superstitions as well. I may premise that nature stories are reserved for winter use, except those relating to winter. Historic relations are usually kept for summer, but may be told at any time. Birds, beasts and fishes are very much alive in summer, and might hear something they would not like. It is best to be careful. O-si-is-ta is the Onondaga word for snake.

THE SERPENT AT BARE HILL

On the east side of Canandaigua lake rises the fine form of Bare Hill, so called because in pion  er days it was bare of trees, and showed traces of rude defences. In early accounts it is usually mentioned as the first home of the Senecas at the head of the lake. It may be added that the Senecas were two large bands, each with its own head chief, but considered one nation. David Cusick's story follows in his quaint style. He supposes it happened about 800 years before Columbus came and in the reign of King Atotarho IV.

“There was a woman and son who resided near the fort, which was situated near a nole, which was named Jennea-towaka, the original seat of the Te-hoo-neo-nyo-hent (Senecas,) the boy one day, while amusing in the bush he caught a small serpent called Kaistowanea, with two heads, and brings it to his apartment; the serpent was first placed in a small dark box to keep tame, which was fed with birds, flesh, etc. After ten winters the serpent became considerable large and rested on the beams within the hut, and the warrior was obliged to hunt deers and bears to feed the monster; but after awhile the serpent was able to maintain itself on various game; it left the hut and resided on the top of a nole; the serpent frequently visited the lake, and after thirty years it

was prodigious size, which in a short time inspired with an evil mind against the people, and in the night the warrior experienced the serpent was brooding some mischief, and was about to destroy the people of the fort; when the warrior was acquainted of the danger he was dismayed and soon moved to other fort; at daylight the serpent descended from the heights with the most tremendous noise of the trees, which were trampled down in such a force that the trees were uprooted, and the serpent immediately surrounded the gate; the people were taken improvidentially and brought to confusion; finding themselves circled by the monstrous serpent, some of them endeavored to pass out at the gate, and others attempted to climb over the serpent, but were unable; the people remained in this situation for several days; the warriors had made oppositions to dispel the monster, but were fruitless, and the people were distressed of their confinement, and found no other method than to rush out at the gate, but the people were devoured, except a young warrior and sister, which detained, and were only left exposed to the monster, and were restrained without hope of getting released; at length the warrior received advice from a dream, and he adorned his arms with the hairs of his sister, which he succeeded by shooting at the heart, and the serpent was mortally wounded, which hastened to retire from the fort and retreated to the lake in order to gain relief; the serpent dashed on the face of the water furiously in the time of agony; at last it vomited the substance which it had eaten and then sunk to the deep and expired. The people of the fort did not receive any assistance from their neighboring forts as the serpent was too powerful to be resisted. After the fort was demolished the Council fire was removed to other fort called Than-gwe-took, which was situated west of now Geneva Lake."

At Onondaga I had Captain George's story of this.

In Mary Jemison's Life (6th ed. p. 135) is another form, as follows:—

"The tradition of the Seneca Indians, in regard to their origin, is that they broke out of the earth from a large mountain at the head of Canandaigua Lake; and that mountain they still venerate as the place of their birth. Thence they derive their name 'Ge-nun-de-wah,' or 'Great

Hill,' and are called 'The Great Hill People,' which is the true definition of the word Seneca.

"The great hill at the head of Canandaigua Lake, from whence they sprung, is called Genundewah, and has for a long time past been the place where the Indians of that nation have met in council, to hold great talks, and to offer up prayers to the Great Spirit, on account of its having been their birthplace; and, also, in consequence of the destruction of a serpent at that place in ancient times, in a most miraculous manner, which threatened the destruction of the whole of the Senecas, and barely spared enough to commence replenishing the earth.

"The Indians say that the fort on the big hill, or Genundewah, near the head of Canandaigua Lake, was surrounded by a monstrous serpent, whose head and tail came together at the gate. A long time it lay there, confounding the people with its breath. At length they attempted to make their escape, some with their hominy blocks, and others with different implements of household furniture; and in marching out of the fort walked down the throat of the serpent. Two orphan children, who had escaped this general destruction by being left on this side of the fort, were informed, by an oracle, of the means by which they would be rid of their formidable enemy—which was to take a small bow and a poisoned arrow, made of a kind of willow, and with that shoot the serpent under its scales. This they did and the arrow proved effectual; for on its penetrating the skin, the serpent became sick, and, extending itself, rolled down the hill, destroying all the timber that was in its way. . . . At every motion a human head was discharged, and rolled down the hill into the lake, where they lie at this day in a petrified state, having the hardness and appearance of stones; and the Pagan Indians of the Senecas still believe that all the little snakes were made of the blood of the great serpent, after it rolled into the lake."

The Senecas are the Great Hill People, but this is not the meaning of the word Seneca, their Algonquin name.

Capt. Samuel George used to tell this story in the later form, at the Onondaga reservation. It varied but little. Mrs. Converse says that the boy became a great warrior, named Ha-ja-noh. In her version, as in the earliest, the serpent is double-headed. There are many variants.

OTHER SERPENTS

Mrs. Lucy Pierce, a Cayuga, living on the Onondaga reservation, gave me this story in 1897.

Mary Jemison, the White Woman, sat with her children by her cabin near the Genesee river. There were several of these present, for she had a large family. From a hill nearby there came a curious sound, "tum tum, tum tum." It was quite loud and they knew not what it meant. It grew louder, and through an opening in the hillside there appeared the head of a great snake. On its head was a large horn. After a while it disappeared, but came again next day and gradually became quite tame.

One day she pierced the horn with an awl and caught the blood in a cup, giving it to her children to drink. For this reason they became bad—some very bad—and none were bright. At last the Thunder came rapidly up the valley, finding the snake away from home. It found no refuge from its foe and was killed. Then the hill where it had lived fell in, leaving a great hollow where its top had been. The Indians called it Jah-nund-hak, Where the Top Has Fallen In.

Mr. A. C. Parker published some general notes on serpents. He said: "The serpent is one of the O-sais-to-wa-ne of the Senecas, or O-nia-hai-ka-ko-wa of the Mohawks. [O-si-is-ta in Onondaga, in which Wa-ne and Ko-wa both mean great or big.—W. M. B.] These creatures are divided into two tribes, the On-gwi-ias and the Jo-di-kwa-do. Both are 'underwater' people, but the On-gwi-ias are evil, men devouring creatures, while the Jo-di-kwa-do are not necessarily malicious, for they sometimes help the distressed who may be lost on lone islands, or those cast treacherously into the water to drown. Both tribes, however, are great sorcerers, and therefore hated by He-no, who pursues them whenever they appear in daylight above the water. There are several tales, telling how the underwater people coaxed boys and girls away from the land, and cast upon them the spell by which they were adopted. They are human in form, but assume the form of horned serpents by dressing in snake-skin garments. They have houses beneath the waters, and there appear as ordinary men. Their daughters are especially beautiful, and cap-

tured landmen at once become enamored with them, and are quite willing to don the shining suits (snake skins) and big feathers (horns) which make them forever Jo-di-kwa-do."

These notes follow a story by Mrs. Converse, in which Heno, a boy and a serpent are the actors. The latter is one of the under water people. Her story may be reminiscent of the great Lake Serpent which troubled the people about 1300 years before Columbus, according to David Cusick, and 200 years later was compelled to go "into the deep. After the banishment of the monster of the deep" a human-headed snake made trouble for them on the land. "The lake serpent was often seen by the people, but the thunder bolt destroyed the serpents or compelled them to retire into the deep." It is of this quieter time that Mrs. Converse's story tells, but in fuller form than this.

GUN-NO-DO-YAH, THE THUNDER BOY, AND THE LAKE SERPENT

He-no sent a rain which flooded the land and deepened the lakes. This caused trouble and he sent Ha-de-ne-noda-on, his helper, to relieve the earth. As he passed over a Seneca town—what was left of it—he heard a cry of distress from a small child, floating in the flood which had drowned its parents. It was Gun-no-do-yah, the son of a chief whom he knew. He bore it to his home, laid it on a strong black cloud, and returned to his mission. He-no had been drilling his Thunderers, and finding the child in his house, adopted him as a Thunder Hunter. Because he was human he could help much in that way.

In a lake dwelt a monster, as yet invulnerable. He defied the Thunderers—who were not of the earth—destroyed fish and drove off fishers. The child could follow the earthly trails. He-no would give him power, a strong bow and arrow. He should follow the storms, and find and destroy this monster.

The child was grateful and followed the black clouds to the lakes. He searched all till he came to Lake Ontario. There he hoped for success, and when the clouds came again he watched and saw the monster. He raised his bow but

missed his mark. Again and again he saw it, with the same luck.

At last, in a terrible storm, he went into the lake, met the snake and drew his bow. The serpent spoke and told him to come near. He feared neither him nor He-no, he said, but if he would come to his home, dress his long mane, etc., he would teach him all the secrets of the water world. The youth drew his bow, and it snapped; the arrow fell, the snake opened his mouth and the boy was swallowed. He-no was sleeping at the time, but in a dream Gun-no-do-yah told his misfortunes. He-no sent aid at once. The snake was found in a water cave, caught, and borne to He-no, who slew it and drew forth the boy alive. He became a Thunderer also. It is added: "Lake Ontario is noted for its violent winds, and when they drive the canoe high on the waves, the Indians know that the spirit of the snake is there 'twisting the water' in its revenge, and when the lightning darts across the sky, they whisper in awe, 'Gun-no-do-yah is chasing it.'"

HE-NO AND THE SERPENT

I summarize Morgan's account from the League of the Iroquois. To He-no was committed the thunder-bolt, and also the bringing of clouds and rain. He was the terror of witches and all other evil things. He had the appearance of a warrior, and a magic feather on his head made him invulnerable. A basket on his back was filled with flint stones, which were hurled at demons, witches and monsters as he rode in the clouds. In the spring he was asked to water the seeds; in the harvest festival he was thanked for the gift of rain. He has three assistants, one being of both celestial and human origin. He bears the title of Grandfather and in the following legend has a home under Niagara Falls. I may add that in most stories he has more assistants, and that, when summer is past, he seeks some favorite winter resort. The Niagara legend briefly follows:

"A maiden lived at Ga-u-gwa, a village at the mouth of Cayuga creek, a few miles above the falls. She was to marry an ugly old man whom she much disliked. There being no escape she sought death. Her canoe swiftly bore her to the falls and over the edge. He-no and his helpers

saw her plight, snatched her from death and bore her to his home. She became the bride of one of his assistants, but He-no sent her home to help her people.

An annual pestilence was caused by a great serpent, dwelling near their village, who ate the bodies of the dead. To obtain more he poisoned the water and caused sickness. They must move further south to Buffalo creek. This they did, but the serpent noted their action and started in pursuit. He-no also had his eyes open, sent a flash of lightning after him and he was slain before he could reach the deep waters of the lake. His body at last floated down the river, lodged at the falls, and formed the Horse-shoe fall.

The girl had a son who had the power of darting lightning. He-no directed that he should not mingle in the strifes of men, but one day he killed a playmate with a thunder-bolt. He-no took him to the clouds, and made him an assistant. All went west.

So says Morgan, but he died before He-no's return to the Falls, in our own day, and before he gained new strength to send electric power and light to wonderful distances and without bringing clouds into the sky.

Many years ago I met Odjijotekha (Brant-Sero) in Canada, and afterward at Onondaga, N. Y. Among his contributions to Mohawk folk lore I find one headed Thunder and Lightning. He said, "The Mohawks believe that thunder is caused by seven men, who are up in the sky. Formerly there were only six of them; but once upon a time an Indian got up there, and since then has prevented them from harming Indians. Thus it is that no Indian is ever struck by lightning. When it thunders and lightens very much, the Indians exclaim, "Say, old man, enough of that.'"

There is another Mohawk story which I partially give from Hewitt.

THE MOHAWK STORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THUNDER

When Oterontonnia was traveling to inspect the things he had made, he met a man and asked him what he was doing. The other replied that it seemed needful for him to come and see him. He thought so, too, and the man asked to be

allowed to live on. With his consent he would aid him and watch over men. He would give them strength and defend them when they were made. So Oterontonnia said, "Show me thy power." Then Hi-non, or the Thunder, went off on a run, and up into the clouds. Then great rumblings were heard in the clouds, and lightning repeatedly shot forth. The sounds and flashes were continuous. Then Hinon came down and said, "Now you see what I can do."

He replied, "Indeed thou are able to do all thou hast said, but can you continually water the earth in the hot summer days?" He said, "I can." Oterontonnia replied, "Be it so." Then Hinon went out again into the clouds. It thundered again; the lightning flashed and the clouds became thick and black. They then came from the sea, over the dry land, raining as they came. It was wonderful. Then the rain passed away.

Hinon came to Oterontonnia as he moved about. The latter said, "What thou doest is good, and thus it shall be." Then he told what he must do, concluding thus: "This is the duty with which thou art charged. Men will continue to call thee: He is my grandfather, whose voice goes sounding about." Then they parted.

At Onondaga, thunder, merely as such, is Ka-wen-non-tone-te, or Voices we hear. As divinities, the Thunders are A-ke-so-tah, They are our Grandfathers. Also Hah-te-wen-non-to-teys, Our Grandfathers of the roaring or continuous voices. In times of drought native tobacco is burned for them, and especially when the thunder heads rise, that they may be induced to come that way. Lightning is of minor importance. It has no voice and is but the weapon of the one who speaks. The ordinary word for grandfather is not used for the Thunders.

HINUN DESTROYING THE GIANT ANIMALS.

The name of the great Thunderer varies with the collectors of Seneca stories, and I use it here for Mrs. E. A. Smith's tales, one of which follows in a condensed form. In a thunder storm a hunter once heard a voice calling him to follow. This he did till he was in the clouds, far above the trees, and was surrounded by what seemed men. Their

chief told him to look on a pond below and say if he saw a huge water serpent. When he could not the chief anointed his eyes, and then he saw it in the depths below. One of the band was told to kill this foe of man, but failed. The hunter was told to do it. He drew his bow and killed the foe. The storm ceased and he was taken back to the spot from whence he came. Then men first learned that the Thunderers were their friends and protectors.

THE THUNDERER

Mrs. Smith had this story from Dr. Horatio Hale, in 1881, to whom it was given by an Indian chief. As given by her it is an almost literal transcript of most of his tale published in the journals of American Folk-Lore, 1891. I shorten the story.

Three warriors went on the southern war path and one broke his leg when far from home. They made a litter and carried him awhile, but were very tired when they came to a mountain ridge. Resting him on the ground the two went aside and formed an evil plan. A little way off was a deep hole in the rocks, into which they cast their helpless friend and made off, reporting that he had died of his wounds, when they reached home. Great was his mother's grief, but they said they had carefully tended him and that he had decent burial.

For a while the deserted man lay insensible at the bottom of the pit. Then he saw a gray-haired man crouching by his side. "My son," said he, what have your friends done to you?" "Thrown me here to die, I suppose," he replied. "You shall not die," said the old man, "if you will do what I wish." It was only that he should hunt for him and bring in the game as soon as he was able. By wise care he was soon restored. This was in autumn, and all through the winter he brought in game, the old man offering to help when it was too heavy.

Spring came with thaws and frequent showers, and hunting was harder. One day the hunter killed a great bear, and while he stooped to judge of its weight and fatness he heard voices behind him. He turned and saw three meen in cloud-like garments, standing near. They told him they were the

Thunderers, whose work it was to keep the earth in good order for mankind. They brought rain and destroyed noxious creatures. They must destroy the old man, who was not what he seemed to be, and they needed his aid. He would do good in helping them, and they would restore him to his mother and friends. To this he agreed.

He went to the old man and said he needed help to bring the bear home. The old man was uneasy, and told the hunter to look carefully at the sky and say if the smallest cloud was visible. He reported a perfectly clear sky and the old man went with him. They hurried to the bear and quickly cut it up. The old man took it all on his shoulders, surprising the young man by his strength. Just as he started back a cloud appeared and distant thunder was heard. The old man threw down his load and ran, and the thunder was louder and nearer. Then he became a great porcupine, flying through the bushes, discharging its quills backward as it ran. The Thunders followed, peal on peal, and at last a bolt struck the huge animal, which fell lifeless into its den.

Then the Thunderers said, "Now that our work is done we will take you to your home and mourning mother." They gave him a dress like their own, with wings on its shoulders, which they showed him how to use. He rose with them in the air and was soon at his mother's door. It was night, and when he stood in the door, flooded with moonlight, she thought him a ghose. He told her not to fear. He was alive and would care for her. He stayed with her till the next spring.

When the Thunderers left him they gave him his cloud dress, and said that every spring he might go with them and see their good deeds. So, when they returned in the spring, he put on the robe and floated with them in the clouds. As they went over a mountain he was thirsty and went down to a pool to drink. When he returned the others saw that his lips shone like oil, and asked where he had been drinking. "In yonder pool," he said, and pointed to it. They said, "There is something in it which we have long sought and must destroy. We are glad you have found it." They cast a great thunderbolt into it and it became dry. At the bottom a great grub lay dead, and this had long destroyed

the crops. After going farther and seeing more, the youth returned and told his people how great and good the Thunderers were.

THE BOY AND SKELETON

In the nature of things intercourse with others brings European features into Indian stories. This is the case with many of those which Mrs. Smith collected and I have had the same luck. This one combines early and recent features and is a good sample of this class.

An old man and his nephew lived in the dark woods. When the man went hunting he told the boy not to go eastward, but he tired of playing alone in one place and one day went that way and came to a large lake. While playing there a man came along and asked whence he came. He told him and the man said, "Let us shoot arrows in the air." They shot and the boy's arrow went highest. Then the man said, "Let us see which can swim farthest without breathing." The boy beat the man. Then he said, "Let us go to the island and see the pretty birds." They went in a canoe drawn by three swans on each side. As soon as they were seated the man began singing, and they soon reached the island. They walked there awhile. Then the man took the boy's clothes, jumped into the boat and said to the swans, "Let us go home." He began to sing and went off. The deserted boy sat down and cried, for he was naked and cold.

It grew dark very fast, and he was frightened when he heard a voice say, "Hush! Keep still!" Looking around he saw a skeleton on the ground, beckoning to him and saying: "Poor boy! it was the same with me; but I will help you if you will help me." Of course he would. He was told to dig on the west side of a tree near by, find a well filled tobacco pouch, pipe and flint, and bring them to him. He did so, and was told to fill and light the pipe and put it in the skeleton's mouth. As he smoked the mice in his body went away, and the skeleton felt better. He said that a man with three dogs would come to the island that night to kill the boy. To escape he must run all over the island many times, jumping into the water often, so that the man would lose

the trail. Then he must stay all night in a hollow tree. He did so.

Before daylight the man came with three dogs and told them to catch the boy. They ran every way without finding him, and the angry man killed one dog and ate him. With the others he went away. The boy came out of the tree and went to the skeleton, who said, "Are you still alive? The man who brought you here will come tonight to drink your blood. Go to the shore where he lands; dig a pit and lie down in it, covering yourself with sand. When he lands and is off, get into the canoe and say, 'Come, swans, let's go home.' If the man calls, do not turn or look at him."

The boy promised and the man came. The boy jumped into the canoe and spoke to the swans. As they went he sang. The man saw them and called them back, but all went on. They came to a great rock in which was a hole, and the swans went in, till they reached a door which the boy opened. There were his clothes and those of others, a fire and food, but no one in sight. He dressed and went to sleep, and in the morning there were fire and food as before. The swans were waiting and he got in the canoe. He gave the word and they were soon at the island. The man was there, almost devoured. Then the skeleton said: "You are very smart; now you must find your sister, whom this man carried off long ago. Start to-night and go east. You will soon come to very high rocks where she goes for water. You will find her there and she will tell you what to do."

In three days he reached the rocks and found her. He asked her to go home with him, but she said she could not; a bad man kept her there, and he would be killed if found by him. He could not go without her and she hid him. The bad man had gone to a swamp, where women and children were picking cranberries. She went to the house, took up boards under her bed, dug a large pit for her brother and led him there. He trod in her footsteps and touched nothing on the way. When he was fixed she made her bed over the place, and then cooked a little boy for the man, placed wood and water by his bed and lay down on her own.

The man and dogs returned, and the dogs tore around as if mad. The man said, "Surely you have visitors;" but she said. "None but you." He said, "I know better." Then he

took a stick and threatened to kill her unless she told the truth. She said, "Kill me if you like, but no one is here." He sat down on his bed to eat his supper, saying to himself, "She has hid some one. I will kill him in the morning." He told her to build a fire, but she replied, "You have wood; build your own fire." He said, "Take off my moccasins." She answered, "I am tired; take them off yourself." Then he thought, "I know she has seen some one. She was never so saucy before."

Next morning he started for the swamp to get some children for dinner, but instead hid himself, to watch the girl. She called her brother and said, "Come, let us take his canoe at once." They sailed off, but the man ran and threw a hook after them. It caught the canoe, but as he drew it shoreward the boy took a stone lying in the canoe, and broke the hook. They went off very fast. Then the man lay down and drank the water, and this drew the boat back. The man grew very large with this water. The boy threw another stone. It hit him and the water ran back into the lake. When they saw he was dead they went back, and the boy said to the two dogs: "You bad dogs; no one wants you. Go into the woods and become wolves." This they did, and the boy and his sister went to the island to find the skeleton.

It said to the boy, "You have done well; bring your sister to me." He did so. The skeleton said, "Gather up all the bones you see and put them in a pile; then push the largest tree you find, and cry, 'All dead folks arise!' and all will arise." He did so, and all arose, some with one arm or leg, but all with bows and arrows.

The boy said to his sister, "Let's go home." There they found their uncle, looking very old. For ten years he had cried and put ashes on his head for his little nephew, but his return made him happy. He told him all he had done, and the uncle said, "Let us build a long house with six fire-places." They did so, and the boy went to the island for the people and brought them to this peaceful home.

BOY AND CHESTNUTS

This and "The Boy and Corn," in Mrs. Smith's collection, have other European features, but I condense the first.

A man and his younger brother lived alone in the wilderness, where game was plentiful. The elder brother hunted; the younger kept house, gathered wood and made a fire against his brother's return. When he brought a deer the boy said he would cook it. The other said he would smoke before eating. Then he lay down. The younger said, "I should think you would want to eat now." But he slept on, and when he woke he told his brother to go to bed. He was surprised, but this happened daily. At morn the hunter left without eating; at night he was left alone.

The younger determined to watch and see what it meant. He must eat or he would surely die, and at night must be the time. So he watched. His brother rose, opened a trap-door, made strange motions below this, drew out a kettle and scraped its bottom. Then he poured water on it, striking it with a whip, saying, as he placed it over the fire, "Now my kettle will grow larger." At every stroke it did so, and at last was very large. Then he took it off to cool and ate greedily. His brother went to sleep. Next day he would know all about it.

The hunter went off at dawn. The boy raised the door and saw the kettle. In it lay half a chestnut—nothing more. He now knew what his brother liked and would have it ready when he returned. Toward night he took out the kettle, and did just as his brother had done. It grew larger, but he had not learned how to stop its growth. It filled the room and he had to get on the roof and stir from outside.

The elder brother came back and said, "What are you doing?" The boy replied, "I found the kettle and was getting your supper." "Alas!" said the other, "I must now die." At each blow he gave the kettle was smaller and at last went into the hole. Next day the hunter would not get up or eat, but asked for his pipe and smoked. Every day he grew weaker, and after each smoke he sang, "Hahgeh-he geh Nonta ge je o dah. Bring me my pipe and let me die!"

His anxious brother asked where he got the chestnuts. He wished to seek them. His brother replied that far away

there was a great and impassable river. Far beyond it was a great house, near which was a chestnut tree, where his ancestors gathered nuts long ago. No one could now reach it, for a white heron guarded it night and day. Six women placed him there and cared for him, and he watched for them. If he heard a sound he made his Thr-hr-hr, and the women came out with clubs. They were always on guard, for many chestnuts fell to the ground. Even a mouse was suspected of being a man. There was no chance of success. The boy said he must try. He could not see his brother die.

He made a little canoe, three inches long, and started. After many days he reached the great river. He took his little canoe and stretched it till it was large. Thus he crossed the stream. Then he made it small and put it in his pouch, walking long before he saw the house and the chestnut tree. He called a mole out of the ground, and it sniffed round a plant whose seeds the heron dearly loved. It is like a bean. Some of these the boy took and crept thro' the mole's hole till near the heron. Then he threw them to the bird. While he ate them, off guard, the boy filled his bag with nuts and started back. The heron gave the alarm, but the boy was near the river and quickly in his canoe. The women rushed after him. They threw a fish line and caught the boat, but he cut it. They threw another and each one was cut.

At last he reached home, finding his brother barely alive, and called out, "Now I have brought your chestnuts, will you have your pipe?" He cooked them to his taste, and told his story. His brother said, "You have done me a great favor; now I shall be well, and we will be happy."

I wonder if the boy had any of the chestnuts.

GREAT HEAD

One of Mrs. E. A. Smith's stories has the above title, and it is of rather unusual character. I would call it a story of the Flying Heads, of whom so little has been written. It commences with a statement that the Indians believed in a strange human-like creature, having only a head, with large

eyes and long hair. In this case his home was on a huge projecting rock, over which his shaggy hair streamed down. Seen or unseen, if he saw anything living he growled "I see thee! I see thee; thou shalt die!"

Far away lived a man, his wife and ten sons. The parents died, and the boys lived with their uncle. The older brothers hunted but two of them did not return. The next oldest went to find them but came not back. At last only the youngest remained and his uncle kept him close by his side. One day the two were in the woods and the boy heard a groan, as though coming out of the ground. Hearing it again they dug in the earth and found a man covered with mould. He seemed alive, and the uncle sent the boy for bear's oil. They rubbed him with this and he soon revived. For a time they fed him on oil till he could see and talk.

He could not tell them how long he had been there, but the last time he went out was to hunt. They persuaded him to stay with them, and he told them the story of the nine missing brothers. Then they saw he was something supernatural, for he told them strange things. One night he said he could not sleep, because of a great noise. He knew what it was. It was his brother, Great Head, howling. He was an awful being, destroying all who came near. He was his own brother, too, and he might entice him to come there, but to do this they must cut great maple blocks, for he fed on these.

The stranger asked how far it was to his home, and the uncle said he could get there by noon; so early next morning they started. He pulled up a hickory tree to make arrows, and then ran on to the place. He had been told to look out for the great eyes, as sure to see him. So he said to a mole, "I am going this way. Creep down under the grass where you will not be seen." He went into the mole and soon saw the Great Head through the grass. It cried out, "I see you." The man in the mole saw it was watching an owl. He drew his bow and shot an arrow at the Great Head, crying, "I came after you." As it went to the mark the arrow became very large, but as it came back was small again. The man seized it and ran swiftly home.

He had not gone far when he heard a noise like the coming of a storm. It was the Great Head riding on a tempest.

He ran on till the Head came near, when he shot again. The arrow grew large and returned small, and this happened several times, but each time the Great Head was stopped, then came nearer and at last burst through the door. The uncle had made mallets, and he and the man pounded the Great Head with them. He laughed, so pleased was he to see his brother. It became quiet and he was asked to remain and eat the maple blocks. They told him about the lost brothers, and he said a witch had got hold of them. She sang all the time.

Then the Great Head said, "I have been here long enough; I must go home. This boy is bright. I will show him the witch and the bones of his brothers." Next day they started and went till they heard her song. The Great Head said, "I will ask, How long have you been here? The hair will fall from my head and you must replace it. It will grow fast, and then I will bite her flesh and pull it from her. You must take it from my mouth and throw it off, saying, 'Be a fox, a bird, or anything else,' and it will run off never to return."

So it was. When the witch begged for mercy the Great Head said, "You had none; you must die." So she died and her flesh became creatures of many kinds. What was left they burned.

The Great Head said: "Let us find the year old bones and place them in rows." They did so. Then Great Head said, "I am going home to the great mountain. When I fly over here on a tempest, say to these bones, 'All arise,' and they will arise, and you can go home with them. The storm came, the Great Head called to the nine brothers, and they all arose, shouting for joy.

LOCAL STORIES

Onondaga lake has its traditions of the formative council and the departure of Hiawatha. The Eat-all feast at the departure of the French colony was one of the old features of Iroquois life, and the crossing of the lake in spite of Atotarho's magic has been mentioned. The Peace Queen came there then and there are stories about her. At Cross lake Mr. Clark placed Hiawatha's home, and just above came the encounter with the Great Mosquitoes. Below the lake,

near Jack's Reefs, an Onondaga chief led two Moravians, June 15, 1753, "to a place near the river where there were two stones which, he said, had once been an Indian who had been petrified, and these were his head and body. They offered sacrifices to him so that they might catch much fish, and we found tobacco there that they had sacrificed."

An incident of this kind was mentioned in 1656, when Father Chaumonot was on the trail between Onondaga and the Seneca country. "He had on the road a fine occasion to mock at the superstition of the infidels, his guide having presented to him a bit of wood to throw upon two round stones, which were encountered in the road, surrounded by marks of the superstition of these poor people, who throw, in passing, a little rod on these stones in the way of homage, and adding these words: *Koue askennon ekatongot*; that is to say, Hold; behold this is to pay my passage, in order that I may go on safely. Stones were thus frequently thrown on notable graves or other important monuments. The two round stones probably marked a boundary line.

GREEN POND

Mr. Clark, in his history, gives briefly a story of Green Pond, west of Jamesville, first vividly describing the pond, (ii.237) and adding that "With this singular locality is connected an Indian tradition which gave rise to its aboriginal name, which is still preserved among the Onondagas. The Indian path, leading from Oneida to Onondaga, passed in former times along the bank of this pond. Here an Indian woman lost her child in a marvelous manner, and in order to have it restored to her again, made application to the 'Prophet' for advice. He told her the wicked spirit had taken her child from her, but if she would obey his injunctions, the Great Spirit would take charge of her child, and it would be safe although it could not be restored. In the autumn of every year the woman and her husband, and after them their children, were required to cast a quantity of tobacco into the pond, as an oblation for the spirit's guardian care. This office was religiously performed till after the first settlement of the white people at Onondaga, since which it has been discontinued. The name given, on account

of this circumstance, was Kai-yah-koo, signifying. satisfied with tobacco."

Mr. Clark enlarged this story afterward, and, as he said, the child was lost "in a marvelous manner," according to this, yet I got a hint of such a story from Baptist Thomas. That the name has no direct reference to tobacco is certain. I mentioned the matter to Albert Cusick, and he knew the name and meaning as applied to one of the Kirkville Green Lakes, also between Onondaga and Oneida.

Mr. Cusick gave the name of the Jamesville pond as 'Tue-yah-das-so, Hemlock knots in the water, the name, from this, of an Indian village farther south. The Kirkville lake is called Kai-yahn-koo because those going to or from Onondaga and Oneida stopped there to rest and smoke. On the reservation men will sometimes stop at the end of a row, when hoeing corn, and say, "How! How! Kai-yen-ko-hah! Come! Come! Let us take a rest." From their smoking at this lake, or resting place, probably came the idea that the word meant satisfied with tobacco, as I suppose they were.

THE DROWNING MAN AND OTISCO LAKE

In the League of the Iroquois Mr. Morgan gave the name of Ga-ah-na to Otisco lake: "Rising to the surface and again sinking. Legend of a drowning man." I had the story from Baptist Thomas, April 25, 1911, and he from his grandmother. He thought she knew all the circumstances.

An envious woman bewitched a man with a love potion, so that he wanted to see her all the time, while she kept away from him. In consequence he became thinner and weaker every day, and a friend took him to Otisco lake for diversion, where the Indians used to trap muskrats along the shores. A party was camping on the east shore, and they used to visit their traps in dug-out canoes.

Still the sick man would roam about trying to find the woman whom he loved, but he found her not and became still thinner. One day he crossed the lake with his friend, to look at their traps. The canoe was old and had a large crack in the bottom, into which they pounded strips of slip-

pery elm bark. This swelled and kept the water out nicely for a time. They went safely across, looked at their traps and began their return. Before they reached the middle of the lake the bark came out and the water came in. The sick man threw the water out as fast as he could, with a gourd dipper. He could not paddle, for he was too weak; neither could he bail very fast, and the water gained on them.

The other paddled with all his might, but could not reach the shore, though he made some progress. They had passed the middle of the lake before the bark came out entirely, but were still far from shore when the canoe went down. Perhaps it might have borne them up, but they tried to swim ashore, as the stronger man might easily have done. His friend sank and he would not leave him. Every time he went home he dove under him, bore him to the surface and gained a few yards. This he did repeatedly till they were quite near the shore. Their friends heard their cries, but till then could do nothing, for not a boat was near. For the last time the swimmer pushed his friend into shallow water. The others rushed in and drew both to the shore. The sick man was dead and nothing could be done.

Then they sent his friend to bear the sad tidings to the town. When he came over the hog's back, west of the village and on the Otisco trail, he gave the death whoop once only,—not three times as for a chief. It was plainly heard and the people came to the council house. The story was told and the witch gave a loud cry and ran to the lake to see the body. All followed. She told what she had done and was at once punished as a witch.

A. Cusick defined Gaahna as the last seen of anything, but had not heard this story. Spafford said "Otisco is from Ostichney, signifying waters much dried away." Raising the lake's surface for a reservoir again overflowed the extensive and low flats at the head.

SACRED WATERS

The following I find in Onondaga's Centennial, vol. i, p. 903, and give it for what it may be worth:

"Tully Lake Park is situated on what was formerly

known as Big Lake, which was called by the Indians 'Sacred Waters,' and held in great veneration by them. Tradition says that the Indians would never allow a fish to be taken from its crystal depths nor a canoe to float upon its glassy surface, yet they considered an accidental drowning therein to be a special desire of the Great Spirit.'

I still think this was invented to help the park, but my old friend, Mr. W. W. Newman, in "The Septuagenary of the South Onondaga M. E. Society," 1904, gives a story somewhat like the above. He said:

"According to tradition South Onondaga was formerly by the Lake of the Undefined Waters, reverently worshipped by the aborigines, who dared not pollute its sacred water with their birchen canoes, or even bathe in its crystal depths. A hostile tribe coming to attack them noticed their ignorance of the art of navigation and planned an attack by water. Launching their fleet upon its hitherto unruffled waters they drew upon themselves the anger of the God of the Lake, who lashed the waters into such a furious storm that they burst their barriers, and hurled the invading hosts to destruction in their mad rush to the valley below, there to rest as Lake Onondaga."

Considering our mutual interest in and many talks about the Onondagas, I am surprised that my old friend never told me this tale. I will add a less thrilling one of a mixed party at the Big Lake in Tully, in 1745. It was a fine June evening and all were on horseback. Four wore the peculiar Moravian garb of that day; three were in Indian attire. It was growing dark and they encamped there. Next morning the horses were missing. They were not stampeded, but remembered a better pasture they had passed through. Some went after them. So it was near noon when they started again. Now Bishop Spangenberg was of German descent, but knew American ways, so he took out his knife and cut his name on a tree while waiting. He did not mention that, however, because all did the same. That is, all the white men. It was a fine morning again, in 1753, and two Moravians came out of the woods afoot and with packs on their backs. One of them wrote, "We came to a large lake which Bro. David remembered to have seen nine [eight] years ago, and by this we knew that we were on

the right road. He knew the place where Bro. Joseph had spent the night with his company, and was much pleased to find the names they had cut into the trees."

Now Brother David Zeisberger was a famous man and was at the Tully lake several times. His story is not a myth. It is really something better, and Tully people should make it part of their history.

THE GRAVE OF THE INDIAN KING

Eighty-five years and more ago I used to play on a hillside overlooking Skaneateles lake at the village, and in this field were some longitudinal elevations and depressions. One of these I was told was the grave of a great Indian chief. Which one I did not learn exactly because of something which happened about that time.

Col. Wm. L. Stone, author of the life of Brant, wrote this story for his "Tales and Sketches," published in 1834. My father's old copy I prize highly and from it I briefly sketch the tale of "The Grave of the Indian King."

First of all he tells of the country "beyond the Onondaga hills," and especially of the home of my youth, saying: "Of all the lesser lakes with which this charming country has been rendered thus picturesque and delightful, Skaneateles unites the suffrage of the travelled world as the most beautiful. Its very name, in the language of the proud race who once ranged its forests and bounded along its shores with the lofty tread of nature's nobility, or darted across its bright surface in the light canoe with the swiftness of an arrow, signifies the Lake of Beauty." He was mistaken. I am sorry, but it means Long Lake.

He poetically describes the grave and then tells of its occupant and of his character and death. Count Frontenac's army had landed at Onondaga lake in 1696, and the question was what should the Onondagas do. They meant to make a stand, but the French strength was so great that the issue was more than doubtful. The council met and there was a call for Thurensara, Dawn of Day. The wise chief was brought in on a litter. He had been brave on the warpath and wise in the council, but now his form was feeble and his

head whitened by the snows of more than a hundred winters. He asked why he was called to the council, and was told. There was silence, and then he spoke. They must leave their homes, but Thurensersa would stay to show Yonondio how an Onondaga chief could die. Afterward they were to gather up his bones and bury them in a spot he had loved, "by the lake that is beautiful." He went on, "Put into my grave my pipe, my hatchet and my bow. . . . Put in my canoe that is on the beautiful lake," and much more he said.

The old man was left as he wished and eye-witnesses have told of his torture; Col. Stone wrote of this also in "The Grave of the Indian King." A traveller of note came along and heard of and wanted all the relics for the British Museum. The grave was secretly opened one moonlight night. "Alas for the veracity of traditional history! A bed of compact limestone rock . . . soon taught the Gothic invader of the grave that no grave had ever been there!" Surely this was a myth.

SKANEATELES: A TALE

Though my old Quaker friend, John Barrow, father of several friends of mine, wrote the above named story, published in my father's paper in 1840, I had thought it purely a personal production till recently. He said he "gathered the narration from a shrivelled, toothless Onondaga squaw, that I met in one of my summer rambles in the neighborhood of the Otisco. The channel through which it came was certainly not prepossessing, nevertheless the story has interest."

So it had. "In the words of the old crone there lived, a century and a half ago, upon the shores of the Blue Water, a chief by the name of Skaneateles," from whom, he said, the name of the lake came. Of course the well-told story is fiction, and I had supposed the old crone on the Otisco hills was the same till I found others telling a similar tale. First, then, about the story of Skaneateles, the great chief. Again I must condense, for the pleasant, humorous story occupied a full page of my father's paper and less must suffice now. Mr. Barrow said he was given to rambling, but it was a very pleasant ramble after all.

The great chief lived at Mandana, or rather a little south, on the site of the pleasant farm-house of some early friends of mine. He had half a dozen wives, as many sons and a lovely daughter. "In the Onondaga tongue," said Mr. B., "she was called Hoky Poky, which, being translated, signifies the White Pigeon." I begin to have doubts again. An Onondaga had but one wife, even though he were a chief. No Onondaga could pronounce Hoky Poky. It was not an Onondaga word, nor did it mean White Pigeon. Beside all this there were no Six Nations in 1690, there being then no Tuscaroras in the colony of New York. It is best to have even fiction conform to well known facts, but of course it has a broad scope.

It was early summer when the braves went on the war-path. The glory of autumn was on the hills when they returned. Many a scalp was borne in triumph and a captive Algonquin warrior was closely guarded. He had fought bravely, they said, and was worthy of the honor of being tortured at the stake. To that he was doomed by general consent. Yet one liked it not. It was the loved and lovely daughter of Skaneateles.

She was interested. It really was too bad to have such a splendid form mangled and destroyed. She would know more of him and relieved for a while the old woman who guarded the captive. An interview deepened her interest. How they conversed I cannot say, knowing only each their own language, but all difficulties vanish in folk lore tales, and often in novels. They had a pretty good understanding before the old woman awoke.

Next morning the daughter sought her father. "Wyantonimo is brave," she said. Now she did not say that; she could not. I am perfectly willing to allow that that was his name, but it was beyond the powers of speech to pronounce it. There is no more frequent error in American Indian folk lore stories than this confusion of dialects.

However, the old chief had one stock argument. "Bad people the Algonquins; they eat frogs and wild garlic."

I have a faint recollection that the English had some such ground for their old time dislike for the French. At an interview the next night the maiden mentioned this heinous

sin of the Algonquins, and the captive replied that they certainly did these horrible things. If she would go with him, for her sake he would not. Just as though,—he being an American youth—he had said to some fair girl now, “If you will marry me I won’t smoke.” With such a promise made the daughter of Skaneateles yielded. She cut his bonds and in a moment they were in the bright moonlight outside the lodge.

Here comes in prophetic foresight on the part of a chronicler of the past. He wrote in 1840—actually 1839. Our society was organized in 1862. Mr. Barrow had a view to its work, and wrote, “As a minute and veracious chronicler, and to save doubts and difficulties in case the Onondaga Historical Society should wish to erect a monument to perpetuate the memory of the White Pigeon, I would point out the spot where her foot rested, when she paused to take a last look at her native village, sleeping in quiet at the foot of the giant elms. Measure off three hundred and seventy feet, six inches, east-southeast from the centre of John Milton Arnold’s parlor fireplace, and you can hit it to a tittle.”

A fine project if we had the means. As a business proposition we leave it to the Finger Lakes Association and the manager of the Mandana Inn.

They stopped but a moment and sped to the little cove where the canoes lay, sprang into one, and the Algonquin seized a paddle and used it with all his power. The alarm was given, the pursuit began. The chief’s arms were numb from his bonds and the canoe overladen. Why White Pigeon did not take a paddle, too, as might have been expected, I cannot say, but, for the catastrophe it was necessary Skaneateles must gain, and gain he did. He was within arrow’s shot as he sped along and drew his bow, when a marvelous thing occurred. Skaneateles had long been a great fisherman and could tell some big stories. Whether the fish spirits resented this, or whether the king of the fishes did so, I cannot say. The teller of the story thought it was a trout, a big trout,—perhaps the one that always got off the hook—that intervened for the lovers. He made an upward rush under the stern and toppled the old chief into the water. For some reason he rose no more. The lovers escaped to the

eastern shore, and thence through the forest to the Algonquin town.

By a natural transition the lake was called Skaneateles. I know of two other lakes of the same name. As aforesaid it means simply Long lake.

There is quite a temptation to give the whole of this quaint tale. Copies are extremely rare. I secured the first imprint and afterwards had it reprinted in the Skaneateles Democrat, but that is rare also.

I had a little volume of poems, from the author, published in Auburn, 1905, for the late Mrs. Nettie Parrish Martin of Auburn but formerly of Mandana, and entitled "Indian Legends of Early Days." She was a grand-daughter of Jasper Parrish, the Seneca interpreter, and said: "These Indian Legends were given to the writer by her grandmother, who lived near one of the Indian villages of the Six Nations, and spoke their language. Jasper Parrish (a grandsire) was a missionary and trader among the six tribes, and during his sojourn among them he so endeared himself to all that they named him Sen-ne-oe-ta-wa, meaning 'Good Man,' and ever after his descendants had only to say that name, and every care and kindness was cheerfully given them that the Indians were able to bestow."

SKANEATELES

I think this story a partial reminiscence of Mr. Barrow's tale, yet I doubt whether she had ever seen it, though her grandmother probably had. Skaneateles was a beautiful Indian girl, living on the lake of that name, who loved and was beloved by an Onëida brave. The father was cruel and she could only meet her lover by stealth. Going in her canoe by night to do this, she encountered a storm, was struck by lightning, and slept in the waters. The warrior learned of this and soon slept in the same quiet bed. Now their spirits are seen hand in hand, in storms on the lake. It is told, also, that her body was found next morning and was buried near the shore. The lake, of course, was called after her. Personally, in all storms I have been in on the lake I have not seen their spirits.

THE LOST ARROW

Mrs. Martin's stories are in verse, and one has this prefatory note: "Ossahinta was a young Indian chief who died broken hearted. He was the son of a brave chief, one of the Six Nations. His home was on the shores of the Skaneateles lake, where a steamboat (the Ossahinta) plies between the foot and head for the accommodation of tourists." It has now disappeared. I may add that the boat was called after Capt. Frost or Ossahinta, who died in 1846 on the Onondaga reservation at the reputed age of 86 years. His name means the falling frost, and his picture is the frontispiece of Clark's Onondaga.

Mrs. Martin's story is rather fanciful and includes two Algonquin names. Os-sa-hin-ta was a good warrior and hunter who met and loved On-nei-wee-da, and she loved him but proposed a trial: "For he who weds Pow-ha-tan's heir must shoot this eaglet from her hair." He went home, rather disturbed, but sought Quin-ni-pac, an old medicine woman, who prepared her charms. A roaring flame burst forth, an eaglet appeared and then a maiden fair. He would succeed, and she gave him an arrow of red flint, streaked with white, a talisman of future good luck.

He shot the eaglet, won his bride, and long they prospered, till one day the arrow was lost and misfortunes came. His wife faded away. He sought the old woman and she was dead. His wife died and he fell in battle, but now they are happy; "Ossahinta, star of night, Onneiweeda, child of light."

A footnote says the lost arrow bided its time. "Bacon Northrup of Mandana, Onondaga Co., found the arrow near a spring called Deer Lick."

THE ALGONQUIN AND WAN-NUT-HA

This is different but quite suggestive of Mr. Barrow's story of Skaneateles, and is one of Mrs. Converse's tales.

An Algonquin chief, named Hon-do-sa, was the captive of a Seneca sachem whose son he had killed, and he must die at the stake. For fifty years the Algonquins had waged a terrible offensive war against the Iroquois, and to have a

notable prisoner was a great joy to the latter. The Jesuits have told with what courtesy such captives were treated by the Hurons before the torture came. Such was the treatment of Hondosa by the Senecas. He had the best house they could find, the softest furs, the choicest food. The fairest maiden was to see to his comfort, and Wan-nut-ha, the Seneca chief's daughter, was assigned this pleasant task. Many days were to pass before the torture, and she saw him often. He was brave, she well knew. That he was handsome she could see. That he feared not a cruel death every hour showed. She admired and pitied him, and "pity is akin to love."

The hour came and with it the girl. The guard slept, the bonds were cut, and hand in hand they sought the shore. The canoe was ready, the paddles were plied, and across Canandaigua lake the Ga-nun-do-wa mountain soared high before them. There came the sound of pursuit. "Haste, Hon-do-sa," she cried as they reached the shore. "Flee at once to your people. Wa-nut-ha will remain." "You have brought the sun to my door too often for Hondosa to leave you," he said. "Go with me and I will go. Stay and I stay also." She climbed the hill with him. They stood on a high crag as the pursuers drew near; they leaped and found safety in death on the sharp rocks below. I am sorry they did not escape, when it was so easy to have them do so.

THE PEACEMAKER QUEEN

In 1902 Mr. Wm. W. Canfield published "The Legends of the Iroquois," in a nice volume of 211 pages. These are mostly ascribed to Cornplanter, the Seneca chief, but a large portion is made up of variants of well known tales. Not all, however. I think Mr. Canfield was the first to bring to light the one whose title appears above. This and the Healing Waters have quite recently been published in a slightly different form, and I suppose both had their origin in Mr. Canfield's book. In a general way I follow his version, which is an expansion of an early tale, that given by David Cusick.

Kienuka, the peace home, was deserted. The ancient fire no longer burned there. All was cold and desolate. No

friendly voice welcomed the fugitive; no persuasive words kept peace between hostile warriors who met there and laid aside their anger and their arms. The broad paths from every direction were untrod by human feet. They were left to the woodland animals, and serpents hissed and wolves howled where men sought wise counsels in hours of doubt and danger. The house of the peace queen was in a ruinous state, within and without, for she had abandoned her office and there was no one to take her place. Men had come there with angry thoughts and no one was found to judge between them. Blood had been shed in Kienuka, and the Great Spirit no longer smiled upon it.

When the wise Hiawatha spoke his last words to his friends, he told them to choose from their maidens one gifted with wisdom, who should be their peacemaker. For her they should build a house and in it she should dwell. Doors were to be made at each side and end. Broad paths were to be made to these, so that all might find a welcome, no matter whence they came. More than a welcome, for she was to judge equitably between them, turn danger into safety, and hatred into love. This was to be her great and honorable office.

Then all the maidens were brought together at the great council place, and to them were submitted the questions in dispute among their brothers. Whoever decided the most of these justly should be the Peacemaker Queen, and dwell in the strong house provided. The house was built, the queen enthroned. When the Great Spirit called her to Eskanane, she was mourned by all, and none entered Kienuka till her successor had been chosen.

In this way there came to the peace home Genetaska, the Seneca maiden, whose wisdom and kindness were known to all, and whose beauty was like those of the summer days. She was the most famous of all the Peacemaker Queens, and the red men said that Hiawatha's daughter came often from the sky, borne by the great white bird, and gave her advice and guidance. Whoever went to Kienuka disputing, departed from thence, when they had rested and eaten, with no anger in their hearts, for Genetaska soothed them by her gentle voice. To the sick and wounded she ministered with the best medicinal herbs; to those inflamed with anger she

told of the Great Spirit which taught them moderation. Disputes were so adjusted that the hunters and warriors who came there with anger and war in their hearts, left her doors as brothers.

One day there came to Kienuka two young chiefs, one from the Onondagas, one an Oneida. Each claimed that his arrow had slain a mighty buck they had been following in the forest. When they had tried their skill with weapons, agreeing that the victor should have the slain animal, neither had any advantage. Then said the Onondaga: "I will fight thee, O, Oneida chief, and he who survives may bear to his village the great buck and the scalp lock of his enemy."

But the Oneida said: "O, Onondaga, thou must remember the words that thou hast heard from the old men who heard the teachings of Hiawatha, that when two hunters of the Five Nations dispute in the forest, they shall not fight, but tell their disputes to the Peacemaker. I will go with thee to Kienuka."

When they had eaten and rested there, the hunters were told that each of them should take half of the buck to his village. "For," said the Peacemaker, "it is large, and with half of it each one hath enough for his wife and little ones." "The Oneida is alone in his home," said the chief. "I carry the meat to the old men and the women who have no sons. The Oneida has seen no maiden he would take to his lodge till he beheld Genetaska, the Peace Queen."

Then said the Onondaga: "The home of the Onondaga is desolate since the plague entered its walls. He is a great and powerful chief, for he was never overcome in the chase or in war. The Peacemaker has made his heart weak. He will never be strong again unless she will come to his lodge."

But Genetaska replied: "Go ye my brothers, and think no more of the Peace Queen, who is chosen by all and may be the wife of no one. Seek ye other maidens who will gladly be your wives." But when they were gone she had no more peace, for the Oneida's form was ever before her eyes.

When the autumn came, when its glories tinged the forests, the Oneida came at sunset, and stood boldly before the

Peace Queen saying, "The Oneida has built a lodge in the summer land, where the Five Nations care not to go. He has filled it with robes and supplied it with food, and it awaits the Seneca maiden who loves the Oneida. The tribes will choose another Peace Queen when thou art gone. Thy life will no longer be heavy with the burdens of all who come to thee. Wilt thou go?"

She looked in his face and said, "Genetaska will go."

They left Kienuka, embarked in his canoe on the river, glided swiftly down the stream and were lost to their people forever.

The peace home was left desolate. To its doors two men came running in the darkness, full of hatred and rage. No one restrained them and they died.

Had I followed this fine story literally some modern features would have appeared. A later writer has repeated these, with some enlargements, under the title of "The Last Peacemaker Queen."

KIENUKA

Though the Peace Queen appears in the Dekanawida tale she was first mentioned by David Cusick as living during the reign of "King Atotarho IX, perhaps 350 years before the Columbus discovered the America." At this time the Eries had become a great nation, being an offshoot of the Senecas. "A Queen, named Yagowanea, resided at the fort Kauhanauka, (said Tuscarora.) She had an influence among the people, and extended her authority over twelve forts of the country. A treaty of peace was concluded between her and the Twakanhah, (Messissaugers). After a time dissensions broke out between the Five Nations and the Messissaugers, and soon commenced hostilities; but the war was regulated under her control. The Queen lived outside the fort in a log house, which was called a Peace House. She entertained the two parties who were at war with each other; indeed she was called the mother of the Nations. Each nation sent her a belt of wampum as a mark of respect, but when the Five Nations were engaged in the warfare she admitted two Canandaigua warriors into her

house; and just as they began to smoke the pipe of peace a small party of the Messissaugers too came into the house. She betrayed her visitors—she advised the Messissaugers to kill the warriors, which was soon executed; the Messissaugers soon retired. The Queen was informed that the two warriors of Canandaigua had been over the river and killed a young prince of the Messissaugers; this offence was too great to pass without condemning the murderers; the reason she gave them up. She immediately went and consulted the chieftain of that band."

War followed. "The Queen sued for peace—the army immediately ceased from hostilities, and left the Erians entire possession of the country."

JOHNSON'S LEGEND OF KIENUKA

In 1881, Elias Johnson, a Tuscarora chief, published the "Legends, Traditions, and Laws of the Six Nations," an interesting work. His account of Kienuka and the Peace Queen naturally resembles that of David Cusick, also a Tuscarora, but he adds much to that.

Regarding places mentioned in his account, he says: "The term Kienuka means the stronghold or fort, but the original name of the fort is Gau-strau-yea, which means bark laid down; this has a metaphorical meaning, in the similitude of a freshly peeled slippery elm bark, the size of the fort and laid at the bottom as a flooring, so that if any person or persons go in they must be circumspect and act according to the laws of the fort, or else they will slip and fall down to their own destruction. The citadel of Kienuka is situated about four miles eastward of Niagara gorge at Lewiston, on a natural escarpment of the ridge of the Tuscarora reservation, known at present by the name of the Old Saw Mill."

At the formation of the League the Senecas proposed a novel feature. A fort was to be built as a place of refuge and placed under charge of a virgin chosen from the Squawkihow, "a remote branch of the Seneca nation," and ordained as Queen or Peacemaker. She was to live and execute her office in the fort, and be called Ga-keah-saw-sa.

The Senecas and Squawkihow built the fort on a hill, bounded on the north by a precipice, 8 or 10 feet high. East, west and south they dug a ditch, 4 or 5 feet deep, with close set palisades in it. These were 10 or 12 feet above ground, enclosing a space of 20 by 50 rods, with the Queen's house in the center. Other houses were in two rows, with a path leading to her house. The fort reached east and west, with gates at each end. The best Squawkihow warriors lived there to do all needful things, the Iroquois furnishing arms and supplies.

No Iroquois nation was to war against another, nor against a foreign nation without the Queen's consent. No blood was to be shed there, all executions ordered by the Queen taking place at some distance outside. None but the keepers could enter faster than a walk. There the Queen must have meals always ready for fugitives or pursuers. These were always safe there. They were brought into her house, which had doors at the east and west ends, and a curtain in the middle, to separate pursuers and pursued. She fed both and then removed the curtain. When well fed they could go their own ways in peace, for without her consent no fugitive could be slain. If killed, the Iroquois would demand the slayer from his nation. Refusal brought war.

The Kahkwahs and Eries were included with the Squawkihow, being of one language and offshoots of the Senecas. "They lived from Lake Ontario along Niagara river, and as far west as the present Erie, east to the Genesee river." Those a little south of Buffalo were called Kah-kwah-ka, those further west, Eries or Cats. The Kah-kwahs challenged the Senecas to a ball game and were beaten, with a like result in a foot race. In wrestling those defeated were to be knocked on the head by the opposite umpire. Defeat came again, the vanquished died, their friends were enraged, and the Queen's sympathy aroused. Some Seneca spies were pursued by their Massasauka foes, both lodging in the peace house. The Queen allowed their foes to slay the sleeping Senecas. "They were buried southwest from the Queen's house, the mound of which was perceptible until a few years ago, when it was cultivated." The Squawkihow kept the secret awhile, and then asked permission to exterminate the Senecas. The Queen consented.

The Senecas learned this and every following movement. They met in battle and the Eries and Kah-kwahs were known no more.

The Senecas think this queen and her successors held this fort for several hundred years, and that these incidents may be dated about A. D. 1280. No attempt was made to revive this place of refuge, but about 1853 the Tonawanda Senecas chose a successor to the fabled Queen from their own number. This was Caroline Parker, sister of Gen. Ely S. Parker, and wife of the Tuscarora chief, John Mountpleasant, "who was ordained to the high office of Queen or Ge-keah-sau-sa."

This legend has a slight foundation in the historic Neutral Nation of the Huron war, at one time living on both sides of Niagara river, and destroyed about 1652; the Eries in 1654. The Seneca story of the overthrow is persistent, but does not agree with recorded history.

The games, as above, with their sanguinary results, were described by the old Seneca chief, Gov. Blacksnake, as well as the attempted surprise and decisive battle. Both parties were sure of success. The Kah-kwah women, marching in the rear, had packs of moccasins for the expected Seneca captive women and children. The Seneca braves carried rolls of peeled bark to bind their captives, but said, "Let us not fight too near our villages for fear of the stench from our dead foes." The terminal incident was ingenious. The vanquished Eries fled down the river and encamped on an island. Their Seneca pursuers followed in canoes but were outnumbered. On they came, however, rounding a point and landing, regaining the stream above by a short portage, coming around and landing again. An old stratagem but effective. Next morning their foes were gone and have never since appeared.

MISS TRIPPE'S TALES

I have an interesting series of Seneca tales from Miss Myra E. Trippe of Salamanca, N. Y., which I procured for the State Library. Unfortunately they were destroyed, along with the Moravian Journals I sent there at the same time. Her stories were Da-ne-da-doh, the man whose house

was made of hemlock boughs; Ha-ton-das, the listener; A Beautiful Head; The Man-Eater; The Toadstool Eater; The Bear Trail; Gan-nos-quah, the human flesh eater; Ges-gar-doh, the man who bragged; Ho-dar-da Se-do-gas, young man who greased his feet; Do-nyo-do-sa-we-oh, young man with sore legs; The Young Man's Revenge; Two Senecas; Story of Jack Hudson; A Little Story of Elmira; Indian Land Pirates; Whispering Oak, and Do-wa-stu-ta, Thrown in bear's den.

Of these Miss Trippe said: "I send you these legends as I copied them for myself. I have read similar stories in three or four cases, but mine have been told me more in detail. They are as they were told. I have added or subtracted nothing. Da-ne-da-do is written by Rev. Dr. Sanborn, but only about half is in his book. I feel that this should be saved in its more complete form. There are other stories like 'The Man-eater,' but I find none enough like this to call it the same. In the Iroquois Trail is a version of Ges-gar-doh. Ho-dar-da Se-do-gas is a more complete story of one given in the Iroquois Trail. But for study I would have believed these stories had never been heard by any one but Indians."

Miss Trippe hoped to publish some or all of the above. She afterward married and I have not her address. Her stories admirably reproduce the present Indian style of narration. Her mention of the Rev. J. W. Sanborn recalls another friend who collected many Seneca tales. One of these has appeared as "The Mischief Maker and Peace Maker" in the Algonquin Legends of New England, by Charles G. Leland, Boston, 1898. I do not recall why it has a place there. The first part tells of the pranks of an Indian scamp; the second of his experience and the good he did after his reformation.

THE PEACEMAKER

The Mischief Maker was pursued by some on whom he had played his pranks and took refuge in a tall and thick tree. They could not find him but built a fire and camped under this tree. The smoke crept through the branches and went straight to the sky. "The fugitive sailed away on the

smoke, going up and up—past beautiful lakes and hunting grounds stocked with deer, large fields of corn and beans, tobacco and squashes; past great companies of handsome Indians, whose wigwams were hung full of dried venison and bear's meat. And so he went on and up to the wigwam of the Great Chief."

For a hundred moons he stayed there, learning a new language and habits of life. So well did he like these that he had no wish to go back when told he must do so. The Great Chief told him that he had been allowed to come that he might return and tell what he had seen. Then, if he lived aright, he might return and hunt and fish there forever.

"A cloud of smoke, in the form of a great eagle, came to him, and, seated on its back, he was borne down to the top of the tree from which he had risen. He opened his eyes. The sun was shining. His pursuers had gone away. He descended and traveled on. His mind was filled with what he had seen. He said, 'I will no longer play tricks, but tell people what I learned in the happy hunting grounds.' After a long time he drew near to a village. He gave the common signal. Runners came to meet him. The head chief and all the people came to hear. He was asked, 'What news do you bring us?' He said, 'I, that was the Mischief Maker, am the Peace Maker now,' " and he told his errand.

There was great rejoicing, as he told of Ha-wen-ne-yu and his assistants. All the people might live and be happy if they would. Their Great Ruler would care for them, but they were to avoid his wicked brother, the Evil Mind. He-no was sent to do them good and had a pouch full of thunderbolts for the wicked. The Indians were to pray to him at seed time and thank him in the harvest. He was to be called Grandfather. Ga-oh was the Wind Spirit. He moved the winds, though he was chained to a rock. When he struggles the winds are forced away from him. When he is quiet they also rest. Beans, corn and squashes have each loving spirits. In fact all things have these assistant spirits, and they were to be thankful for the good work of all.

"So Peace Maker taught the people. They threw tobacco on the fire, according to his instructions, and on the column of its smoke he was borne away to the happy hunting

grounds. And the people danced and sang around the dying embers of the council fire."

GES-GAR-DOH

As an example of her material and work I give one of Miss Trippe's Seneca stories just as it was written by her.

There was a man whose name was Ges-gar-doh. He bragged that he could kill Gau-nos-guah. He was very brave. He was afraid of nothing. He was sure that he could kill the human flesh eater, Gau-nos-guah. Gau-nos-guah lived in the woods. She could understand people's thoughts without hearing them talk. Ges-gar-doh one day went on the flats along the river bank. He had his ax, made of stone flint, on his shoulder. As he walked along, all at once Gau-nos-guah stood right in front of him. He was surprised. She spoke first. She said, "I have often heard that you have said, 'I can kill Gau-nos-guah.' I am not afraid of you. I would just like to see you kill me."

This brave man was frightened. He ran. She followed him but she could not catch up with him. Her stone coat made her clumsy. They came to a river. Ges-gar-doh thought he would throw her off his track, so he forded the river. When he reached the other side he looked around and saw that she was wading across to him. So he went back under the water to the other side. When Gau-nos-guah had reached the bank, and saw him back on the opposite bank which she had left, she said, "I am going to get you, any how."

She started through the water again. He doubled his path through the woods. He went around and around in a circle, until he came to a tree. This tree leaned against another tree. He climbed the tree and hid himself among the branches. He did not puzzle her. She did not follow him in his circles, but came straight toward the tree where he was. But she did not know exactly where he was. She put her hand inside of her stone cloak and pulled out a human hand. She put this hand on a fallen tree. This tree was lying at her feet. She said to the hand, "Show me the direction in which Ges-gar-doh is."

The hand pointed straight up. Now Gau-nos-guah could not bend her neck to see where he was. Ges-gar-doh jumped down from the tree. He took the human hand. He stood a little way from Gau-nos-guah with it. He knew she could not hurt him. Gau-nos-guah moaned and begged for the hand. She knew she could do nothing against Ges-gar-doh without it. All at once she saw the ax where Ges-gar-doh had left it. She ran her hand against the edge of the ax. This made the ax very sharp. With it she cut a stone in two pieces as easily as if the stone had been a pumpkin. Gau-nos-guah said to herself, "Ges-gar-doh can easily chop me to pieces with that ax."

Ges-gar-doh stood near, listening and watching. Gau-nos-guah went to him. She said, "I want that hand of mine. Give it to me, or I will die." He answered, "You always said that you are brave. Why are you moaning?"

He walked around in a circle until he came to the ax. He picked it up and looked at it. She cried and begged him to give her the hand. He said, "I won't give it to you. I made up my mind when I came across a being like you, I would kill it."

She answered, "I might as well give you instructions. You must be careful how you treat my hand. I realize I am going to die in a moment. You must keep the hand yourself and take good care of it. It will make you successful in hunting and in everything else. Use 'red sticks' in the swamp to bathe and freshen the hand. Scrape the bark off the 'red sticks,' and squeeze the juice out of it. Preserve the hand by washing it in this juice. If the hand gets dry it will be of no use to you. I know there is no hope for me. I can't escape. I might as well give myself up."

Ges-gar-doh laughed, for he knew what he was going to do with her. He said, "Is that all you wish to say?" Gau-nos-guah had nothing more to say. Ges-gar-doh took his ax and cut off the head of Gau-nos-guah. Then he cut her in pieces and threw the pieces in all directions. Ges-gar-doh was very prosperous ever after, because he took good care of the hand, and didn't let it get dry.

This is a fine variant of the Stone Giant and the pointer. Miss Trippe has another story of Gau-nos-guah, in which

she is placed in a milder light. She stays with a hunter's family through the winter and helps in their work. The same feature appears in Mrs. Smith's story of the Stone Giant's wife.

STONE GIANT'S WIFE

In old times wives went with their husbands to the hunt, for there was much they could do. Thus a hunter and his wife were alone in a forest camp where game was abundant. One day he went one way to hunt, and his wife another to care for the game which had been killed and hung on the trees. When she returned she was surprised to hear a woman's voice, and afraid when she found a giant woman nursing her child. The giantess told her not to fear and explained her presence. Her own husband was cruel and sought her life. She had fled and was tired, but would help all she could. They must not give her raw meat or there might be bad results. If well cooked there was no danger. She would also bring in the game, as she knew where it was. She soon returned, with as much in one hand as four men could carry. The hostess cooked part of this and they ate together. When the hunter came in he was glad his wife had such good help.

After he had gone the next morning the giantess told the wife that the Stone Giant would be there in three days. There would be a dreadful fight and they must help her kill him. Two days afterward she said, "Your husband must remain at home to-day, for mine is coming. Do not fear; we shall kill him; only you must catch and hold him. I will show you where to strike, so that it may reach his heart." Both feared at this, but she reassured them and they awaited the event. She stood in the door and was ready when he came. She seized and threw him. Then she told them what to do, and afterward buried him. She stayed with them, fetching game, etc., till they were ready to leave. Then she said she could now go home without fear, and bade them good-by.

Mrs. Converse had Ga-nus-guah as a name for the Stone Giant who escaped when the Holder of the Heavens destroyed his kindred. She called him Ga-nus-guah, the

Depredator, which is the same as Gau-nus-guah in Miss Trippe's tale. Mrs. Converse's giant lived in a cave in the Alleghany mountains and was vulnerable only on the bottom of his foot. To see him was instant death. In the forests uprooted trees showed his trail. His feet impressed the rocks as he leaped from them. In storms his voices warned the Thunderers away from his cave.

A young hunter, seeking shelter in a great rock from a storm, met him but saw him not. A voice was heard—now gentle, now terrifying. He must close his eyes if he would live, for he had meant no harm. He should go forth, free to be with beasts, fishes and birds. Such as these were his ancestors. He must dedicate his life to honoring them. When he met one of these he must fell a tree and carve its image in the wood. If he heard a voice at the first blow, it would be his, and the work must go on. All trees had voices and he must learn them. He would watch and guide him. The hunter opened his eyes when told, and stood beside a bass-wood tree, since then used for wooden masks. Mr. Parker secured a mask carved on a small tree as it stood.

TYAH-GOH-WENS, OR SPLITTING MOON

A few years since a young man was to receive the above name at the Onondaga reservation. I copy a letter written in explanation of the name, but omitting the names of those most concerned. Part of the letter is omitted, of course, but otherwise it is verbatim, except as needful words are supplied in brackets. The clan and name had been agreed on, but some things were yet desired.

“Auntie said she will name him after the wise man, one of her uncle of old times. he was one at ancient times. I will give you a little short History about him. he was the man that came here from one of the tribe that lives in the sky, that fly like angels do. them days his name was Tahergowens [Tyagohwens], otherwise splitting moon. When he was in [this] land [he] has done lot of good things for the People, and safe them from starvation and every thing ruin from plantation. he is the one went to the moon and slashed [it] in two with his hand, and said, I am the one that can safe from dying and [being] starved, and everything [then]

was dry and burning in woods, and all the forest games, all died from [being] starved and dry; and all the lakes and rivers became dry, and [there was] no water to drink, when he appear from skye. and all the trees and vines, and all the field what was remained and Partly dried. and they all spoke to him that they can no longer stay in this land, because we are suffering from lack of moisture, and we are dying in good faith, as no more rain or dampness, even mill due is entirely left us, and we can no longer stand, even where cornfield was all yellow and burnt and scorched, but the spear of [grass] half dried; and said, can we go back with you when you go home, as we can no longer [live] in this world. we cannot get no more moisture for us to grow and bare them.

"Tahargowens [made] answer to all questions, and he said, be patiently. I will soon relieve you from suffering of lack of water. he said to them, I am here to safe you all, my people, and all the vegetation, and the forest, and all living thing, and all plantation. Then he look all over and said, I will split the moon, then you shall have all the rain, and all the water in lakes and rivers will return in good orders. Then the rain and thunder men came back also. at that time there was no more thunder nor rain untill Tahargowens came and safe all the suffering. now this was real history about him. this was ages ago. it was after darah dar came. she brought corn and grain where there was none. now aint this [a] Wonderful man that came and safe us from lack of air or moisture, or rain or water. I know you will enjoy it when you see this of our nephew here, Split Moon. . . . is it wonderful what people can do them days. This was one of the Iroquois ancient true history. These men, thunder makers, each has names. one real old man, the one [that] makes the heaveast, the deep rooling like heavy log; then the rest are savage; they make sharp, tearing lightning bolts, and burn trees and houses, when them youngsters and full of life, of lictricity, I suppose like mischief young scouts, but they was calm that time, when everything was dying from plantation. I think this was sad them days."

There was some preparation for full adoption. He was to come into the Snipe clan. "Auntie said that she would cook the old fashion ways; cook corn soup, flavored with

fresh young pork and beans. She said she would do it herself. of course we can have some man to do the fire and [have] water carried for her, while she will do the cooking. And the rest you know what to get; some tobacco and few pipes for old people, and the speaker and interpreter for the adoption and naming the gentleman; everybody invited to come see him when he received ancient name. Then we will have war dance afterward; then few songs of dance is called green corn dance; then for everybody else dances of several different ways; just like what they had when you was adopted by Iroquois tribe.

"Auntie says she and I can go down town to get the corn and meats, tobacco 4 or 5 pounds, Smoking and chewing tobacco and Pipes, and some bread, cookies, mixed candies for the children and every body else."

In this case I am told the candidate was first divested of clothing and immersed in the creek, reclothed and returned to the house for further ceremonies. These rites vary greatly.

NORTHERN GIANTS

About 2500 years before Columbus came, said David Cusick, the Ronnongwetowanea, or Northern Giants, troubled the Iroquois. They attacked the people only when sure of success and made quick retreats. A young woman of noble family was carried off and became wife of her captor. The oldest brother went to find her. She was gathering fuel and retired when she saw him. After dark he entered the house and was welcomed. The giant offered him his pipe and they smoked in peace. He was given a bed and fell asleep, for he was weary. The giant "killed him on the bed, and the body was deposited in a cave near the house, where he had stored the carcass. The giant was much pleased of his conquest over the prince; he advised his wife to watch daily in order to impose on another enemy."

As the oldest brother did not return, Donhtonha, the youngest, took up the search. He was stout, fierce looking and well armed. His sister again entered the house and told her husband. Donhonta came in and asked for his

brother. He was told he was visiting some others, but might be back any moment. They ate quietly but the brother did not come. The guest was impatient but was offered a bed. First he went out and got some phosphoric wood. Then he lay down and slept. Having placed the wood over his eyelids it looked as though he were awake. Light shone from his eyes and he was unharmed.

He quickly got up when daylight came, and began to search for his brother. The giant opposed this and a long fight followed. The giant was killed and burned in his house. His spirit became one of the eastern stars. His mourning wife died in the wilderness and now shines as a northern star. The elder brother's body was found and burned.

The Ronnongwetowanea also attacked a small town on the Kanawage, (St. Lawrence). No one was at home except an old chief and an attendant named Yatatonwatea. The old man was killed; the young man escaped, but was pursued. At some places he tried to resist but had to flee. Once he drove pigeons in the way to gain time. It was of no use. He tried the mountain rocks, but could not hide. He tried the hunting grounds and met two friendly warriors. They checked the foe. A council followed and a band was chosen for the fight. They gained the victory, and "the Ronnongwetowanea tribe has ever since ceased to exist."

THE FIVE NATIONS

I have not as yet given Cusick's "Origin of the Kingdom of the Five Nations, which was called a Long House." It is odd and interesting, but facts are against it. "By some inducement a body of people was concealed in the mountain at the falls named Kuskehsawkich, (now Oswego). When the people were released from the mountain they were visited by Tarenyawagon, i. e. the Holder of the Heavens, who had power to change himself into various shapes; he ordered the people to proceed towards the sunrise as he guided them, and come to a river named Yenonanatche, i. e. going round a mountain (now Mohawk), and went down the bank of the river and come to where it discharges into a great

river running toward the midday sun; and Shaw-nay-taw-ty, i. e. beyond the Pineries, (now Hudson), and went down the bank of the river and touched bank of a great water. The company made encampment at the place and remained there a few days. The people were yet in one language; some of the people went to the banks of the great water towards the midday sun; but the main company returned as they came, on the bank of the river, under the direction of the Holder of the Heavens. Of this company there was a particular body which called themselves one household; of these were six families, and they entered into a resolution to preserve the chain of alliance which should not be extinguished in any manner.

The company advanced some distance up the river of Shaw-na-taw-ty, (Hudson) the Holder of the Heavens directs the first family to make their residence near the bank of the river, and the family was named Te-haw-re-ho-geh, i. e. a speech divided, (now Mohawk) and their language was soon altered; the company then turned and went towards the sun setting and travelled about two days and a half, and come to a creek, which was named Kaw-na-taw-teruh, i. e. Pineries. The second family was directed to make their residence near the creek, and the family was named Ne-haw-re-tah-go, i. e. Big Tree, now Oneidas, and likewise their language was altered. The company continued to proceed towards the sun setting, under the direction of the Holder of the Heavens. The third family was directed to make their residence on a mountain named Onondaga, (now Onondaga) and the family was named Seuh-now-kah-tah, i. e. carrying the name, and their language was altered. The company continued their journey towards the sun setting. The fourth family was directed to make their residence near a long lake, named Go-yo-goh, i. e. a mountain rising from water, (now Cayuga) and the family was named Sho-neana-we-to-wah, i. e. a great pipe; their language was altered. The company continued to proceed toward the sun setting. The fifth family was directed to make their residence near a high mountain, or rather nole, situated south of the Canandaigua lake, which was named Jenneatowake, and the family was named Te-how-nean-nyo-hent, i. e. Possessing a Door, now Seneca, and their language was altered."

The rest went on to Lake Erie, then called Kau-ha-gwa-

rah-ka, i. e. A Cap. Some went as far as Onau-we-yə-ka, i. e. a principal stream, now the Mississippi. The family which reached the ocean made its home near Cau-ta-noh, i. e. Pine in water, near the mouth of the Neuse river, N. C. These were the Tuscaroras, and were called Kau-ta-noh. To sum up:

“The Holder of the Heavens returns to the five families and forms the mode of confederacy, which was named Goo-neah-seah-neh, i. e. A Long House, to which are 1st—Teakaw-reh-ho-geh; 2d—New-hah-teh-tah-go; 3d—Seuh-nau-ka-ta; 4th—Sho-neah-na-we-to-wan; 5th—Te-hoo-neah-nyohent.”

These are the names used in councils. The Iroquois actually settled in New York from west to east, the Mohawks coming last.

In his memoirs Mons. Pouchot says: “The River Au Sables, in Indian Etcataragarenre, is remarkable in this, that at the head of the south branch, called Tecanonouaronesi is the place where the traditions of the Iroquois fix the spot where they issued from the ground, or rather, according to their ideas, where they were born.” Albert Cusick defined this as A long time ago this swamp was divided. On Pouchot’s map Out-en-nes-son-e-ta is a stream north of Sandy Creek, which Cusick defined as where the Iroquois League began to form.

ORIGIN OF THE ONEIDAS

Schoolcraft has this note on the origin of the Oneidas: “Abraham Schuyler, an Oneida, says that the Oneidas originated in two men, who separated from the Onondagas. They first dwelt at the outlet of Oneida lake, and next removed to the outlet of Oneida creek, on the lake, where they fortified. Williams says he was born there and is well acquainted with the old fort. Then they went to the head of the valley, at the Oneida Stone, from which they were named. Their fourth remove was to the present site of Oneida Castle, called a skull on a pole, where they lived at the time of the discovery and settlement of the colony by the Dutch, i. e. 1609-14.”

This is erroneous throughout. The early Oneida forts were on the southern hills of Madison and Oneida counties, where they seem to have come about 1600, as an organized body. The fort on Oneida lake was destroyed late in the old French war; Oneida Castle was occupied before and after the Revolution. There are other recent village sites. The Oneidas are nearest of kin to the Mohawks, as position and dialect plainly prove.

THE ONEIDA STONE

In an account of a visit to Oneida in 1796, (Mass. Hist. Society, vol. 5) on a religious mission, Messrs. Belknap and Morse obtained this statement through Judge Dean, from an Oneida chief who was the head of the Pagan party and 80 years old. He said:—

“Some of them addressed their devotions to the wind, others to the clouds and thunder, he to the rocks and mountains, which he believed to have an invisible as well as visible existence, and an agency over human actions. To this kind of supervising power he had always trusted for success in hunting and in war, and had generally obtained his desire. He had either killed or taken captive his enemy, and had been fortunate in the chase.

“He regarded the Oneida Stone as a proper emblem or representative of the divinity whom he worshipped. This stone we saw. It is of a rude unwrought shape, rather inclining to cylindrical, and of more than a hundred pounds in weight. It bears no resemblance to any of the stones which are found in that country. From whence it was originally brought no one can tell. The tradition is that it follows the nation in their removals. From it the nation is derived, for Oneida signifies the upright stone. When it was set up in the crotch of a tree the people were supposed invincible. It is now placed in an upright position on the earth, at the door of the old man’s house. A stout man can carry this stone about 40 or 50 rods without resting.”

In a letter to Dr. Arthur Lee, Feb. 28, 1771, Sir Wm. Johnson had something to say about this emblem. (Doc. Hist. of N. Y., 4:432). The Oneidas, he says, “have in use

as symbols, a Tree, by which they Express Stability. But their true Symbol is a Stone called Onoya, and they call themselves Onoyuts, a particular instance of which I can give from an Expedition I went on to Lake St. Sacrament in 1746, when to show the Enemy the strength of our Indian Alliances I desired Each Nation to affix their Symbol to a Tree [to alarm] the French; the Oneydas put up a stone which they painted Red."

He added that the Mohawk symbol was a steel used with a flint in striking fire. That, of course, was recent. A large pipe represented the Cayugas. There are eight pages of interesting information.

In the next account the Oneida Stone was probably at the old Indian village of Oneida, occupied in 1752 in the southwest corner of the town of Vernon, set off from Westmoreland in 1802.

In the Life of Rev. Samuel Kirkland, p. 203, is this account: "Oneida signifies the upright stone. There is still standing in the township of Westmoreland, a few miles from the old Oneida castle, an upright stone or rock, of considerable size, rising a few feet above the ground, which tradition, and without doubt correctly, points out as their national altar. Here, in the days of their paganism, from time to time immemorial, they were accustomed to worship the Great Spirit, and held a solemn religious festival. . . . Hence their name, the Oneidas, 'the tribe of the upright stone, the tribe returning to worship around the upright stone.'"

Professor Timothy Dwight, in his travels in 1815, (Travels, vol. 4), mentioned one, probably not the same stone. "There is a stone not too large to be carried by a man of ordinary strength, at some distance Eastward from the Oneida village, which some of the people regard with religious reverence, and speak of as their god. They say that it has slowly followed their nation in its various removals, and allege as decisive evidence of the declaration that a few years ago it was much farther to the East than it now is. The truth is, a stout young man of the Oneidas, being a wag, resolved to amuse himself with the credulity of his tribe; and therefore, whenever he passed that way, took up the stone

and carried it some distance Westward. In this manner the stone, advancing little by little, made, in a few years, a considerable progress, and was verily believed by some of the Oneidas to have moved this distance spontaneously. The young fellow told the story to an American gentleman, and laughed heartily at the credulity of his countrymen."

I do not understand that Mr. Dwight saw either this stone or man. He had quite a full account of Iroquois customs from others at Oneida. There have certainly been several of these stones in various places. The first of these and the most remarkable was the one south of Perryville, described below. Another large boulder is at Nichols Pond, (1615), second in the series, one in Utica from Stockbridge, and those here described. I might mention more.

My friend, Mr. A. W. Palmer, whose youth was spent in Clockville, and who did much valuable work at the historic Nichols Pond, made the following statement in 1900:

"In my early youth the Indians used to pass here frequently, and nearly always toward the south. I feared them greatly. To my anxious inquiries as to where they were going and what for, my grandfather told me that they went up to Fenner, to visit the place where they used to live, and to camp near a rock, which he called their 'council stone.' Later I learned that the rock in question was on the farm now owned by Patrick Dougherty, and on the site of a well known historical Indian village. From the family of Paul Maine, who lived about one-fourth mile from the stone, I learned that the Oneida Indians visited the stone twice a year, sometimes camping for days in the vicinity; but never at the stone—visiting it only at night. Miss Phebe Maine, in whose company I first visited the stone, told me something of the legend of the stone rolling there from the far northwest, and pointing out to the tribe the place on which to build their village. I do not remember that she told me how she learned of this. She also told me that, as a child, in company with some older persons, she once saw a part of some strange ceremony performed by the Indians about the stone. The stone in question was a large granite boulder, somewhat oval in shape and as tall as a man. It was drilled and blasted by M. A. Blakeslee, of De Ruyter, who did the work for James Gebbery, of Perryville, who then owned the farm.

"Among the multiplicity of 'sacred stones,' each one has some claim to be the original and only one, and I do not care to push the claims of the one here mentioned, but the foregoing are facts, and antiquarians may take their choice of 'sacred stones' and worship accordingly."

This site is not included in my *Aboriginal Occupation of New York*, (1900) the notes having come too late. With added knowledge there seems no doubt this was the original Oneida Stone.

THE LAND OF SOULS

The following account was sent to Dr. Jedidiah Morse by the Rev. Mr. Kirkland. "The region of pure spirits the Five Nations call Eskanane. The only characters which, according to their tradition, cannot be admitted to participate of the pleasures and delights of this happy country, are reduced to three, viz: suicides, the disobedient to the councils of the chiefs, and such as put away their wives on account of pregnancy. According to their tradition there is a gloomy, fathomless gulf, near the borders of the delightful mansions of Eskanane, over which all good and brave spirits pass with safety, under the conduct of a faithful and skillful guide appointed for that purpose; but when a suicide approaches this gulf, the conductor, who possesses a most penetrating eye, instantly discovers their spiritual features and character, and denies them his aid, assigning his reasons. They will, however, attempt to cross on a small pole, which, before they reach the middle, trembles and shapes, till presently down they fall with horrid shrieks. In this dark and dreary gulf they suppose resides a great dog, some say a dragon, infected with the itch, which makes him perpetually restless and spiteful. The guilty inhabitants of this miserable region all catch this disease of this great dog, and grope from side to side of their gloomy mansion in perpetual torment. Sometimes they approach so near the happy fields of Eskanane they can hear the songs and dances of their former companions. This only serves to increase their torments, as they can discern no light, nor discover any passage by which they can gain access to them. They suppose idiots and dogs go into the same gulf, but have a more com-

fortable apartment, where they enjoy some little life." The name given here is from Skenno, Perfect peace. See also the Onondaga story of the Two Dogs.

At this particular time the N. Y. Iroquois were much given to suicide. He added that other nations had nearly the same tradition, all agreeing that the soul was ten days on its way to this happy land.

Conrad Weiser, the Moravian interpreter, who went a little earlier and was often at Onondaga, gives a different account:

They believe that when the soul of a person leaves the body it takes a long journey to a happy land, where there are quantities of fat game, and everything grows luxuriantly. That the huckleberries are as large as a man's fist, and the strawberries equally as large, and the taste is much better than ours. There a man can lie in the shade the whole day, and the most beautiful maidens wait upon him. There no one grows old. Those who have been the best and most heroic warriors here, there have the pre-eminence, and rule over the good women. No bad people came to this place, but if a common man got there he must be the servant of the others for many a year."

The Canadian Hurons are nearly akin to the N. Y. Iroquois, and the Jesuits wrote much of their belief and customs. In the Relation of 1636 they said that the Hurons thought that the soul did not at once leave the body on death. As they carry the body to the tomb, the soul walks before, remaining in the cemetery till the great feast of the dead, but going through the towns at night and entering the cabins. There it shares in feasts and eats what is left in the kettles. So some will not eat of this next day. Some will not come to the feast made for souls, thinking death would follow from tasting this food. Others ate freely.

At the great Huron dead feast, when all bodies were placed in one great pit, the souls left the cemeteries. Some thought they became turtle doves, which were shot, broiled and eaten. Commonly it was thought they went off in one great band after the feast, to a great village in the west. Old men and children, having weak legs, remain in the Huron country, having separate villages. They sow grain in abandoned fields.

The strongest souls go farthest west, each nation having separate villages. Hurons would not welcome an Algonquin soul. Those dying in war form a band apart, feared by the others, who will not allow them and suicides to enter their village. The souls of thieves are welcome, otherwise the spirit village would be empty, Huron and thief being practically the same. There are many interesting Huron features recorded.

SENECA STORY

In the Relation for 1670 is a touching incident occurring among the Senecas. The missionary said: "I baptized last week a young woman of the most considerable Tsonnon-touan, who died the day after her baptism. Her mother was unable to console herself for this loss, for our barbarians love their children wonderfully, and as I tried to calm her grief in representing to her the infinite happiness which her daughter enjoyed in heaven, she cried to me, naively enough: Thou didst not know her; she was mistress here, and commanded more than twenty slaves who are still with me; she knew not what it was to go to the forest to bring in wood, or to the river, there to draw up water. She gave herself no care about housekeeping. Now I doubt not but that, being now the only one of our family in Paradise, she may have much trouble in getting used to it; for she will be obliged to do her own cooking, to go for food and water, and to prepare all things for eating and drinking with her own hands. In truth does she not deserve compassion, having no one able to serve her there? Thou seest here one of my slaves who is sick. I pray thee instruct her well, and put her in the path of Heaven, so that she may not go out of the way, and that she may go and dwell with my daughter, to aid her in all her household affairs. I availed myself of this occasion, and of the simplicity of this woman, to instruct this sick slave." She was baptized and her mistress later. Besides ideas of a future life this reveals the luxurious life of a wealthy Seneca Indian family. Some were rich and others poor.

DEAD FEAST

There were various Dead Feasts. John Buck of Canada, Onondaga wampum keeper of Canada, wrote a curious account of one to Hon. George S. Conover of Geneva, N. Y., which the recipient sent to me. The letter was his messenger, and a string of wampum gave it official sanction. It began thus:—

• “I am John Buck’s messenger. Therefore listen.

“John Buck says in olden times of my forefathers was able to recall their departed relatives to see them again, the living ones will make one accord whatever the number they may be will get a feast at a certain house for the dead ones, and when the living ones will assemble at the appointed place each of them will take a sliver off their bark door where it turns, this at their different one’s houses, and enter noiselessly in the house where the feast is spread out for the dead, and they will now all set down next to the wall of the house on the ground all round the house, and the feast is spread out in the centre of the house, and one is appointed to address the Great Creator; at intervals he would throw an Indian Tobacco on the fire, he will ask the Creator to send their dead relatives, for they are desirous to see them again, and when he ends it, his speaking, he will sit down again, and they will let the fire go down till the light ceases, so that in the house becomes dark, and no one is allowed to speak or to make any noise, and in a little while they will hear people coming outside, and they will enter the house and will set themselves around the spread feast, and the assembled living ones will wait till the dead ones are about done eating, then the living ones will kindle the slivers of bark which they have brought with them, and the dead are now seen through this light.” Here is the string of wampum.

“So, dear friend, according what I have learned by of your letter which you sent and I have received, therefore I have wrote to you now of the above. I am your friend,

“Chief JOHN BUCK,

“Firekeeper of Six Nations of Indians, Canada.”

It was a common belief that the dead liked the good food of this world, and this was often placed on graves for a time. If it disappeared—as it usually did—it was supposed to be eaten by the dead. Among the Onondagas our two local species of *Dicentra* (squirrel corn) are known as *Hah-ska-nah-ho-ne-hah*, Ghost corn, or food for ghosts.

Yet they feared the presence of unfriendly ghosts in their villages. At Onondaga, Dec. 27, 1656, a captive Erie girl was killed by command of her mistress. "Towards evening the murderer, or some one else, had it cried aloud through the streets and by the cabins, that such a person had been put to death. Then each one began to make a noise with his feet and hands; some, with sticks, struck upon the barks of the cabins to frighten the soul of the deceased and drive it very far away."

Greenhalgh had a similar experience in a Seneca village in 1677. "This day," said he, "was burnt two women and a man, and a child killed with a stone. At night we heard a great noise as if ye houses had all fallen, butt itt was onely ye Innhabitants driving away ye ghosts of ye murdered."

GHOST DANCE

Albert Cusick gave me an account of the Ghost Dance at Onondaga in June, 1893. It was briefly described by Morgan. It is managed by women and comes in May or June. A society of women, called *O-kee-weh*, makes the appointment and arrangements. The members are termed *O-nah-kee-wah*. The feast is of a general nature, and the spirits of dead relatives are supposed to be present throughout. The guests assemble at from 9 to 10 p. m. and dance till sunrise, but have a feast at midnight. This custom still continues.

First of all there is a speech, and then men have a chant in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, accompanied by a large drum and a gourd rattle. The drum is like a short churn, with a head stretched across. The name is *Ka-na-ju-we*, or covered kettle. One tune follows another, with words slightly varied. The women stand in a circle before the singers, keeping time. Then the women sing and the men are silent. Then the women

march round in a circle to the beat of the drum. The word Wa-ha-yen, in the chant, means women.

The Great Feather Dance follows (O-sto-wa-go-nah) and the men take part in this and some others till midnight, when tobacco is burned and the spirits of the dead are implored to give the living good and healthy lives. Dances follow till nearly morning, and among these are the Bear, Fish, Raccoon and Snake dances. Toward morning the women again form a circle before the singers, and nearly the same words and tunes follow as at first. Some of the words differ and mean "The morning is come; we will all now go home." Then all the women again march in the council house, and slowly out and around it. At this time two men carry the drum, while another beats upon it. The women have something in their hands, and, as one or another holds up her arms, the men rush around, trying to get what she holds. All then return to the council house, where a speech is made and soup is distributed from the big kettle. Their portions received all go home.

GREEN CORN DANCE

Commissioner Henry A. S. Dearborn, of Massachusetts, while attending the Buffalo Creek council of 1838-39, took notes of a green corn feast, Sept. 8, 1838. About 300 Indians were present, a third of them women and girls. Big Kettle presided, and there was a dance at 11 a. m. in the council house. On a bench in the center two men faced each other, with turtle shell rattles, well described. They sang and beat time, striking the rattles on the edge of the bench, around which was a circle of 20 women, encircled by 30 men. The women moved sideways, without taking their feet from the floor or raising their arms. The men sang, gesticulated and yelled more than an hour.

The Big Kettle made a long speech, followed by another dance. In this a horn rattle and drum were used, but the musicians sang continuously, often changing tunes and time. Men and women danced as before. Then Big Kettle spoke for half an hour, and "sang a song while walking around the bench alone, and the others joined in the chorus, besides keeping time by a loud utterance of hip, hip, hip [he,

he, he.] After Big Kettle concluded all the other principal men, in succession, made a short speech and sang a song, walking once or twice round the bench. These songs are such as they expect to sing in heaven."

A short dance followed; a speech from Big Kettle and from a Tonawanda chief concluding the ceremonies. A dance, as before, by men and women, made a sort of recessional. Corn cooked in various ways and with various vegetables was abundantly provided, and also "three large brass kettles, containing soup made from three deer." All were placed in the middle of the council house, where five women distributed all to other women, provided with baskets and tin pails. These were carried to their families, seated on the ground outside, in groups expectant.

WOMEN'S DRESSES

Commissioner Dearborn, 1838, thus describes women's dresses at Buffalo Creek: "A blue broadcloth petticoat, with a border of white beads worked round the bottom, from an inch to five inches wide, or a strip of bead work up the front, two or three inches in width. This is one piece of cloth, united in front and without a pleat. To confine it there is a strong deer skin string, tied around the waist, just above the hips. They step into the petticoat and draw it up, so as to be just above the ankles at the bottom, the belt is slipped up, and a fold being made in the top of the petticoat, on each hip behind, it is held tight above the waist and the belt then slipped down over it, and the portion above the belt rolled over it, which keeps this neat and rich garment in place. The leggings are of blue, green or red broadcloth. They are about nine inches in diameter, made in the form of a cylinder, and confined by a garter below the knee. The bottoms of these touch the instep, and are ornamented with beads, like the petticoat.

"The gown, or upper garment, is usually of calico, made like a hunting shirt, dropping down to the hips, ornamented in front with brooches, and frequently round the neck and down the sleeves; over the whole is worn either a white blanket, like a mantle, or a piece of blue, black or brown broadcloth, which is put over the head and held by the

hands, so drawn over the chest as to cover the body and leave only the face exposed. The most able and tasty wear broadcloth mantles, when at a dance or on a visit to the city. They are two yards square and never trimmed or ornamented—or is the list taken off.

“The hair is invariably parted in the middle, and carried back and united in a knot, to which broad and long black ribbons are suspended in a knot, falling down as low as the hips; or the hair is simply tied near the head and hangs down low. Earrings, and all of silver, are universal. . . . The brooches are all of silver, and their rings, save in a few instances, of gold. The moccasins are deer skin, ornamented with beads and porcupine quills. . . . The little girls, of three and six years old, are many of them beautifully clad like their mothers, and their dresses are covered with brooches.”

I have given this in full, so that any one may reproduce it as a fancy dress of that period. There have been later styles.

INTONING

When the Moravians were at Onondaga in 1750 one day they were surprised to hear messages intoned in the Grand Council. This was to indicate quotations. The chief was not using his own words but those of the Nanticokes:

“To our astonishment an old Oneida began to sing the message, which he had for the council in a high tenor voice. He continued for more than half an hour.”

Having as yet little knowledge of the Iroquois tongue, the two Moravians explained their belt and string to Canassatego, the great Onondaga chief, and he spoke for them in the council. Returning to the council, “He at once showed them the Fathom of wampum and belt, and intoned in the usual Indian fashion the significance of each.”

There are occasional references to this in notices of councils. The most interesting I find on a less formal occasion. I have given Canassatego's account of the creation and early experience of the Five Nations. His principal auditor, Mr.

Wm. Henry, also, told of the chief's manner in narration following a long sentence to begin with from Mr. Henry.

This was the Seneca chief, living in Ohio.

"Then raising his voice and entering into the council style and manner of speaking and with that modulation, which I may call the quoting tone, being what they use in repeating messages, treaties, or anything that has been said by others in former times, distant places, or preceding councils; a tone so particular, that if you come into a council in the middle of a speech, you can tell whether the person speaking is delivering his own sentiments or reciting those of another, this tone having the same effect in their speeches and answering nearly the same end, with our marginal inverted commas in writing, to distinguish borrowed passages, quoted as authorities; only that the Indians have three differences in the quoting tone, none of which we have in writing, viz., the approving accent, the disapproving accent, and the uncertain or doubting, and that there is measured or musical sound in all these tones. I say, Canassatego, in the quoting or historical tone, with the approving accent and with an air of great authority, went on with his account."

The chief's prelude included measureless time as he spoke to Coseagon, the name which Mr. Henry bore, and which the Senecas formally gave him. He had younger auditors and he said:

"Hearken to me; I will tell you and him all the true story of the beginning of this country and the making of all things in it, such as I long since learnt it from my mother, who had it from her mother, and so on backwards for a hundred generations."

ORIGIN OF MAN

Mr. Timothy Dwight (1804) had the following story from the Rev. Mr. Kirkland. This eminent missionary said it was formally delivered to him at a solemn assembly of Oneida chiefs and other principal people:

"Before men existed there were three great and good

spirits, one of whom was superior to the other two, and is emphatically the great Spirit and the good Spirit. At a certain time this exalted Being said to one of the others, 'make a man.' He obeyed, and taking chalk formed a paste of it, and moulding it into the human shape, infused into it the animal principle, and brought it to the great Spirit. He, after surveying it, said, 'This is too white.' He then desired the other to make a trial of his skill. Accordingly, taking charcoal, he pursued the same process, and brought the result to the great Spirit, who after surveying it, said, 'It is too black.' Then said the great Spirit, 'I will now try myself'; and taking red earth he formed a human being in the same manner, surveyed it, and said, 'This is a proper (or perfect) man.' These three, as you will naturally anticipate, were the original ancestors of all the white, black and red men of our race."

Lafitau said, in regard to national origin: "The Mohawk Iroquois, it is said, assert that they wandered a long time under the conduct of a woman named Gaihonariosk; this woman led them about through all the north of America, and made them pass to a place where the town of Quebec is now situated. . . . This is what the Agniers tell of their origin."

The Onondagas say they were made of red clay by Soneyah-tis-sa-ye, The One that made us. This is their usual name for the Creator, and often used by Christian Indians. He also made the white man out of ocean foam, and thus he is white. Ta-en-ya-wah-kee, the Holder of the Heavens, is used in religious ceremonies only at the White Dog feast. Ha-wen-ne-yu or God, One that rules in all things, originated with the French missionaries, and is used by Christian Iroquois. The Evil Mind was called Enigonhahetgea by D. Cusick. Mr. Morgan varied but slightly from this, rendering it as Ha-ne-go-ate-geh. There were inferior good and evil spirits. To the former they gave special thanks and in various ways.

I can hardly assent to Mr. Morgan's statement that "In the existence of the Great Spirit an invisible but ever present Deity, the universal red race believed. . . . The Iroquois believed in the constant superintending care of the Great Spirit. He ruled and administered the world, and the af-

fairs of the red race." So little conception had they of the nature of such a Being when the Jesuits first came, that they had to form a name to express this new thought.

THE NEW YEAR'S FEAST

Among the Hurons, in 1642, they said that people made, "during the winter, a public solemnity where the dreams are all honored on the same day. They call this celebration Ononhouaroia, or the turning of the head, because all the youth, and even the women and children, run about like madmen, claiming that they should obey their demons, by making a present to them of a thing which they put as a riddle, and which has been dictated to them in a dream."

In 1656 Father Dablon said, in Onondaga, "they make a special feast to the demon of dreams. This feast may be called the feast of madmen, or the carnival of bad Christians. . . . They name this feast Honnonouaroria. The Ancients go to proclaim it through the streets of the town. We came to this ceremony the twenty-second of February of this year, 1656."

Among the Cayugas, the next year, it is said "It is not, properly speaking, the dream which they adore as the Master of their life, but a certain one of the Genies that they call Agatkonchoria, who, as they think, speak to them sometimes in sleep, and command them to observe their dream exactly. The principal of these genii is Tharonhiawagon, whom they recognize as a divinity, and whom they obey as the great Master of their life; and when they speak of a dream as of God, they wish to say no other thing than it is by this that they know the will of God. . . . They also sometimes give this same name of Master of their life to the object of their dream; for example, to a bear skin or a deer skin."

At Onondaga, in 1671, it was said that this feast was kept at least once a year, toward the end of February, "in favor of their dreams, by which they claim to know all the wishes of a certain Taronhiawagon, over their good or evil fortune; this genius, they say, is the most powerful of all the genii, and the Master of our life." The feast (or fast)

often lasted four or five days. All was in disorder and nothing eaten but by stealth.

Thus far only did the Iroquois believe in a Great Spirit in early days. The dream often brought ludicrous and sometimes fatal consequences, in endeavors to fulfil it. It is still a feature of the White Dog feast at Onondaga, which succeeded it, there being no record of a dog sacrifice there in colonial days. At present a white and decorated basket is burned in the council house stove. Fuller notes will be given.

LOCAL DEITIES

Local deities or demons are often mentioned. In 1636, "On the road of the Hurons to Quebec there are some rocks which they specially venerate, and to which they never fail to offer some tobacco when they go down to trade. They call one Hihouray, that is to say the rock where the Chahuan makes its nest; but the most noted is that which they call Tsanhohi Arasta, the dwelling of Tsanhohi, which is a bird of prey. They tell marvels of this rock; according to them it was formerly a man, who had been, I know not how, changed into stone so that they yet distinguished there the head, the arms and body; but he must have been marvelously powerful, for this mass is so vast and so high that their arrows cannot touch it. Moreover they claim that in the hollow of this rock there is a demon, who is able to make their journey succeed; this is why they stop there in passing, and offer him some tobacco, which they simply place in one of the clefts, addressing to him this prayer: "Demon who dwellest in this place, behold the tobacco which I present to thee, help us, guard us from shipwreck, defend us against our enemies, and cause that after we have made a good trade we may return in safety to our village."

Colden (Hist. of Five Nations) said that after the drowning of Corlear, Lake Champlain was called after him. "There is a Rock in this Lake on which the Waves dash and fly up to a great Height, when the Wind blows hard; the Indians believe that an old Indian lives under the Rock, who has the Power of the Winds; and therefore, as they pass it in their voyages over, they always throw a pipe or

some other small Present to this old Indian, and pray a favorable Wind."

Of this rock Peter Winnie said, in 1750, "That Rogeo is on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, opposite Corlear's island, and that the Indians in passing call out Rogeo, and make offerings to the rock, by throwing pipes, tobacco, etc., into the lake."

John Lydius testified (1750, N. Y. Col. Doc. 6, 569) that for 25 years the Indians had told him "that the Northward of Saraghtoga, as far as the Rock Rogeo, did and does belong to the Mohawks, which Rock is situated on the Lake Champlain about ten leagues north from Crown Point, neither hath he ever heard of any other Rock called by the Indians Rogeo—Rogeo being a Mohawk word and the name of a Mohawk Indian who was drown'd, as the Indians say, in the Lake Champlain near that Rock, long before the Christians came amongst them, from whence the Mohawks call both the Rock and the Lake Rogeo."

Others give Rott-si-ich-ni, The coward spirit, as a name of Lake Champlain, an evil spirit having lived and died on an island there.

In the Jesuit Relation of 1668, a French and Indian party was, one day, two miles north of Ticonderoga. "We all stopped at this place, without knowing the cause of it, till we saw our savages gathering on the water's edge, gun flints, nearly all shaped. We gave this little thought at the time, but afterward learned the mystery, for our Iroquois told us that they never fail to stop in this place, to render homage to a nation of invisible men, who dwell there in the depths of the water, and are occupied in preparing gun-flints, nearly finished, for the passers-by, provided that they do their devoirs in presenting them tobacco; if they give them much of this they make them a great largess of these stones. These marine men go in a canoe, like the Iroquois, and when their great captain comes to throw himself into the water to enter his palace, he makes so great a noise that it fills with terror those who have no knowledge of this great genie and these little men.

"At the recital of this fable, which our Iroquois made very seriously, we asked them if they did not also give tobacco to

the great genie of heaven, and to those who dwell with him. They replied that they had no need, like those of the earth. The occasion for this so ridiculous story is, that in truth the lake is often agitated by very dreadful storms, which cause furious waves; above all in the bay where *Sieur Corlart*, of whom we have just spoken, perished; and when the wind comes across the lake, it casts upon this shore a quantity of stones, hard and fit to strike fire."

Such tales are frequent. I will quote one of another kind from *Megapolensis*, an early Dutch missionary to the Mohawks:

"They have a *Tharonhijouaagon* (whom they otherwise call *Athyasekkuatoriaho*), that is, a Genius whom they esteem in the place of God; but do not serve or present offerings to him. They worship and present offerings to the Devil, whom they call *Otskon* or *Aireskouï*; if they have any bad luck in war they catch a bear, which they cut in pieces and roast, and then they offer up to their *Aireskouï*, saying the following words: 'O great and mighty *Aireskouï*, we know that we have offended against thee, inasmuch as we have not killed and eaten our captive enemies; forgive us this. We promise that we will kill and eat all the captives we shall hereafter take, as certainly as we have killed and eaten this bear."

Father *Jogues*, from whom he had this, and who saw this promise fulfilled, May 24, 1643, varied from the above. Three naked female captives were led into the Mohawk village and had their thumbs cut off. "One of them (a thing not hitherto done) was burned all over the body, and afterward thrown into a huge pyre. Worthy of note is a strange rite I then beheld. When this woman was tortured, at every burn which they caused by applying lighted torches to her body, an old man, in a loud voice, exclaimed, '*Demon Aireskoi!* we offer thee this victim, whom we burn for thee, that thou mayest be filled with her flesh, and render us ever anew victorious over our enemies.' Her body was cut up, sent to the numerous villages and devoured;—for about midwinter, grieving, as it were, that they had refrained from eating the flesh of some prisoners, they had, in a solemn sacrifice of the two bears, which they offered to their demon, uttered these words: 'Justly dost thou pun-

ish us, oh demon Aireskoi!—lo, this long time we have taken no captives; during the summer and fall we have taken none of the Algonquins.’ (These they consider properly their enemies.) ‘We have sinned against thee in that we ate not of the last captives thrown into our hands; but if we ever again capture any, we promise thee to devour them, even as we now do these two bears,’—and they kept their word.” Thus the Mohawks were reputed cannibals.

LANGUAGE

As has been intimated, the great distinction between the Iroquois dialects and the Algonquin and our own, is that the former have no labials; in the others they abound. As one of my Onondaga friends said, “An Onondaga opens his mouth when he speaks; a white man shuts his.” Paleface story tellers, who are ignorant of this, very often misplace names. But then we have a warlike Mohawk people. True, but 250 years ago they could not pronounce this name, given them by the New England Indians. They were the Agniers of the French, or People of the Flint. The Andastes, near kindred of the N. Y. Iroquois, were the Minquas or Mingoes of the shore Indians of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Seneca is another Algonquin term for the greatest member of the Iroquois tribe. My earliest history of the United States taught me that the Five Nations could not pronounce their favorite Peter Schuyler’s name, and had to call him Quider. Oneida treaties fairly bristle with Queders and Quedels.

There have been many partial lexicons compiled at various times which need not be specified. I myself have collected about 3,000 Onondaga words. In Iroquois compound words adjectives usually follow the noun; in Algonquin they are prefixed. The letters R and L are now very obscure or lacking in Onondaga words. In Mohawk and Oneida they abound.

RELATIONSHIP

All members of a clan are as one family, and thus no one can marry into his own clan. Thus in every household there

are two clans, with no increase on the father's side, all the children being of the mother's clan and nation. A chief's son does not succeed him. That is well. On the other hand the line of descent presents some difficulties. The Onondaga reservation was not given to that people, but reserved by them and for them alone. The Oneidas, Cayugas and Senecas living there have an ownership of the houses they occupy, but not of the land on which they stand, and if a land sale or apportionment were now possible this would at once be seen. Every Onondaga, young or old, would have his or her share of the land or its proceeds, and no one else. It is a very simple case of legal rights, as now determined by the Onondagas themselves.

Of course no one else has any voice in public affairs. The Oneidas have chiefs in the old way, and the Onondagas cheerfully install them in the council house, but this gives them no rights in local matters. Practically the old time national lines are maintained. They are good neighbors, sympathetic and helpful, having ties of kindred and other social virtues, but, after all, an Oneida or Cayuga is not an Onondaga.

THE CONDOLENCE

When the old women have chosen a chief and gained approval, he is usually publicly installed. This is called a condolence, but is not of a religious character. The time and place are fixed and the call issued with wampum strings. There are two brotherhoods. The elder brothers are the Mohawks, Onondagas and Senecas. We have no Mohawks here. The younger brothers are the Oneidas and Cayugas, and the Tuscaroras in an irregular way. The latter do not appear in the condoling songs. The call is made up of three strings of purple wampum, attached to a small tally stick, on which are cut notches for the intervening days. Each day a notch is removed by the messenger or recipient. For a war chief a looped string of purple beads is attached to a stick, and for a religious council white wampum is used throughout. The mourners are passive in all this, incapable of action. The elder brothers act for the younger or the reverse.

On the appointed day a "woodside fire" is kindled at a convenient distance from the council house now, but formerly at the woodside of the town, or even farther. The officiating visitors and mourners are ranged on either side, the wampum is returned and addresses made. Then a procession is formed for the march to the council house, headed by a singer who chants the great roll of the first fifty chiefs.

At the first condolence I attended at Onondaga, a large number of Onondagas and Senecas congregated at noon farther away than now. An Oneida runner came to find their names and number. On one side of a stick he cut notches for the Onondagas—on the other for the Senecas. We soon moved forward, two singers leading the way to the woodside fire, and thence to the council house, where the mourners occupied one end and the condolers the other. The singers continued the long roll call to its end.

Then a curtain was stretched from side to side, behind which a fine song was heard from several voices. The curtain was removed, and a rod appeared between two benches, on which were seven bunches of purple wampum. Each bunch was carried to the opposite side, a song being intoned for each one. There it was placed on another stick at the end, and the singer said, "Now show me the man." The answer was "Wait." The curtain was rehung, the great song was heard again, the curtain removed, the wampum returned with its appropriate songs, the new chief presented and installed with good advice, and the condolence concluded with an evening feast. The songs had no accompaniment.

All such observances at Onondaga now attract but little attention. I was at a condolence there for raising the present Tadodaho, Sept. 8, 1917. Hardly a move was made before the middle of the afternoon. Six persons sat on each of the two benches at the woodside fire, where a spectacled chief read his part, and the new chief had a new suit of store clothes. Three white people and a few Indians were at the council house.

My contributions to these records have been several accounts from my own notes, all the music used, a revision of the intoned wampum deliveries at the curtain removals by arranging mere syllables into words, and more exact work on Onondaga names of the fifty chiefs.

MUSIC

Supplementary to this I have many tunes with words, arranged as dances, usually with accompaniment of one kind or another. Most of these I had through the Rev. Albert Cusick, a skilled musician, as sung by native Onondagas, some of whose names are appended to the several pieces sung by them. Eighty-seven tunes, mostly without words, come from Ontario Archaeological reports, Toronto, Canada. Mrs. Harriet M. Converse has collected many among the N. Y. Senecas, her verses giving the suggested theme rather than the exact words. Mr. Arthur C. Parker has collected a few from the Senecas, published in N. Y. reports. At the memorial services held at L. H. Morgan's tomb in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, Nov. 14, 1920, an Indian dirge "was chanted with dramatic effect by an Oneida maid, Miss Elsie Elms," of Manlius, N. Y. I had returned home from the Indian Welfare conference, but a friend who was present wrote me that "The singing of the invocation to the Great Spirit by Miss Elms, and the prayer in the Mohawk dialect, were two of the most impressive events I have ever witnessed. Tears rolled down my cheeks and there were other wet eyes in the audience." It was arranged to have this made an Edison record. In November, 1921, I heard Miss Elm sing this beautiful dirge in Buffalo.

As far as I know, Prof. Lyman, teacher of music in the Syracuse public schools, was the first to interest himself in this line of work here. Before 1894 he had made a fine collection of Onondaga music, giving lectures on these of a high character. Naturally I failed to get copies of this collection or descriptions of his Indian musical instruments after his death, though I tried. The Delaware School, however, secured two pieces, with words, and I have copies of these. The others probably perished.

In Onondaga songs I have preserved most of the Indian names, as the Ah-don-wah, or Thanksgiving songs; Se-tah-ka-ne-a, or Women's songs; Hah-do-je-ho-en-nah, or False Face dances; O-chon-ta O-en-nah, Fish dances; Ta-ya-no-hah-quad-hah, Scalp dances; Ka-ta-cha-tah, Trotting dances; and O-sto-wah-go-nah, the Great Father dance, the most noted of all. The Senecas have many named after birds. In Canada there is the Lonesome Woman's song;

Old and Young Chief's favorite songs; Discovery and Medicine dances; those for Green Corn and Beans. In all there may be a score or more of tunes for each theme, mostly unrecorded.

GAMES

Games are of many kinds and have always entered largely into the life of the Iroquois. Some of them are very old and were described by the earliest explorers, as that of the bowl or dish, frequently mentioned in the earlier Jesuit Relations. It is now usually called the peachstone game. In early days the stones of the wild plum were used, but now six peach stones are ground down to an elliptic flattened form, the opposite sides being black or white. I have sets of these but lack the fine wooden bowl used when I was taught the game. This was handsomely carved out of a hard knot, and was three inches deep by eleven across the top. The six stones are placed in Kah-oon-wah, the bowl, and thence the Onondagas term the game Ta-yune-oo-wah-es, throwing the bowl to each other as they take it in turn. In public or real playing, two players are on their knees at a time, holding the bowl between them. In merely learning the game we sat in chairs, the bowl in another chair between us. Beans are usually used as counters, but we had plum stones. Some rules are settled by agreement. Five of one color count as O-yu-ah, or the Bird. All white or all black gain O-hen-tak, or a Field. These two are now the only winning points, but all white or all black counted in early days.

This ancient game is yet, or was recently, used among the Onondagas at the White Dog feast. Clan plays against clan, the Long House against the Short House, and, to foretell the harvest, the women play against the men. If the men win, the ears of corn will be long, like them; reversing this if the women win. This game was much used in divination; perhaps in a different way, each piece having its own familiar spirit, but it is now generally a social game. Gambling at a feast is called Ken-yent-hah.

Father Brebeuf vividly described this as he saw it among the Hurons in 1636. He said: "The game of the dish is also in great repute in matters of medicine, especially if

the sick man has dreamed it. The game is purely chance; they have for use six plum stones, white on one side, black on the other, within a dish, which they throw violently against the ground, so that the stones jump and turn themselves, sometimes on the one side, sometimes on the other. The match consists in having all white ones or all black. They usually play village against village. The whole company crowds into one cabin, and arranges itself on the one side and the other, upon poles raised even to the top. They bring in the sick man in a blanket, and that one from the village who is to shake the dish (for there is but one appointed for this purpose) walks after, his face and head enveloped in his robe. Both sides bet loud and firmly. When the one on the opposite holds the dish they scream loudly, 'Achinc, Achinc, Achinc, Three, three, three;' or else, 'Io-io, Io-io,' wishing that he may throw only three white or three black." It strongly suggests one popular page in our city dailies now.

He adds the methods of some players who were in high repute for their skill. As they often anointed their pieces for good luck, this may have served a further purpose; but he was astonished to see how, in a covered vessel, they could have all white or all black at pleasure; but they were notorious cheats. Father Bruyas, in the Mohawk Valley, defined Twatennaweron, to play with the dish, deriving it from the Mohawk word At-nen-ha, a fruit stone. He gave many words relating to this game and to casting lots, another common thing. Loskiel, the Moravian, fell into an error, saying: "The chief game of the Iroquois and Delawares is dice, which indeed originated with them. The dice are made of oval and flattish plum stones, painted black on one and yellow on the other side."

There is another form of this game of chance, differing in the number of pieces and their material. Bruyas, lexicon of Mohawk words, mentions this as the game in which the women scatter fruit stones with the hand. The mode remains but bone or horn disks are now used. L. H. Morgan described this as the game of deer buttons, called Gus-ga-e-sa-ta by the Senecas. They used eight circular buttons of deer horn, about an inch in diameter and blackened on one side. These are an eighth of an inch in thickness and beveled to the edge. He said, "This was strictly a fireside

game, although it was sometimes introduced as an amusement at the season of religious councils, the people dividing into tribes, as usual, and betting upon the result."

My set of buttons differs in being smaller, and in having a circle of eight black dots on one side, arranged around a central one. This is neatly and accurately done. The Onondagas term the game Ta-you-nyun-wat-hah, or Finger Shaker. One to three hundred beans form the pool, as may be agreed, and it is a household game.

In playing this the pieces are raised in the hand and scattered, the desired result being indifferently white or black, really not differing from Morgan. Two white or two black will have six of one color, and these count two beans, called O-yu-ah, or the Bird. The player proceeds till he loses, when his opponent takes his turn. Seven white or black gain four beans, called O-nyo-sah, or Pumpkin. All white or all black gain twenty or a Field. These three are all that draw anything. The game is played singly or by partners, without limit to number.

In counting results there is a kind of ascending reduction; for as two birds make one pumpkin, only one kind can appear in the count. First come the twenties, then the fours, then the twos, which can appear but once. Thus we may say for twenty, Jo-han-to-tah, you have one field or more, as the case may be. In the fours we can only say, Ki-ya-ne-you-sah-ka, you have four pumpkins, for five would make a field. For two beans there is the simple announcement of O-yu-ah, or bird.

LA CROSSE

La Crosse seems the oldest ball game remaining and the most widely spread. Three centuries ago, at least, the Hurons and others played it, village against village, and it was also played for the sick. When the prophet, Handsome Lake, reached Onondaga reservation, August 10, 1913, he was very sick and in great distress. . . . Now it happened that they all wished to comfort him. So for his pleasure they started a game of la crosse and played the game well. It was a bright and beautiful day and they brought him

out so that he might see the play. Soon he desired to be taken back into the house," where he died.

The game is too well known to require minute description, but the leading features are the two rival bands who try to carry or throw the ball between two guarded poles at either end of the ground. The ball must not be touched with the hand, but may be caught up, carried or thrown with the broad bat. This bat is bent into a broad hook at one end, this part having a network of sinews. It is one of the most picturesque and exciting of games, the players racing, dodging, throwing, struggling and digging up the ball in the liveliest manner possible. With all its seeming rudeness it is less dangerous than foot or base ball, but the Onondagas know its boisterous character and call it *Ka-che-kwa-ah*, Hitting with their hips. Morgan said the Seneca name is *O-ta-da-jish-qua-age*.

The snow snake game is a simple test of strength and skill, but is nowhere mentioned by early writers. The long and slender wooden rod is called *Ka-when-tah* by the Onondagas and *Ga-wa-sa* by the Senecas, and is thrown upon the snow or ice, to see who can send it farthest. It is from five to seven feet long, flattened and beautifully polished, and with an upturned pointed head, usually pointed with lead and blackened. As the long shaft bends in its swift career it suggests a gliding snake, and hence its name. It is rarely seen outside of reservations.

There are other games which I need not now describe, and some have been adapted from us. I have thought the game of the bell and shoe might have been one of these. A bell is hidden in one of these shoes by the Onondagas, and they guess in which it is. In Tanner's Narrative, published in 1830, he described a similar game played by the Ottawas and Crees, with four moccasins, in one of which was hidden some small object. The guesser and his party touched these with varying results. In this case, therefore, the Onondagas have preserved an old game, substituting modern articles for primitive forms.

MID-WINTER FEASTS

Feasts take on many forms, and vary from those which are periodical and general, to those which are of a more personal character. At the head of all is or was the mid-winter feast, which has undergone many changes in the last three hundred years. I have mentioned this among the Hurons and give some incidents occurring at Onondaga in 1656.

“They believe not only in their dreams, but they make a special feast to the demon of dreams. This feast may be called the feast of madmen, or the carnival of bad Christians, for the devil causes almost the same things to be done there and at the same time. They name this feast Honnonouaroria. The Ancients go forth to proclaim it through the streets of the town. We came to the ceremony the twenty-second of February of this year, 1656. As soon as this feast was made known by these public cries, one saw only men, women and children run through the streets and cabins like madmen, not unlike the masquerade in Europe. The larger part are almost naked, and seem to be insensible to cold, which is almost insupportable to those better clad. It is true that some give no other sign of their folly than to run half naked through all the cabins, but others are malicious. Some carry water, or something worse, and cast it on those they meet. Others take fire-brands, coals and cinders from the hearth, scattering them here and there, without considering on what these might fall. Others break the kettles and dishes, and all the small household things that come in their way. There are those who go armed with swords, bayonets, knives, axes, clubs, and make semblance of wishing to discharge these on the first comers; and all this is done till some one has found out and executed this dream, in which there are two things very remarkable.

“The first is that it sometimes happens that no one is found who is good enough diviner to guess their thoughts; for they do not propose them very clearly, but by enigmas, by concealed words, in singing, and sometimes by gestures alone. . . . Yet they go not from the place till some one has guessed their thoughts, and if one is very slow, or wishes not to interpret it, or is not able, they threaten to

reduce all to fire and ashes. This happens only too often, as we have found almost to our cost.

"One of these senseless fellows having slipped into our cabin, wished, with all his might, that some one should guess his dream and another satisfy it. Though we had declared, at the outset, that we were not there to obey these dreams, he yet persisted for a long time to cry, to storm and to make himself furious, but in our absence; for we had retired into a field cabin to escape these disorders. One of our hosts, wearying of these cries, presented himself to him, to know what he claimed. This furious man replied: I kill a Frenchman; behold my dream, which must be executed, whatever it costs. Our host threw to him a French dress, as though the spoils of a dead man, and at the same time, putting himself in a fury, said that he would avenge the death of the Frenchman; and that his loss will be that of the whole town, which he would reduce to ashes, commencing with his own cabin. Then he drove from it relatives and friends, servants, and all the great crowd which had gathered to see issue of this hubbub. Being left alone he fastens the doors, putting fire everywhere.

At this moment, while every one waited to see this cabin in flames, Father Chaumonot arrives, coming to do an act of charity. He sees a horrible smoke issue from his bark house; one tells him what it is. He forces a door; he throws himself into the midst of the fire and smoke, draws back the firebrands, extinguishes the fire and gently made our host come forth, contrary to the expectation of all the populace, who never resist the fury of the demon of dreams. This man continues in his fury. He runs through the streets and cabins, cries as much as he can that he goes to set all on fire, to avenge the death of the Frenchman. One presents him a dog to be the victim of his anger, and of the demon of his passion. It is not enough, said he, to efface the shame and the affront that one has made me, to wish to kill a Frenchman lodged in my house. One presents him a second. He is at once appeased, and returns to his own house as coolly as if nothing had occurred. . . .

"The brother of our host wished to play his part as well as the others. He dressed himself as a Satyr, covering himself from head to foot with husks of Indian corn. He

arrayed two women as veritable Furies: they had the hair parted, the face black as coal, the body clothed with two wolf skins; they were each armed with a lever or a great stake. The Satyr, seeing them well equipped, promenades by our cabin, singing and howling with all his might. In the sequel he mounts upon the roof, he makes a thousand turns there, crying as if all had been lost. This done he descends, going gravely through all the town; the two Furies precede him and break all that they encounter with their staves. If it is true to say that all men have some grain of madness, inasmuch as 'the number of fools is indefinite,' it must be confessed that these people have each more than half an ounce. Yet this is not all.

"Hardly had our Satyr and our Furies disappeared from our sight than behold a woman who threw herself into our cabin. She was armed with an arquebus, which she had obtained by her dream. She cried, howled, sang, saying she was going to war against the Nation of the Cat, that she would fight them and bring back prisoners, giving a thousand imprecations and a thousand maledictions, if this thing did not happen as she had dreamed.

"A warrior followed this Amazon. He came in, bow and arrows in his hand, with a bayonet. He dances, he sings, he cries, he threatens; then all at once throws himself upon a woman who had come in to see this comedy; he points the bayonet at her throat; takes her by the hair, contenting himself by cutting off some, and then he retires to give place to a diviner, who had dreamed that he could divine all that any one had hidden."

I need not quote further examples, but content myself with the good Father's conclusion. "Finally," he said, "this story would never be finished, if one wished to report all that they do during the three days and three nights that this folly lasts, with such a hubbub that one could scarcely find a moment to be in peace."

The sacrifice of the white dog does not appear at this winter feast, but this is a graphic picture of Indian life at Onondaga less than three centuries ago.

By way of contrast I give Mr. Clark's account of the same feast, mostly as an eye-witness and probably about 1844.

WHITE DOG FEAST

He observes that it "is celebrated late in the month of January or early in the month of February, according to the phasis of the moon. The Indian year is reckoned by moons, and this great national festival is held in the old moon nearest to the first of our own month February."

Two sets of managers are appointed for this, with from ten to twenty young men in each, and these superintend everything. On the first day four or five managers from each set leave the council house and run, as fast as possible to every cabin, knocking on the doors and sides, and calling on the inmates to come to the council house and share in the festivities. These managers wear only a waist cloth, reaching to the knee, but have moccasins on their feet and plumes on their heads, their faces and bodies being painted. Fires are now extinguished in all cabins, the managers entering and scattering the ashes with a small wooden shovel. When the hearth is cleansed a new fire is kindled with flint and steel. The other managers are at the council house, firing guns and shouting to let the people know the feast has commenced. They welcome all comers and lead them to the council house.

The second day the managers meet early at the council house for instructions. They are fantastically dressed and carry baskets to hold the gifts of the people. Their departure is announced by firing guns and shouts. Each manager carries a large turtle shell rattle which he uses in each cabin. Festivities continue at the council house while this preparation goes on.

On the first of the last three days the managers wear masks, old blankets, and daub themselves with soot and grease. At every house they are more importunate than before, but are supposed to collect the sins of the people. "On the evening of this day they hold a most ludicrous dance, called by the white people 'the devil's dance,' in which they 'dance off the witches.' Nothing can appear more loathsome and abhorrent than do the participators in this dance. Covered with grease, coal dust and soot, dressed in old worn out rags of blankets, tattered buffalo robes, hair side out, with masks of paper, bark, and husks of corn; add

to this the yells and rude music of the savage, and indeed it may well be styled 'a dance of devils.' "

The next day is one of preparation and of general rejoicing. Then comes the great sacrificial day. In great numbers the people flock to the council house. Large fires are built early in the morning, guns are fired and shouts are heard. The sacrificial wood is arranged near the council house, nearly half a cord in alternate layers crosswise. A near-by house is used for preparations for the day. A leader from each side is clothed in a long loose white shirt, and the other managers are arrayed according to office. The grand master of ceremonies or high priest's station is at the council house, where he remains, receiving reports and giving new directions. On this occasion grey headed Oh-he-nu, or Capt. Honnos held this post. One messenger, a woman, attracted special attention. Her new dress was of fine blue woolen cloth, and her leggings were adorned with silver brooches and small white beads. The lower part of the skirt was adorned in the same way. Over the whole was a mantle of blue cloth which swept the ground. Her two attendant maidens were likewise dressed. She superintended the feast.

About nine oclock the managers rushed out, followed by two white dogs, painted with red figures and adorned with small belts of wampum, with feathers and ribbons, tied around their necks, legs and tails. A long rope, with a single slip knot in the center, was passed over the head of one. It was quickly suffocated when the managers pulled lustily on each end of the rope, after which it was hung up on a ladder against the house. The other had the same fate. Guns were fired, thirty or forty persons rushed out of the council house, gave three great yells and retired. Half an hour later the dogs were taken down and carried into the house of preparation, where spectators were not admitted.

From the managers the collective sins of the people were now transferred to the two white clad leaders, and thence to the dogs. These were placed on the shoulders of chosen bearers, and a procession was formed in double file. This moved slowly and silently around the house of preparation, through the two opposite doors of the council house and

around it. There, meanwhile, the offerings had been hung on pegs around the room, presented to the head chief for his blessing and returned to their place, all this in a reverential way.

When the dogs were brought in, the procession moved in single file three times around the platform before they were laid down. At each round the old chief gravely rose, placed his hands on the shoulders of the first bearer, and whispered something in his ear. Other chiefs did the same. The procession moved on and at the end of the third round the dogs were laid on the platform, around which the procession still moved.

Outside the pile had been fired and half consumed, and Capt. Honnos directed the bearers to take up the dogs, he himself leading as it moved in single file. The white robed leaders followed him, the canine bearers, the managers, and others as they could, all singing, as they marched around the council house to the burning pile. Thrice they moved around this, and then Capt. Honnos stopped on the west side, facing the east and toward the fire, the leaders and bearers on his left hand. A prayer and chant, and the dogs were laid at his feet. Another prayer and chant, and one dog was cast on the burning pile. With like ceremonies the other followed, and gifts were thrown on the fire at intervals. When all were nearly consumed the procession returned to the council house, and thence the managers went to the house of preparation.

Time brings changes, as we see in the two accounts already given. Jan. 18, 1894, I attended the concluding ceremonies of the White Dog feast at Onondaga, under the escort of Daniel La Fort, then acting as head chief. This day is called Koon-wah-tun-was, They are burning the dog. Late in the morning we went to the council house, where about thirty men and boys, and a dozen females were assembled. All the men wore their hats, and in the council house all had on their ordinary attire. At the smaller house, usually called the short house to distinguish it from the long house, the sedate John Green was gaudily feathered and dressed, and Thomas Webster, then keeper of the wampum, wore a feather head-dress. Both had some red paint; La Fort had none of either. The clans were divided

as usual: the Wolf, Turtle, Beaver and Snipe in the long house; the Bear, Deer, Hawk and Eel in the short house.

A little before noon La Fort arose and began an address, to which there were frequent responses of "Ne-a!" a note of approval. He alone of the Indians uncovered his head, though most of them bowed. Perhaps half responded. A gun was heard, and a messenger from the short house entered, asking guesses on a dream. He stood facing the men, and they questioned him amid much merriment. A curious chant with responses followed this. A man arose to give another dream, and there was some more quiet fun. He sat down, and a woman came and whispered another dream in his ear. He rose and stated this, with a little more fun, and a messenger took it to the other house, to be solved there. A chant followed, with responses. Several boys were present with guns and pistols, and some of these now went out and fired them.

There were cries outside and another messenger came. There was another chant, some keeping up an accompaniment of "He! He!" He!" beating time with the feet, and ending with a long drawn out "Wo-o-o-o-a-a-ah," with a falling cadance. A short speech and guesses at the dream followed, with more laughter, and the same prolonged cry and falling cadence. This messenger retired with the boys, and there were again cries and firing without. Another messenger came, and this was several times repeated, while we heard similar chants from the other house.

The council house stands nearly east and west, with opposite doors in the center, differing in this from most others. The south door was opened as a procession started from the short house on the north side, chanting as it came. It consisted of John Green and two men, the last of whom bore the white basket which now represents the dog. Fifty years earlier two white dogs were consumed on a pile of wood outside; then but one; then this was dropped into a stove, and now a white basket takes its place. La Fort told me that this is because the sacred breed of dogs is extinct, but others simply say the present way is better.

In the council house two benches were placed across the house, in front of the two stoves. On one of these, at the east or men's end, sat La Fort and four others. Two women

took the opposite one. These are called "Ho-no-wi-yah Sana Ta-en-ya-wah-ke, "Those begging Ta-en-ya-wah-ke for the people." John Green, the leader of the procession, had a similar name, the prayers going to the Holder of the heavens through him.

When the three men came in they placed the offerings of tobacco, etc., on the floor between the two benches, as well as the basket representing the dog, and marched around these, chanting. As the leader came along the man at the south end of the bench stopped him, rising and placing his hand on his shoulder, while saying a few words. This might be, as of old, "Well, my cousin, what would think if I gave a dog to the Great Spirit?" or "If I should give some tobacco?" and as through all the offerings. Green responded, "Ne-ah-we-hah, Thank you," and the procession moved around again. The second man stopped him as did the other men and women in turn, at each successive circuit. They spoke for the people to him, and he to the Great Spirit for them.

After this John Green made quite a long address or prayer, intoned and with responses. Part of the time all joined in the responses and chants. Thomas Webster also made a similar address. The old "He! He!" accompaniment came in at times. The march being resumed, the procession stopped before the north door for another chant and response, and then passed out, bearing all the offerings.

While they were gone La Fort made another address, keeping his hat on. In fact I was the only one there with uncovered head, my hat being convenient for making notes in a quiet way. A chant was again heard from the other house, and the procession returned thence, followed by all who were there, marching through the north door, across the room and out of the south door. The men in the council house followed next and then the women, turning to the east as they pressed outside, past the east end, back to the east end of the short house, along its north side and west end, and back through the north door of the council house, around the eastern stove. Three baskets were now carried, with a smaller basket or bundle, and all were adorned with ribbons. The march was slow and solemn, and at the end all stood.

Thomas Webster was on the southeast of the stove, facing it, with William Buck at his right. Green faced them on the northwest of the stove. Buck cried "Kwe!" three times, very loudly and sharply, but with intervals. This is the ancient cry of joy or sorrow, according to intonation. Then came a chant by all. The stove door was opened and two of the baskets were thrust in. Webster made an intoned address, followed by a chant, the stove was again opened and the tobacco and other offerings went into the fire. All stood around, chanting with bowed heads. Green followed this with a prolonged "O-hone-o-o-o-o-nu-ch!" Still standing on the northwest he chanted again, and there was the usual response. All but the three leaders then sat down, and there came the ancient "He! He!" with the measured tramp of feet by those on the benches. Green marched around the stove once, keeping time with this. William Buck then made an address, standing on the east side with a chant and response, and marching around once chanting.

A chant with the accompanying "He!" followed from one of those sitting down, who came forward and marched a little way. Another did the same, marching slowly, both having the same response. Webster again made an intoned address, standing on the southeast, after which John Green led the short house procession back to it again. Soon the remaining women went out and then the men, and the great ceremony of the day was over. My friend and I were the only white persons present.

I add some other notes resulting from questions I asked. The Onondaga name of this feast closely corresponds to that of the old Dream Feast of the 17th century. It is *Ko-no-why-yah-ha* in the feminine; for men, *Hoo-no-why-yah-ha*, and is, properly, the asking or begging feast. This old feature is still prominent, as I have shown. A woman asks for something and a man speaks for her, as is the Iroquois custom. "You hear! She pleads (with a rumble like a bull). Guess what it is!" She has already told him her dream or desire. Some one says, perhaps in jest: "May be she'll like this!" One house guesses for the other, and they have some fun out of it. At last the right guess is made, and the response is: "*Neah-wen-ha; Thank you.*" All take part in this from the two houses.

Challenges are also made for other and future feasts, to

enliven them. One says: "I can beat any one running." Another replies: "I am the man you are looking for;" and the race is arranged later, the house of the challenger furnishing bread.

I have summarized these three accounts for direct contrast, but have heard nothing of the famous White Dog feast in many years.

OTHER FEASTS

The annual dead feast is O-kee-we. At this the female keepers of the Faith are appointed, who are called O-nah-ta-hone-tah. They are many and men hold a like office. The dead feast, ten days after death, is called Ah-tya-hak-koon-sa, and that coming from dreams is the same. I was in a house one day, with an Indian friend, when an old woman asked him to attend a dead feast there. "But," I said, "she is not dead; why does she want a dead feast?" The dead had told her, in a dream, to hold this feast. It would help her.

The other annual Onondaga feasts are that of the Maple, Planting, Strawberry, Green Bean, Green Corn and Harvest feasts. I omit the long Onondaga names of these. Among the Senecas Morgan omits the Bean feast, and others are now obsolete.

Among personal feasts the most famous has been the eat all feast, where great preparations were made and the guests were expected to eat all that was set before them. The most famous of those here was the one at Onondaga lake, March 20, 1658. Radisson gave a graphic account of this, being present, but I will not follow his antique spelling. They began with a dozen great kettles of beaten Indian corn, dressed with mince meat, and are thankful for generous hosts. "They eat as so many wolves, having eyes bigger than bellies; they are rare at it without any noise." Two kettles of wild geese, two of wild ducks, two of wild pigeons, then salmon and eels in profusion. "Were they to burst, here they will show their courage." Bears' meat and venison follow, and at last "The wild men can hold out no longer; they must sleep. They cry out, Skennon, enough;

we can bear no more." And so the French get away, for the Onondagas succumbed at the eat all feast. They came hungry and were gorged.

HANDSOME LAKE AND THE NEW RELIGION

Mr. Arthur C. Parker said of this, that "Ga-i-wi-u, meaning Glad Tidings, is the religion spread among the Iroquois by Ganeodaiu, called the Prophet. He began his preaching in 1800, and was ultimately successful in utterly extinguishing the ancient Iroquois religion. His teachings are a curious blending of ancient ideas and beliefs with the ideas and beliefs of modern times. His teachings are still preached by six preachers among the Iroquois of New York and Canada. Each preacher has memorized the entire teachings." He adds first a translation to the Seneca text, which I have followed. His second is slightly different and has 130 sections.

On Handsome Lake's monument at Onondaga is this inscription:

"Ga-nya-di-yoh
Author of the Present
Indian Religion
Born at
Ga-noh-wau-gus
Genesee Co. N. Y. 1735
Died Aug. 10, 1815
At Onondaga Reservation
Handsome Lake."

This is on the site of the old council house, beneath which he was buried.

Gaiwiu begins with the prophet's trance and revelation. The account is followed by over ninety sections of direct teaching, concluding with his death. Three angels reveal nearly all rules, many of them very good, but the fourth defers his coming to the last. The account of this meeting is curious. "He held up his hands, and they were pierced, and in his breast was a spear wound. His hands and feet were torn with nails. It was true as could be seen. And the blood was fresh. Then said the man: They murdered

me because of unbelief. So I have come home, and I will shut the doors of heaven, that all may see me when the earth passes away. Then will people cry unto me and they will crave my mercy. Then in this way will I come; my face will be very sober, and I will turn it toward my people."

The sections on drinking are good, causing a speedy reformation, and the one on short marriages might well be followed by our own people. "Now God ordained that when people marry it is for a lifetime, forever, as long as the people live, and are married till parted by death."

Section 49 treats of a dispute in heaven between two parties. "One is the Great Ruler, the Creator, and the other is the evil-minded, the devil. You who live on earth do not know the things of heaven.

"Now the devil said: 'I am the ruler of earth, because when I command, I speak but once and man obeys.' Then said the Great Ruler: 'The earth is mine. I have created it, and you helped in no part.'

"Now the devil answered: 'I acknowledge that you have created the earth, and that I helped in no part, but when I say to men, Obey me! they obey, but they do not hear you.' And the Great Ruler said: 'The children are mine, for they have never done evil.' The devil answering, said: 'Nay, the children are mine, for when I say to one, Pick up that stick and strike your fellow, they obey me. All the children are mine.'

"Then was the Great ruler sad, and he said: 'Once more I will send my messenger, and say how I feel. In this way I will claim my own.' And the devil said: 'It will not be long before they transgress the words of the prophecy. I will destroy it with one word, for they will do what I say. It is very true that I delight in the name Ha-nis-se-o-no. It is true that whosoever loves my name, though he be on the other side of the earth, will find me at his back instantly.'

"Now the Great Ruler spoke to the four angels and said, 'Tell men that at present they must not call me Haweniu, the Great Ruler, for the devil thinks himself the ruler. So, whosoever is converted to my way must say, when he calls upon me or speaks my name, Hodianokda Hediohe, our Creator. And whoever speaks of the devil must say Segoyi-

natha (the punisher). Then will the devil know that you know who he is.' ”

In Section 92 “he saw a house suspended midway between the sky and clouds. Around the house was a porch with a fence about it. A man was walking on the porch, and a kwenissia (penny dog) was following him. The man was rejoicing, and he was a white man.” He was told that he was “the first and oldest President, and he is now happy.” He is the only white man who ever came so near heaven. It is said there was once a condition in which the thirteen fires and the king were in trouble. The thirteen fires were victorious, and this man won the victory from the king. And when he said: ‘You have overpowered me, and now I release all that was in my control. It is your privilege to do with these Indians, who are my helpers, as you please. Let them be meat for your sacrifice.’ Then said the President, ‘They may live, and return to their places; and their lands are theirs and they are independent!’ It is said that he has done a great thing. He has done this that a people might enjoy freedom.”

In this I miss much that was said in the preaching at Onondaga in August, 1894, and it differs also from Morgan’s report at an earlier day. The summons to a religious council is by white wampum instead of purple, and ten long strings of white wampum are held by an attendant, while the preacher recites part of Gaiwiiu from ten o’clock to noon Morgan said: “There is a popular belief among the Iroquois that the early part of the day is dedicated to the Great Spirit, and the after part to the spirits of the dead; consequently their religious services should properly be concluded at meridian. They still retain the theory, and to this day religious discourses are seldom continued after noon.”

Mr. Parker says, in his introduction to “The Code of Handsome Lake”: “The time consumed in reciting the Gaiwiiu is always three days. At noon, each day, the expositor stops, for the sun is in midheaven and ready to descend. All sacred things must be sedetcia, early in the morning. Before sunrise each morning of the preaching, the preacher stands at the fireplace in the long house and sings a song known as the Sun Song. This is in obedience

to a command of the prophet, who promised that it should insure good weather for the day." "The wind always dies down when I sing that song," affirms Chief Cornplanter.

During the recital of the Gaiwio the preacher stands at the fireplace, which serves as the altar. Sitting beside him is an assistant, or some officer of the rites, who holds a white wampum strand. A select congregation sits on benches, placed across the long house, but the majority use the double row of seats around the walls."

The stated preaching is in September and midwinter. Since Mr. Parker edited the Code two of the six preachers have died.

Commissioner Dearborn, at the Buffalo Creek reservation, 1838, speaks of Handsome Lake as then residing on the Tonawanda reservation, mistaking his representative for him. He mentions another at Buffalo, called Ne-an-wis-tan-on. "The illustrious prophet of this reservation, dreams like the patriarchs of old and sees visions. Since the question of emigrating to the west has been agitated in the tribe, and very recently, this learned pagan reports that he went to hell, in one of his spiritual nocturnal excursions. He passed over an immense prairie, and at the distant end beheld an enormous stone edifice, without doors or windows, but the guide who accompanied him—being a special messenger from the Great Spirit—knocked against the wall and instantly an opening was made, from which issued a blaze that ascended hundreds of feet above the roofs, and he beheld within huge potash kettles, filled with boiling oil and molten lead, and there were the wicked, rising and falling and tumbling over in the bubbling fluids; and ever and anon, as the heads of some were thrown above the top of the kettles, they gave a horrid yell and down they plunged again. There, he was told, would be punished all the chiefs who advised emigration."

CONSTITUTION OF THE FIVE NATIONS

This curious document, also edited by Mr. Parker, was issued in 1916. He said, "The two principal manuscripts that form the basis of this work were found in the Six

Nations Reservation, Ontario, Canada, in 1910. The first manuscript was a lengthy account of the Dekanawida legend and an account of the Confederate Iroquois laws. This material has been brought together by Seth Newhouse, a Mohawk, who has expended a large amount of time and given the subject a lengthy study. His account, written in Indian English, was submitted to Albert Cusick, a New York Onondaga. . . . Mr. Cusick was employed for more than a month in correcting the Newhouse manuscript, until he believed the form in which it is now presented fairly correct, and at least as accurate as a free translation could be made. The second manuscript was compiled by the chiefs of the Six Nations council, and in the form here published has been reviewed and corrected by several of their own number."

WAMPUM BELTS

Mr. Newhouse came to me with these documents, but I had completed my ten years work for the State and referred him to others. Their greatest value, it seems to me, is in the preservation of some curious legends—often contradictory—and in the references to figures of speech and some odd customs whose date is easily shown. As to wampum, I have handled too much to have faith in the remote age of any of Iroquois origin, save that found on their deserted sites. It came to them with the white man. From the belts illustrating the Constitution I will give two instances. First, the two large covenant belts which I bought at Onondaga for the State Museum in 1898. These are the widest belts known. The one of 50 rows is entitled the "Great Belt of the Confederacy, symbolizing the Gayanes-shagowa as an ever growing tree." This was not the Onondaga name. The interpretation of 1886 was "The second belt used by the principal chief of the Six Nations, very old." Mr. T. Donaldson's note is similar: "The wing mat used by the head man to shield him from the dust while presiding at the council." The companion belt is of 45 rows, and in this case is entitled "Belt of the covenant. Displayed by the speaker of the confederate council."

There are good figures of both these belts in Mr. Parker's

Iroquois Myths and Legends. In that of the widest his footnote reads: "Wing or Dust Fan of the president of the council. This is an Onondaga national belt and the largest known. The design is said to represent an endlessly growing tree, which symbolizes the perpetuity of the league."

On the other he has two footnotes: the first, below the page of print, reads, "Ot-to-tar-ho or To-ta-da-ho became the first presiding sachem of the confederacy. The wampum belt commemorating him is second only in size to the Wing or Carpet belt of the league. Both belts are in the State Museum." The second note is beneath the figure of the belt: "To-ta-da-ho belt—sometimes called the Prese-dentia. It is the second largest belt known. The series of diamonds in the center is said to represent a covenant chain always to be kept bright." While it is not the original great colonial covenant chain belt, often described, the design is appropriate for a league of some kind.

Neither of these great belts show marks of age, though both have been neatly shortened. Both are nicely made on small buckskin thongs, with a hard red thread, and apparently by one person. Their modern origin is at once evident to any careful observer, if there were no further proof. In February, 1756, nearly 600 of the Iroquois were at Fort Johnson, Red Head, of Onondaga, being speaker. He said: "Look upon this Belt. [This Belt was the largest ever given, upon it was wrought the sun by way of the emblem of Light and some figures representing the Six Nations: it was intended to signify that they now saw objects in their proper Light and that they were fully convinced of the truth of every thing proposed] as a pledge of our inviolable attachment to you. . . . We shall send this belt to the Senecas that from thence it may be conveyed to the remotest nations.

At the same place, June 19, 1757, "The Senecas spread a prodigious large Belt upon the floor, of 30 rows broad of wampum, with a figure of of the sun in the middle and the Six Nations at one end. They told Sir William this belt they had made use of to invite some nations of Indians to remove nearer to them and join their confederacy. That they had sent to all the scattered Indians of the Six Nations to return and live in their own country," etc. It is evident

that if this was the largest belt then known to the Onondagas, the two I bought of them did not then exist.

The other belt, now sometimes called that of Hiawatha, and with a new interpretation to make it appear old, is a well known Onondaga belt with a heart in the center, and originally having at least three nations on each side, shown by the connecting links. The mythical plan of having all nations in the confederacy utterly failed. A seventh nation did propose to enter the League in 1723, but thought better of it.

That a constitution of 117 sections was, at the very outset, adopted by five bodies of hitherto hostile people, hardly seems reasonable to me. The present provisions for voting in Canada, certainly are not those that appear in the early history of New York.

How they should sit in council is a matter of etiquette, and might require long and grave deliberation, but I hardly think they would have made a law about placing a stick across the door to show that no one was at home. The Iroquois were given to sudden hostile outbreaks, and we hear nothing of three successive warnings till 1753. Yet the Constitution says this was the law 150 years earlier. In the same way we can point out the date, very nearly, of the present arrangement of the Elder and Younger Brothers. In 1746, at a council, the official interpreter was ill, and it was thought best to have a chief give the address to the Indians.

Colden said, "At first a Mohawk Sachem was pitched upon; but the Sachems themselves told us, That for some time past a kind of Party Division among the Six Nations had subsisted: That the Mohawks, Onondages and Senekas form'd one Party; and the Oneydoes, Tuscaroras, and Cayugas, the other: That, as the Mohawks might be suspected to be more partial to the English, it would be of more Use to employ one of the other Party; and an Oneydo Sachem was proposed for that Purpose."

The Iroquois were not exempt from the common rule, that laws are made as needs arise. At some time, near or remote, these 117 rules have been in use here or in Canada, but not all in the beginning, and that beginning

was not earlier than 1590. Like the Onondagas I prefer ten years later.

GOVERNMENT AND LANDS

The government of the Iroquois is a pure oligarchy. In his chapter on governments, in his *League of the Iroquois*, Mr. L. H. Morgan concedes this, specifying his reasons "for regarding the government of the Iroquois as an oligarchy rather than an aristocracy." All early writers, however, recognize the latter as well. He concludes that "The oligarchical form of government is not without its advantages, although indicative of a low state of civilization." In his able argument he overlooks one feature resulting from his classification of principal chiefs. The Onondagas have eight clans and fourteen chiefs and three of these clans are unrepresented in the grand council. Two of the Cayuga and two of the Seneca clans have the same luck. There are other ways in which a large portion of three of the Five Nations are completely disfranchised. Their only remedy seems to be in demanding their rights in some orderly way but they must do it themselves. Then they can call on the United States to see that they have them.

There are now three classes of chiefs. Principal chiefs, who are chosen by the women of certain families in the clans to which they belong. After being installed these may be deposed in an orderly way by those who have chosen them, the other clans having nothing to say. War chiefs are also appointed as personal assistants to these when there is no war to engage their attention. When we have war they are always the foremost to volunteer in our hour of need. There are Pine Tree chiefs, some of whom I have known. With wonderful foresight they were provided for in the 35th section of the Constitution, as follows:—

"Should any man of the Nation assist with special ability or show great interest in the affairs of the Nation, if he proves himself wise, honest and worthy of confidence, the Confederate Lords may elect him to a seat with them, and he may sit in the Confederate Council. He shall be proclaimed a Pine Tree sprung up for the Nation, and be in-

stalled as such at the next assembly for the installation of Lords. Should he ever do any thing contrary to the rules of the Great Peace, he may not be deposed from office—no one shall cut him down—but thereafter every one shall be deaf to his voice and his advice. Should he resign his seat and title no one shall prevent him. A Pine Tree chief has no authority to name a successor, nor is his office hereditary.”

At Onondaga a principal chief is called Ho-yah-nah Hason-no-wah-ne, Good man with big name, and is now commonly called chief and formerly captain. In Canada he is a Confederate Lord. At Onondaga a pine tree chief is said to have his roots in heaven.

MODERN QUESTIONS

Government is connected with the tenure of land in many ways, and the Iroquois women have always claimed that, as they till the land, they are the owners. This title might not hold good now; but in pioneer days two women, in every nation, were guardians of their rights. Close by, the Onondaga reservation has special features. It was not reserved for them but by them. They hold it by the recognized right of conquest. No matter how long one of another nationality has lived there, he owns not a foot of land. The house, the fence, the farming tools may be his, but nothing more. If it were sold or apportioned, only the Onondagas there would have a share.

Some years ago the question of apportionment came up. In one case, and probably many, it was linked with another—that of nationality. A progressive friend of mine had a good farm, house and barns, a capable wife and industrious children. His wife was an Oneida, and therefore, as children are of the mother's clan and nation, all his children were Oneidas. This was the way he reasoned: “I will get my share, but it will be less than I have now. My wife will get nothing. My children will have not an acre. No apportionment for me.” Was he not right?

There is the question of citizenship. It ought not to be forced on the Indian. He himself is preparing for it un-

consciously or the reverse, but one thing influences him greatly. He shrinks from taxation and we are not fond of it ourselves. A good friend of mine, anxious for Indian welfare, said one day to one of my Indian friends: "Why doesn't Dr. Beauchamp, when he comes here, talk to the Indians about being citizens, instead of collecting stories, songs, pictures, words and curios?"

Well, I had never thought it my duty, and don't think it was, yet. My friend did not excuse me but answered for himself in this way: "We don't want to be citizens. I would have to pay taxes. I have a little place where I raise what I want, but I am not very well. Some time I'll be sick and have no money for taxes. Next year it may be the same, and the next, and then I'll lose my little place in which I have taken such comfort." He was not the only one who takes this view.

I wish to say a little more on the land question. A great deal has been said on this and on the unfairness with which the Indians have been treated in the purchase of land, and such instances there have been, beyond all question. The Onondagas draw some annuities from the State, but these are not gifts, as some people think. They are the interest on what we still owe for those lands, just as the United States is statedly paying interest on Liberty bonds.

Now there was a certain land or water purchase close by Syracuse made by Sir William Johnson in 1752, of which he was not specially proud. The French were then scheming for a fort at Onondaga lake and he interfered for the public good. He had a conference with the Onondagas and they granted him the lake and the land for two miles around it. They signed a deed and he paid them 350 pounds before witnesses. That was \$1750 with money worth more than now. No wonder the Assembly refused to buy a big swamp far away in the wilderness at that price. They granted him the tract, but it was a dead loss. Not to the Onondagas, though, for they had been paid for it. It became a part of the salt reservation in later days, and they had a second payment. Those acres will be worth something some day, yet, but for the white man they would have been as valueless as they were centuries ago. In fact it is but recently that any one would have thought these swamps a good investment.

John Goldie, the botanist, was at Salina in August, 1819, and was thoroughly disgusted with the place. He went thence to Sackett's Harbor, crossing Oneida river by ferry at Brewerton. This is his comment on the road beyond: "The land here does not seem to be worth much. I have seen farms to-day that I would not take as a present, they are so barren." This was sometimes the case on the Military Tract. Men looked at their grants and turned on their heels. How high a rate of interest has Cicero Swamp paid? The Cowaselon Swamp in Madison Co. is becoming a fertile garden, but it was a dreary place when I first saw it. It is not fair to the white man to measure wilderness prices by present day values. In November, 1921, the Post-Standard said, of a section north of Syracuse: "Turkeys are generally raised there, for the land is too poor for much of any thing else."

You will remember the cost of surveying and mapping the wilderness, the clearing of land and laying out of roads, and you may find out that the white man really paid a pretty good price for unimproved land. He was the one who gave it real value. The question is not what is it worth now, but what was it worth then.

Johnson had another experience in land buying in 1768, when he settled the line of property" or boundary line between the whites and Indians to the south of Fort Stanwix, by which all the land east of the line became Government property. The presents cost over 10,460 pounds, beside other expenses. From near Fort Stanwix the line ran generally south nearly to the Pennsylvania line. Some thought it cost too much.

ORNAMENTS

The white man's beads at once attracted all Indians, and their bead work has ever since been famous. Some of this is wonderful. Before the white man came the Iroquois were restricted to rude stone beads, disk shell beads made flat and thin and easily perforated, occasional native pearl beads, perforated by a copper awl. These they obtained but did not make. They also made larger rude shell beads of the columella of a sea shell having a natural perfora-

tion. Occasionally fresh water shells were perforated and strung, as in the legend of Hiawatha. These were rare. In their earlier embroidery they used colored porcupine quills or elk's or moose hair. Some large, beautiful and quite rare glass beads are found on their recent sites. No wonder they were prized.

The teeth of the elk, bear and wolf were used for collars and necklaces. A small and perforated bone of the deer furnished bangles for the skirts of women, but these gave place to cones of sheet copper or perforated thimbles. At first brass brooches were made for the adornment of both men and women. At the close of the 17th century these gave place to finer forms made of silver, which were lavishly used up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Silver head bands of great beauty, bracelets, ear-rings, large and small crosses, and beads were among these, but all are now very rare. The best were made by white men, but Indians were soon skilled in the simpler forms,

I need not now describe the more useful articles, as the mortar and pestle, cradle board, wooden spoons and minor articles, but most of these have disappeared before later things. The Onondaga reservation is quite a modern place now. I recently attended an Oneida picnic there and the young men and maidens were quite up to date in dress, and the table in all things good.

RELATIONSHIP

Relationship is on the mother's side, as said before, children being of her clan, family and nation. Thus the celebrated Logan was the son of an Oneida chief, but his mother was a Cayuga, and so Logan's monument has an appropriate place in Fort Hill cemetery, Auburn, N. Y. Sagoyewatha. (He keeps them awake) or Red Jacket, has a Cayuga name and was born at Canoga, a Cayuga town, probably having a Cayuga father, but his mother was a Seneca and that determined his nationality. He was known to many as the Cow Killer.

On the father's side Onondagas are simply Ah-kaa-kah-to-ne-ha-no, i. e. On my father's side, the paternal relation-

ship being recognized. Albert Cusick's father was a Tuscarora Turtle, his mother an Onondaga Eel. The Turtles on the Onondaga reservation gave him a double portion of cakes at New Year's, as being his fathers. "Hello! here is our child. Give him more." They have the custom or did have of going around at New Year's for cakes, etc., saying "New Yah," or "Ne-ah," for New Year. They probably speak better English now, as they have progressed since I wrote this note. At that time a whole family might go together.

On relationship my sister had a curious experience. She volunteered to take our church school there for a few weeks in order that the teacher might have a needed vacation. The catechism was taught and the children would say, "Thou shalt honor thy mother and thy father." Probably the mother did deserve first place.

There was another custom but recently passed away—that of clan burial. The wife would be buried with her family, not with her husband. I should have also said that a man must not marry into his own clan, the relationship being considered too close.

ODDS AND ENDS

I add, in a general way, some notes from Albert Cusick. He said the old Tuscaroras had a custom which they thought would keep their teeth white and strong through life, a thing much to be desired. A man caught a snake and held it by the head and tail. Then he bit it through, all the way from the head to the tail. This kept the teeth from decay. If you try it please follow directions.

George Fish used medicine in trapping, and would not have the head of a muskrat broken lest it should bring bad luck.

John Obadiah, before hunting deer, used to boil green osier bark, and, for a few days, drink enough to make him vomit. The deer would then be so tame that he could almost catch them. Even his gun at times must not be touched by a woman. For a long time his name was O-skun-tah, Bark, but at a Green Corn dance he had it changed to

Nyah-sa-kwa-ta, Crane or Heron. Names were often changed and Cusick's first name he gave to me.

He said, "I do not think the Indians have any idea of unlucky days; only when they see a large circle around the sun or moon, they say it is going to snow if in winter; if in summer, rain."

He added, "The only thing I ever heard the Indian say about Candlemas day is, that when we have February thunder it wakes the bears and woodchucks, but not on a certain day; as we may not have thunder till most of March has passed."

The evil eye: "I have heard some of the old Indians say, 'Just watch that person's eye.' If it be smoky he is a witch." The Indians call it Ho-ka-ah-ta-ken, or burned eye.

In 1893, he wrote, "I do not think there is much difference in the customs at death from those among the whites. The difference might be that the Indians sit up all night to watch the dead: if it be a Christian death the Indians watch by singing with note-books and having a late supper. But if a pagan dies, the pagan Indians gamble while watching the dead, and sometimes they have a dance."

THE WOMEN'S NIGHT DANCE

He told me two stories of the Night Dance, as a pleasant reminiscence. It resembles the O-kee-weh, but comes often and at pleasure, and is managed by women alone. One or more chickens are boiled or roasted, and are known as the "head" of the feast. At a certain time the boys try to steal this head, which is their lawful privilege if they can do it, and he was always ready to take part in the fun. I presume those good old times are gone.

Usually a kettle is placed in the middle of the circle of women and the chicken is in the soup. If it is roasted another receptacle is found. One night, at a private house, there was no kettle in this circle and the women gathered around the pantry door. The boys took in the situation. There was no getting through the pantry door, but an ac-

tive lad tried the window, found two roast chickens in a pan, secured some corn, bread and other good things, and got off unobserved. They carried their booty to the green by the council house and there ate it all.

"Then, according to custom, they began to caw like crows. The women said, 'You are all frauds. You haven't found the head. We have that all safe.' The boys slipped the pan of bones back into the pantry and the dances went on. A speech was made. One head was to go to the speaker and the other to the singers. They opened the door and nothing appeared." When they got there the pantry was bare, and so the poor women had none.

"There was a dance at Mary Green's one night, and the boys ran about, imitating hungry crows. A circle of women surrounded the stove in the center of the room, and the head was in a big kettle on the stove. It seemed inaccessible and the soup was hot. Several boys tried to creep on their hands and knees through the circle and failed. At last one got through in the dark interval, and made off with the chicken in a pail. The crows were soon heard again." This dance is also for the sick and has similar tunes. When they hear of one the boys get together and plan how they may steal the head. At intervals the lights are put out and then is their chance. The older people say, "Get it if you can."

HIDDEN IN THE HUSKS

Among the Onondagas, it is said, were formerly persons called Ta-na-se-weh-too, Hidden in the husks. These were said to be "covered in the husk" if kept out of the sight of all persons, and thus they were preserved absolutely pure from birth, being hidden at once by the mother. If a boy and girl had been thus hidden they were married, if possible, when of suitable age. Cusick knew of no such cases, but it was a tradition that it was an old custom. Hewitt uses a different Onondaga word and for a differing traditional usage. Dehanoadon is defined by him as, He is defended by down, and Deienoadon, She is defended by down. This general term is down fended, cat-tail down being scattered about their abode as a means of detection. I consider this as unfounded in fact, though appearing in two varying Onondaga forms.

THE STARS

I give, from Hewitt's Seneca creation myth, the story of the origin of the stars:

"After the woman found a place on the turtle, and grass and shrubs appeared, she stood up and said, 'Now will come the sun, which shall be called En-dek-ha (pertaining to the day).' It appeared, and when it set it was dark again. Then she said, 'Now will come the stars like spots in the sky.' They came. Then she told what some should be called. Toward the north were several, and she said, 'These shall be called Ni-a-gwai had-i-she, (They are pursuing the bear).' Then she looked to the east and said, 'A large star will be there, rising usually before daylight, and it shall be called Tgen-den-wit-ha (It brings the day).' She pointed to another group, saying, 'That shall be called Gat-gwa-da (The group visible). That will be a sign of the coming spring.' Then she said of the Pleiades, 'That group shall be called De-hon-nont-gwen. (They are dancing).' Another she named I-en-i-u-ci-ot. (She is sitting).' Of another group she said, 'These shall go with them and be called Nan-ga-ni-a-gon Ga-sa-do. (Beaver that spreads its skin). When men travel by night they will watch this group'." To others she gave names. The Onondagas call the stars O-jis-ta-noo-kwa, or Spotted in the sky.

Mrs. E. A. Smith gives the story of the Pleiades and some others. That of the Great Bear follows: "A party of hunters were once in pursuit of a bear, when they were attacked by a monster stone giant, and all but three destroyed. The three, together with the bear, were carried by invisible spirits up into the sky, where the bear can still be seen, pursued by the first hunter with his bow, the second with the kettle, and the third, who, farther behind, is gathering sticks. Only in fall do the arrows of the hunter pierce the bear, when his dripping blood tinges the autumn foliage. Then for a time he is invisible, but afterward reappears." The main part of this tale appeared centuries ago. Two more from Mrs. Smith follow.

"An old man, despised and rejected by his people, took his bundle and staff and went up into a high mountain, where he began singing the death chant. Those below who were watching him, saw him slowly rise into the air, his

chant ever growing fainter and fainter, until it finally ceased as he took his place in the heavens, where his stooping figure, staff and bundle have ever since been visible, and are pointed out as Na-ge-tci, (the old man).

"An old woman, gifted with the powers of divination, was unhappy because she could not also foretell when the world would come to an end. For this she was transported to the moon, where to this day she is clearly to be seen weaving a forehead strap. Once a month she stirs the boiling kettle of hominy before her, during which occupation the cat, ever by her side, unravels her net, and so she must continue until the end of time, for never until then will her work be finished."

Mrs. Smith has also a brief story about the north star, Ti-yn-sou-da-go-er, the star that never moves.

The old Onondagas would not hang up their wet moccasins to dry, for they said the deer would mistake these for plenty of meat and would not allow themselves to be shot. If a deer sees a person, and stops and snorts or barks at him, it is a sign of some relative's death. If a horse runs away snorting it is the same. If a muskrat upsets the trap without getting into it, and covers it with earth, there will be death in the family.

Sometimes an Onondaga family may cover the looking glass or turn it to the wall when there is a death in the house, not from superstition but to show that they feel so bad that they do not care how they look. When Capt. Samuel George died, the clock was stopped and an apron thrown over it.

ONONDAGA MIGRATIONS

In Clark's Onondaga are some notes of interest on early migrations. He said: "Among the earliest traditions of the Onondagas, it is noted that they at first came from the North many hundred years ago, and once inhabited a region along the northern banks of St. Lawrence (and that straggling parties of hunters isolated themselves in the country since occupied by the Six Nations. That in process of time the remaining part of their nation followed and

set themselves down in the valley and on the hills of Onondaga."

By placing them on the southern side of the river this is a good sketch of their movements. He adds:

"The Onondagas have also a tradition that the Bear and Wolf tribes originated or sprang from the ground near the Oswego Falls; that the Eel and Tortoise tribes sprang from the same source on the banks of the Seneca river; that the Deer and Eagle tribes first had existence on the hills of Onondaga; and that the Beaver and Heron tribes sprang from the earth on the shores of Lake Ontario." Three of these names are incorrect, though the clans are recognizable. Thus the Heron should be the Snipe.

When herbs are dug for medicine the first one is left, but a little tobacco is scattered over it for good luck. Those who dug ginseng in 1888 did this and got a large quantity. The Onondagas call this Da-kien-too-keh, forked plant. The Oneida name is Ka-lan-dag-gough. It is curious that David Zeisberger, who both dug and sold this at Onondaga in time of need, found no name for it in his Onondaga lexicon. In his journals he simply termed it "the root." In the Delaware tongue he called it Woapeck.

Mary Green had a good knowledge of plants and their uses and wished to impart this to her daughter. She went to the woods with her, found a plant, pointed out its essential features, what it was good for and how it should be used. A week or so later they went again, but the girl had to find the plant and tell its uses.

PRINCIPAL CHIEFS

The Onondagas have fourteen principal chiefs, often incorrectly called sachems from the Algonquin word. I give their official names here according to the Onondaga form, and omit the clans because the Bear clan is locally extinct and the Eel clan has succeeded to its privileges. The official names are practically titles, and chiefs may be known by these or by their personal names, and often by both.

1. Tah-too-ta-hoo, Entangled, is also head chief of the Iroquois League.
2. Ho-ne-sa-ha, Best soil uppermost.
3. Te-hat-kah-tous, Looking all over.
4. O-ya-ta-je-wak, Bitter in the throat.
5. Ah-we-ke-yat, End of the water.
6. Te-hah-yut-kwa-ye, Red on the wing.
7. Ho-no-we-a-to, He has disappeared.
8. Ga-wen-ne-sen-ton, Her voice scattered.
9. Ha-he-ho, Spilling now and then.
10. Ho-nyo-nya-ne, Something was laid down before him.
11. Sha-de-gwa-se, He is bruised.
12. Sah-ko-ke-he, He may see them.
13. Hoo-sah-ha-hon, Wearing a weapon in his belt.
14. Ska-nah-wah-ti, Over the water.

As the Tuscarora chiefs are not named in the Condolence, nor in the usual lists, as having a subordinate position, somewhat like our territories or island possessions, I add their names as far as I can. Daniel La Fort's simile is the best I have received. He said, "I build a house. That's the Five Nations. I add a wood house, That's the Tuscaroras." "Chadwick, in his "People of the Long House," in Canada, gives a list of thirteen principal chiefs as originally holding office. But four of these remain in Canada. Albert Cusick, whose father was a Tuscarora, reckoned nine in New York, and could give but seven of these at first, but added the others later.

1. Ta-ha-en-te-yah-wak-on, Encircling and holding up a tree, which is also the council name, alluding to their home with the Oneidas, addressed in council as Great Tree people. Their own name means Shirt wearing people. The official name here given may be Chadwick's Tyogwawaken.

2. Sa-kwi-sa, usually Sequarisera or Sword bearer, a very variable name. Chadwick has it Sagwarithra.

3. Tah-ka-yen-den-ah of Cusick, may be Chadwick's Nakayendenh.

4. Ta-wah-a-kate agrees with none of Chadwick's.

5. Kah-en-yah-che-go-nah may be Chadwick's Nehehan-enagon.

6. Ta-ka-hen-was-hen may be Chadwick's Karihdawagon.

7. Ho-tach-ha-ta has no likeness to Chadwick.

8. No-wah-tah-toke, Two moccasins standing together.

9. Sah-go-hone-date-hah, One that spares another.

Chadwick gives the following as extinct titles in Canada, and some of these are in the preceding list.

10. Nehawenaha.

14. Karinyentya.

11. Dehgwadehha.

15. Nehnokaweh.

12. Nayouchakden.

16. Nehkaehwathea.

13. Thanadakgwa.

The Constitution has ample rules for choosing, installing and deposing principal chiefs. They must expect fault finding and therefore their skins were seven fold thicker than those of common men. Besides they had big mosquitoes then and plenty of them. They smoked the pipe of peace—occasionally—and but a few whiffs at a time. They were an honorable body and entertained a good deal—usually at the public expense. The common people looked upon them with reverential awe for their power was certainly great. Their oratory elicited the highest praise, and throughout their history, even to the present day, they have been the shrewdest of politicians. It is no wonder that Tammany Hall perpetuates the name of an Indian chief.

CHANGES

Out of a vast amount of material in my hands I have selected a few stories, legends, historic incidents, adding to these some facts illustrating the way in which the Onondagas look on affairs now. A rapid change of opinion is

going on, due to various causes. Naturally a change is coming about in business matters. The advantages of education are perceived, and that even by those who have opposed schools. Books are read and newspapers taken, and of the younger Indians there are very few who cannot speak English well. When I first preached at Onondaga I had an interpreter. From what I have already said it will be seen how little interest is now felt in the great feasts and even the picturesque condolence. With the recent deaths of Edward Cornplanter, the Seneca, and Frank Logan, the Onondaga, two of the ablest of the six preachers of Handsome Lake's religion have passed away.

The Indian has shown ability as a skilled workman and for managing business. Some get good wages or have good salaries. I know of Seneca girls who are paying income taxes, and men who have handsome motor cars. One of my Indian friends has been in every South American seaport and in Japan, China, Honolulu and Manilla, and many more places. The lure of the city, the lure of travel, has tempted many away from their primitive homes. At home they tell what they have seen and the result is inevitable. Even those who cannot read can listen and plan.

There were three things that helped the Iroquois by bringing them into fraternal relations with their neighbors—and by their neighbors I mean those who wished to help them. The Church was one. The first efforts were crude—a beginning of good things—but these gradually expanded into some better. They originated personal friendships, and by degrees a sharing in a great and higher common work. The Good Templers helped greatly in the social part of this. There was a home lodge, and this did good home work, as I well know, but this was part of a great organization and all met on a level. Sometimes there was a general meeting on the reservation—sometimes there were delegates to other gatherings of the same kind. Their acquaintance with good people grew—they were well entertained and learned much of outside life, and told of everything they liked or admired when they reached home.

Whether I should consider the Indian brass band as an early helper in their evolution may be a question. They loved to play and never tired. At home they were brought

together in a good and pleasant way. They went abroad as a body and received much attention. They saw there was a world around them of which they knew little before, and they made friends worth having. They were no longer an unknown people, but, in their way helpers of the white man.

In later days came the Indian Welfare society, designed to do any good it could to the Onondaga Indians. It was composed of a few persons who had a hearty interest in them, and who, without being intrusive, wished to aid them in any time of need. This was founded by Erl A. Bates and did much good work. Out of this came a real Indian Welfare society, composed of N. Y. Iroquois, but with an advisory committee of white men to help them in any way required. This society is intended to bring out the wishes and views of the Indians themselves, so that with a better understanding of various questions they may better agree on what is for their real welfare. This will be a gradual progress, but it seems well planned. The Indian should think for himself if he wishes an upward advance in life.

SOME MORE STORIES

After such a serious talk I may revert to the stories—a few of them—in which the Iroquois take such delight. I was greatly pleased when folk lore became a science, and I could read fairy tales with the conviction that I was becoming a profound student. In fact it was in this way that I learned to detect European features in our Indian tales. Sometimes it requires no effort to do this.

Mrs. E. A. Smith has classified her stories, usually telling from whom she had them. I select some more from her varied store.

One of these I had several times at Onondaga, and it concerns the origin of the Turtle clan.

“There were in early times many tortoises of the kind familiarly known as mud turtles, inhabiting a small lake or pool. During a very hot summer this pool became dry. The turtles thereupon set out on their travels over the country, to look for a new habitation. One of them, who

was particularly fat, suffered a good deal from this unaccustomed exercise. After a time his shoulders became blistered under his shell, from the effect of his exertions in walking, and he, finally, by an extraordinary effort, threw off his shell altogether. The process of transformation and development, thus commenced, went on, and in a short time this fat and lazy turtle became a man, who was the progenitor of the Turtle clan."

ORIGIN OF MEDICINE

"Chief Mount Pleasant, one of the Bear clan, relates that once upon a time a sickly old man, covered with sores, entered an Indian village, where, over each wigwam, was placed the sign of the clan of its possessor; for instance, the beaver skin denoting the Beaver clan, the deer skin the Deer clan. At each of these wigwams the old man applied for food and a night's lodging, but his repulsive appearance rendered him an object of scorn, and the Wolf, the Tortoise and the Heron had bidden the abject old man to pass on. At length, tired and weary, he arrived at a wigwam where a bear skin denoted the clanship of its owner. This he found inhabited by a kind-hearted woman, who immediately refreshed him with food and spread out skins for his bed. Then she was instructed by the old man to go in search of certain herbs, which she prepared according to his directions, and through their efficacy he was soon healed. Then he commanded that she should treasure up this secret. A few days after he sickened with a fever, and again commanded a search for other herbs, and was again healed. This being many times repeated, he at last told his benefactress that his mission was accomplished, and that she was now endowed with all the secrets for curing disease in all its forms, and that before her wigwam should grow a hemlock tree whose branches should reach high into the air above all others, to signify that the Bear should take precedence of all other clans, and that she and her clan should increase and multiply."

It was the custom to paint or carve a figure of the clan totem on the front of a cabin, to indicate the position of its owner, and a visitor could claim hospitality of the clan to

which he belonged. David Cusick also told this story in a different way, and the Tuscarora chief may have had this in mind.

"The sixth family, Esaurora or Tuscarora, was visited by a person and went to see their amusements, but he was abused by some of the ball-players. He punished the offender by throwing him into a tree; he suddenly disappeared, but the person came again and released the fellow from the tree. The visitor appeared very old man; he appeared among the people for a while; he taught them many things; how to respect their deceased friends, and to love their relations, etc., he informed the people that the whites beyond the great water had killed their Maker, but he rose again; and he warns them that the whites would in some future day take possession of the Big Island, and it was impossible to prevent it; the red children would melt away like snow before the heat. The aged man became very sick, and he told them to get different kinds of roots, to cure the diseases, and also showed them the manner of mourning, etc. The aged man died among them, and they buried him; but soon after some person went to the grave and found he had risen and never heard of since."

This was but 400 years before Columbus came. Mrs. Smith added other stories on the origin of various things, one of which follows.

ORIGIN OF WAMPUM

"A man, while walking in a forest, saw an unusually large bird, covered with a heavily clustered coating of wampum. He immediately informed his people and chiefs, whereupon the head chief offered, as a prize, his beautiful daughter to [any] one who would capture the bird, dead or alive, which apparently had come from another world. Whereupon the warriors, with bows and arrows, went to the 'tree of promise,' and as each lucky one barely hit the bird, it would throw off a large quantity of the coveted coating, which, like the Lernaean hydra's head, multiplied by being cropped. At last, when the warriors were despairing of success, a little boy from a neighboring tribe came to satisfy his curiosity, by seeing the wonderful bird

of which he had heard, but, as his people were at war with this tribe, he was not permitted by the warriors to try his skill at archery, and was even threatened with death. But the head chief said, 'He is a mere boy; let him shoot on equal terms with you, who are brave and fearless warriors.' His decision being final, the boy, with unequalled skill, brought the coveted bird to the ground.

"Having received the daughter of the head chief in marriage, he divided the oh-ko-ah between his own tribe and that into which he had married, and peace was declared between them. Then the boy husband decreed that wampum should be the price of peace and blood, which was adopted by all nations. Hence arose the custom of giving belts of wampum to satisfy violated honor, hospitality, or national privileges."

The Hurons had a specified rate for atoning for murder by wampum. If a woman was killed the rate was doubled. The above story suggests the days "when knighthood was in flower," and the warriors had not heard of "the goose that laid the golden egg," else the bird might not have fallen. Ote-ko-a is the Onondaga word for wampum.

ORIGIN OF TOBACCO

Mrs. Smith's story of the Indian weed differs much from all others. The plant used is not found outside of reservations but its presence is indispensable in religious rites. "A boat filled with medicine men passed near a river bank, where a loud voice had proclaimed to all the inhabitants to remain indoors; but some disobeying, died immediately. The next day the boat was sought for and found, containing a strange being at each end, both fast asleep. A loud voice was then heard, saying that the destroying of these creatures would result in a great blessing to the Indian. So they were decoyed into a neighboring council house, where they were put to death and burned, and from their ashes rose the tobacco plant."

A HUNTER'S ADVENTURE

A Seneca hunter had no arrows left when he came to a lake where he saw many wild geese. He got some second growth basswood bark, which he tore into strips and tied to his belt. Going into the water he dove under the flock and tied some geese with the bark, but they and the rest flew up into the air with him. While unfastening some all broke away, and he fell into a tall and hollow stump. Out of this he could not get. After two days some women came to chop this down, but his cries frightened them and they went off for aid. At last he was free.

He remained with his rescuers till he had a large stock of arrows, and then went off for another hunt. He had fine luck and put up much oil in leather bottles. Then he prepared to go home. He remembered how he had been high in the air, and made some wings of thinly dressed deer skin, which worked well. With oil bottles for ballast he flew over the friendly women's lodges and dropped some for them. Then he flew home and told the story of the first successful Iroquois aviation.

HOW EARLY ANIMALS WERE CHANGED

The improvement of animals for special purposes has long been a great study—perhaps from the beginning of pastoral life. The Iroquois gave it an early date. Something of this appears in Mr. Hewitt's Seneca version of the creation of animals. The grandmother tells the elder brother that Ga-ha, the Wind, is his father, and he goes to see him. Ga-ha gave him a great bag, in which were many game animals. The son carried it on his back by means of the forehead strap, but was soon tired. He sat down and peeped in, for he thought, "They belong to me, any way, so its all right." They made a rush and all got away, for he was taken by surprise.

He reached home and told his brother and grandmother. They heard the animals and saw them go by. The old woman said one should be called an elk, another a deer, another a bear, and a fourth a buffalo. The boy wished for a hollow place, full of oil. At once there it was. He

ordered the buffalo to plunge in. On the farther side it emerged from the oil pool, "having become as fat as it is possible for it to be." The bear followed in the same way, but "he loaded it by inserting meat into its legs. And now, verily, its legs are very large." The deer followed, with the same results, but said it would bite the hunters, and therefore its upper teeth were removed. All horned animals suffered the same change. The raccoon, woodchuck, porcupine and skunk passed through the pool and were made fat. These formed a class.

When the mink plunged into the pool, the youth seized him, held him up, and "stripped his body through his hands, and that is the reason that his body became somewhat longer." This happened to the fisher, otter and weasel. The wolf, panther and fox did not enter the pool.

GA-DO-JIH AND SA-GO-DA-OH, THE GOLDEN EAGLE AND THE HUNTER VULTURE.

ORIGIN OF THE BIRD DANCE

I add this from Mrs. Converse, with Mr. Parker's prefatory note.

"The Bird dance, seen in the Long House ceremonies at the Indian New Year's ceremony, is the public exhibition of the Eagle Society, one of the (once) secret fraternities of the Senecas. The dance is called the ga-ne-gwa-e. This society is one of the most influential, next to the Gano-da, Ho-noh-tci-noh-gah (Little Water Society). The sign of membership in the Eagle Society is a round spot of red paint on either cheek. Jo-wiis means chipping sparrow, and as a name was regarded as one of the preferred."

"The Ga-do-jih, the Golden Eagle of the far away heavens, is the Head Chief of all the birds. The Ga-do-jih never visits the earth, but employs many assistants, upon whom he imposes various duties. To his subchief, Don-yon-do, the Bald Eagle, he has assigned the mountain tops of the earth land. Don-yon-do won this distinction by his strength, acute sight and extraordinary powers of flight. The strong rays of the sun cannot blind him. He is proud, and his heart throbs to the skies; and although he swoops down

to the lowlands for his prey, he flies to the highest mountain top to devour it.

"From his retinue of servitors, Ga-do-jih has chosen many of the vulture family whose obnoxious duties lead them to plunder in offensive places. But they are faithful in his service for it is the law of Ga-do-jih that the earth must be kept clean. Yet these proud, ravenous birds have tender hearts, and although their scavenger life leads them into base paths, Ga-do-jih does not deny them the pure air of the sky, nor the clear waters of the earth.

"Among these birds of prey is Sa-go-da-oh, the Hunting Vulture, who ceaselessly searches for spoil. All refuse of the earth, beneath and above, is his. Occasionally he passes Don-yon-do on his sky way, but the lofty spirit of Don-yon-do knows not Sa-go-da-oh. In quest of his mountain crest Don-yon-do sweeps through the blue of the heavens like the flying wind, while Sa-go-da-oh slowly soars within the cloud nets, and watches to swoop down on his prey.

"One day in the long time ago, Jo-wiis, a young Indian lad, was lost in the woods, and had wept till nearly blinded. For many days and nights the rain had flooded the forest, and Jo-wiis could not find his home path. In the black sky there was no sun or moon to guide him, and hungering and faint, he had fallen on the river bank to die, when Don-yon-do, who chanced to be flying across the earth, discovered him, and lifting him on his wings, flew in search of an Indian village. Looking down in the far below, he discovered smoke ascending from some lodges, and alighting left Jo-wiis near them, and slowly winged away. The rain continued to fall, and no one had come for the fast dying boy, when Sa-go-da-oh, winging past in search of night prey, espied him, and closing in his wings, dropped to the wet earth where the boy was lying. Though Sa-go-da-oh's talons were long and strong, his heart was tender, and gently lifting Jo-wiis, bore him to the village, but failing to find his home, took him to Ga-do-jih in the sky, who nourished him and grew to love him.

"Ga-do-jih took Jo-wiis to the sky council house when the birds were celebrating the New Year, and taught him their dances; also to all the feasts throughout the year,

teaching him the bird songs and all the laws of the birds, especially the sacred law protecting their nests in the spring and sheltering them in the winter. And he was shown the corn and the grains, which Ga-do-jih told him must be shared with the feathered folk below. All these laws he was enjoined to impart to his people when he should return to the earth."

In due time all this was done, and thus the Iroquois know the origin of Je-gi-yah-goh-o-a-noh, the Bird dance, a prominent dance used at the New Year. "During its performance the dancers imitate the motions of a bird, squatting low and moving their bodies and heads, as if picking the grains of corn which have been scattered on the floor."

Mr. F. B. Converse obtained the music on the Cattaraugus reservation. It is used by the Eagle society, and at Onondaga is called the Eagle and sometimes the Strike Stick dance. Two dance side by side and in just the same way, each holding a long stick with feathers spread out on each side. They bend down, doubling one knee under the dancer and stretching the other out on one side. A cent is placed on the floor and picked up with the mouth. Some one strikes the floor with a stick, and this gives it the name of Ga-na-gah-a, or Strike Stick dance. A dancer makes a speech and gives tobacco. The Senecas also use the feathered sticks representing wings.

CAPTAIN GEORGE'S STORY

Capt. Samuel George, the famous runner, told the story of the great serpent of Canandaigua lake, but he had some of a humorous kind, and told the following to Albert Cusick.

While part of the Onondagas still lived near Jamesville, and others near the Onondaga quarries, they used to go to a grove near Onondaga lake in the spring, to make sugar, and in the fall to the salt springs to boil salt. One autumn two brothers went there, and while their wives made salt they went off to hunt, but in different directions. A storm came up, and one thought of a shanty at the sugar camp and went there for shelter. It was dark when he reached it, and he had been there but a short time when he heard

something coming. It was his brother, but he thought it was a bear. So he was afraid, keeping close to the wall and as low as he could. As his brother breathed hard while feeling around, he thought a bear was smelling for him, and when his cold hands came across his face he thought they were the bear's paws. The other was just as frightened, thinking his hands had touched a dead man's face. So they clinched and wrestled, without saying a word, but neither could throw the other. They wrestled till out of breath, and then one said, "Are you a man?" But he could only speak in a frightened whisper. Then the other said, "Are you a man?" They were more frightened, than ever, for each thought the other a ghost. So they wrestled again. Then one whispered, "Are you a live man?" The other whispered the same. Then they let go and got back to the wall. Then one got his breath and said: "Who are you? Are you a human being?" But when he spoke so loud his brother knew his voice, and both were very glad.

STORY OF THE LA FORTS

The La Forts were adopted, or rather came from the Oneidas, but this must have been long ago. Dehatkatous, or Abram La Fort, who died October 5, 1848, aged 54 years, on the coffin plate was said to be head chief of the Onondagas, which would be Atotarho of the Bear clan at that time. Dehatkatous was the third chief and of the same clan, while Clark makes this La Fort of the Beaver clan, which had no principal chiefs. His father was Hoh-a-noaqua, who fell in the battle of Chippewa, July 6, 1814. Clark adds that "The father of Dehatkatous was a civil chief of great distinction forty years ago, (1809), and then second only to Oundiaga. On account of his uncommon martial abilities he was chosen war captain of the Onondagas, and subsequently first war chief of the Six Nations, in which capacity he acted on the frontier, in the early part of the campaign of 1814, until his death." On the other hand Col. Wm. L. Stone says Capt. Pollard was chosen and commanded. Clark also says that "Dehatkatous succeeded in part to the title of the sachemship held by his father, through the voice and consent of the nation"—an improbable thing.

This story is or was told of the family origin by Moses Charles and Chief Abram Hill, both Oneidas. In early days the Oneidas went on a northern hunt, camping on a river above a high waterfall. One day they saw a canoe floating down, containing a little French boy and girl. They were rescued before reaching the fall and taken to Oneida. Nothing more is said of the boy, but the girl became a beautiful woman, and the head chief's son wished to marry her. The chief and his people were indignant, thinking this a disgrace to the family and nation, though certainly a frequent thing. The young man and woman went away, but many years later came back and were reconciled, the children being adopted as Oneidas. From them sprang the La Forts.

ALBERT CUSICK'S STORY OF A HUNTER

A hunter used to go into the forest every day in search of game but brought none home. There was a reason for this. He had met a handsome but bad woman in the forest, and instead of bringing meat to his wife and children he had given it all to her, and tried to deceive them. There is a woody fungus growing on decaying trees, which is called O-nah-sah, from its resemblance to a cock's comb. This he brought home and fed to his children. It had no blood in it, but he said it had all run out, and showed some on his arrow points. Sometimes he called it deer's meat and sometimes bear's. His children knew little of such things, but his wife was wiser. She watched and followed him and he was found out.

ANIMALS

As men are supposed to have descended from the lower animals, it is not surprising, said an early Dutch writer, that they should partake of the nature of one of those first created animals; for they are either timorous and innocent, like the deer; revengeful, cruel, and in combat erect, nimble and strong fisted, like the bear; or blood, thirsty, subtle and deceitful, like the wolf."

In 1743 Pyrlaeus took down the following story about

the first men from the mouth of Sganarady, an old Mohawk chief: "They had dwelt in the earth where no sun shone. Though they followed hunting, they ate mice, which they caught with their hands. Ganawagahha, (one of them), having accidentally found a hole to get out of the earth, he went out, and walking about he found a deer, which he took back; and in consequence of the meat tasting very good, and the favorable description he gave of the country above, their mother concluded it best for them all to go out; accordingly they did so, except the ground hog, who would remain."

There are frequent references to these early homes of men and the lower animals. Often they have no difficulty in conversing. My Mohawk friend, Odjidjatekha, of Canada, often called Brant-sero, furnishes two interesting dog stories. Dogs are supposed to detect the approach of ghosts.

"One day a dog said to a man that at a certain time the ghosts would come for him, and that he must pack up and be off if he did not want them to get him. If he disregarded the dog's warning he would be lost. He started, and the dogs, one on each side of him, trotted along, and when he was tired carried him on. Behind them they could hear something flying along, and making a great noise like thunder, as it came nearer and nearer.

"It was the spirit, and when it got too near one of the dogs would go back and fight it, while the other would go along for awhile, and then take his turn at fighting back the ghost. By and by one of the dogs got tired; and said to his master that he could not hold out any longer; and he went back, and the master saw him no more. The other dog, however, kept on, and the man reached home, and on arriving fell down on the threshold. A light was seen, and when the crowd gathered round and questioned him, he said, 'I've seen a ghost.' The Indians are much afraid of strange lights, believing them to be ghosts."

He also told another dog story "when asked if the Indians ever believed that dogs spoke."

He "said that at Caughnawaga (an Indian settlement in the Province of Quebec), some time ago, a man put his dog out of doors in cold weather. After a while he heard

something outside saying how cruel and bad it was to keep him out in such very cold weather. He thought it was a man and opened the door, and saw his dog wagging his tail."

"Among the Mohawks the hog is regarded as a sort of weather prophet. When cold is about to come on, he carries straw in his mouth to make a nest. When a hog is killed, the people examine something in the inside to see what the weather will be. Every year at the Reservation prophecies are made regarding the weather for the following year, and Odjidjatekha claims that these are often quite successful. The Indians note a good deal about the weather from trees, and from the actions of various animals and birds, such as the muskrat, the woodpecker, etc." These notes were collected by another friend, Mr. A. F. Chamberlain.

THE FIRE DRAGON

In the Hand Book of the American Indian is an interesting article by J. N. B. Hewitt on the Fire Dragon. He said, "Among the Algonquian and the Iroquoian tribes the myths regarding the so-called fire-dragon are at once striking and important. Now the fire-dragon is in fact the personification of the meteor. Flying through the air among the stars, the large meteors appear against some midnight sky like fiery reptiles, sheathed in lambent flames. It is believed of them that they fly from one lake or deep river to another, in the bottom of which they are bound by enchantment to dwell, for should they be permitted to remain on the land they would set the world on fire. The Iroquois applied their names for the fire-dragon, 'light thrower,' to the lion when first seen, thus indicating their conception of the fierceness of the fire-dragon. . . . Among the Iroquois it was the deeds of the fire-dragon that hastened the occasion for the metamorphoses of the primal beings."

FRENCH COLONIES IN ONONDAGA COUNTY

DeWitt Clinton, in writing on our local antiquities, gave an account of a French colony, supposedly located on Butternut creek, south of Jamesville, in 1666. "The little colony remained for three years in a very peaceable and flourishing situation, during which time addition was made to the establishment, and among others a small chapel, in which the Jesuit used to collect the barbarians and perform all the rites and ceremonies of his church. About this time (1669), a party of Spaniards, consisting of twenty-three persons, arrived at the village, having for guides some of the Iroquois who had been taken captives by some of the southern tribes. . . . They had been informed that there was a lake to the north whose bottom was covered with a substance shining and white, which they took from the Indians' description to be silver.

"Having arrived at Onondaga Lake and the French village, and finding no silver, they seemed bent on a quarrel with the French, whom they charged with having bribed the Indians, so that they would not tell them where the silver might be found. A compromise was finally effected; they agreed that an equal number of Spaniards and French should be sent on an exploring expedition. The Indians, seeing these strangers prowling the woods with various instruments, suspected some design to be in operation to deprive them of their country. This jealousy was much increased by the accusation of the Europeans themselves. The Spaniards told the Indians that the only object of the French was to tyrannize over them. The French, on the other hand, asserted that the Spaniards were laying a plot to rob them of their lands.

"The Indians by this time becoming jealous of both, determined in private council to rid themselves of these intruders. Having privately obtained the assistance of the Oneidas and Cayugas, they agreed upon the time and manner of attack. A little before daybreak on All Saints' Day, 1669, the little colony, together with the Spaniards, were aroused from their slumbers by the discharge of fire-arms and the war-whoop of the savages. Every house was immediately fired or broken open, and such as attempted to escape from the flames were killed by the tomahawk; and

not one of the colonists or Spaniards was left alive to relate the sad disaster."

I have given some myths already, but this is the champion. There was never a French colony at that time or place; no Spaniards came and there was no massacre. The Jesuit missionaries, from their several stations, held a conference in August, 1669, on Indian Hill in Pompey. Father Fremin wrote that he had a crowded attendance in his Seneca chapel, November 3rd, the Sunday after All Saints. Father Milet did not mention that day at Onondaga, but told of those which followed. He went through the streets calling the people to worship, and continued this through Advent. Neither he nor his chapel had been burned.

Another myth comes in, in the Thacher wampum case. That is quite full of them, but this is about the French. The veracious interpreter of a wampum belt said that the French priest told the Onondagas that a building close by his mission was filled with goods for them, but he could not open them till the king came. He told a captive white boy, however, that it was full of arms, and when the king came they would annihilate the Onondagas. The boy told the chief and a council was called which ordered the doors opened. The priest vainly tried to stop them, and arms in profusion were discovered. Then they heated an ax red hot, hung it on the priest's breast and it burned his heart out. Do not grieve. It never happened, though we are told that it did, between Jamesville and Pompey, and north of Pompey Hill. The Onondagas at once renounced the French religion, and the French came against them, but were defeated in a great battle at Camden, N. Y.

One more myth if you wish. This is from Clark's Onondaga, vol. i, page 48. "There is a tradition among the Onondagas, that some twenty years before the revolutionary war about thirty families came from Canada and settled among them. Some of these people settled along the hill west of the Castle, and others in the present town of La Fayette. After a while the Indians became dissatisfied with them and drove them away. Pretending to fill their sacks with pounded corn, they only put in them ashes, covering the mouth of the sacks with meal. The company all miserably perished on the shores of lake Ontario. The

company had brought a blacksmith with them, who refused to return with his country men to Canada. His stay among the Indians was in no way agreeable to them. They took him and bound him to a tree, heated a large chain, with an axe attached to it, hung it around his neck and roasted him to death." The Onondagas were partial to this form of torture.

THE GREAT SPIRIT DESCENDS

On the same page as the last will be found the following local item, but I do not know the exact spot, if the ledge still exists: "On the authority of some of the older inhabitants of Onondaga, it is stated that on a ledge of rocks, about a mile south of Jamesville, is a place which used to be pointed out by the Indians as the spot where the Great Spirit once came down and sat and gave good advice to the chiefs of the Onondagas. That there are the prints of his hands and his feet, left in the rocks, still to be seen. In former years the Onondagas used annually to offer, at this place, tobacco and pipes, and to burn tobacco and herbs as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, to conciliate his favor, and which was a means of preventing diseases."

BIG NECK, THE GIANT

David Cusick gave a curious account of this giant, born in the reign of Atotarho 3d, about 900 years before Columbus. "About this time the Oneidas had extended their forts down the river Kaunsehswataueya, or Susquehanna, a fort situated on the river." At this place was born "a male child of uncommon size; when he was twelve years of age he was nearly as large as a grown person, and he would beat his playmates, which would create disputes." His mother corrected him and he promised never to injure his people. "When grown up he became a giant and was a great hunter; the parent was stored with venison continually; he was so strong that when [he] returned from hunting he would have five or six deers or bears strung around on his belt. The giant was named Soh-nou-re-wah, i. e. Big Neck." He had trouble with the Sah-wau-noo or Shawnees, who then lived on that river. He brought in several suits

of dresses and the scalps of some he had killed. The Shawnees complained of his conduct at the fort Kau-na-seh-wa-tau-yea, and his relatives kept him quiet for two years, and then he went down the river, plundering and abusing the people of every town. The Shawnees complained and threatened war.

The Oneida chief, Ne-nau-re-tah-go sent a belt of wampum and secured peace. This did not please the giant, and he went farther down and began to build a fort, which Cusick said he examined in 1800. His relatives came to see him, but after he had finished the fort he renewed the war. He lay in ambush, and shot the people as they came along. He used a plump arrow which would break a man's body in two. He was so troublesome that his relatives plotted against him. It was not an easy task for his strength equaled that of ten men. From Fort Kou-na-seh-wa-ta-yea three warriors brought him his favorite diet of huckle berries, which pleased him greatly. While he was eating, as he sat on a bench, one of the warriors stepped on this and struck him on the head with a club. He ran out of the fort but sank in the soft mire of the river bank and was killed. The warriors carried off a great quantity of skins.

In describing the fort at Oxford, N. Y., the Historical Collections of New York, vary from this account, saying: "The Oneidas leave us this tradition: that about a century or more since, a gigantic chief occupied it, who destroyed all their hunters who came into this quarter. They called this chief Thick Neck. The Oneidas made several attempts to decoy him from his stronghold, but without success. They at length managed to go between him and the fort, when he ran down the river about six miles, and secreted himself in the marsh around the pond called Warn's Pond. Here he was discovered and killed by the Oneidas, who buried him and scratched the leaves over his grave, that no vestige of him should remain."

INTERCALARY MONTH

To accommodate their months to the solar year the Onondagas have an intercalary month which sometimes comes in

June, and a story is connected with this. Even now it is sometimes disputed where it should be in any given year. Usually they follow our calendar, but the story is of a heated dispute. When this month is used, O-yah-ye-hah comes before O-yah-ye-hah-go-nah. One Onondaga said, "This is O-yah-ye-hah;" but the other replied: "O no! this is O-yah-ye-hah-go-nah." The dispute grew hot. One of the two grasped a poker, striking the other over the head and crying as he fell: "Down goes that month." So it is sometimes called the dead month; but then this name may have come from its frequent or general disuse.

RATTLES

Originally there were but two kinds of rattles, the turtle and the gourd. In the old symbolic picture writing the latter was carried by a prisoner in a kind of triumphal procession. I have seen them, as they were once used in special dances. They are often replaced by a section of cow's horn with wooden ends, through which passes the handle. In the squash or gourd rattle the ends are perforated to pass the handle through. Additional side perforations affect the sound. The Onondagas call this A-e-tot-ha Ka-sta-wen-sa, the first word indicating the medicine dance at which it is used. There are several medicine societies. It is said that the horn rattle may be used at almost any dance.

The big turtle rattle is used in the Great Feather dance, and in the medicine dance of the False Faces. It is carried by the chief False Face, and is so large that its use is laborious. It is called, by the Onondagas, Ka-nya-ten-go-nah, Big mud turtle, adding Ka-sta-wen-sa, Rattle. All of these rattles that I have seen are of the snapping turtle. Corn or gravel is placed in the shell, and the head and neck are drawn out to full length, stiffened by polished splints, and form a neat handle. They may be of any size. For over thirty years past a nice and effective rattle has been made of hickory bark from a sapling. A piece of double the length required is taken off, folded, and one end is wrapped around the other, corn or gravel is placed within, and a cork or piece of corn cob at the handle end completes the rattle. Whether the use or disuse of drums and rattles at

any dance has religious or poetic significance I am not informed.

Though the False Faces throw ashes on the sick, there is another medicine society whose members sprinkle water on them with corn husks. They are called Wat-na-ko-ah-gue, Throwing water at each other, and are mostly women. Members of another take water in the mouth and spirt it over the sick, as in early days. Susannah Frost did this. She was the mother of Mary Green, and had the same mode of teaching the use of herbs.

CORN AND OTHER FOODS

I make some extracts from Mr. Parker's Iroquois Uses of Maize, etc. Elias Johnson, the old Seneca chief whom I have quoted before, told Mrs. Wright in 1879, that purple or blue corn was "brought from the south, also various kinds of corn, black, red and squaw corn. . . . All these things they found on their war expeditions, and brought them here and planted them, and thus they abound." Old Indians said that the object of these raids was to get slaves and new vegetables. Most captives were slaves for a time, but often replaced the dead.

Like other things corn had a spirit. In the Code of Handsome Lake is this incident: "It was a bright day when I went into the planted field, and alone. I wandered in the planted field, and it was the time of the second hoeing. Suddenly a damsel appeared and threw her arms about my neck, and as she clasped me she spoke, saying, 'When you leave this world for the new world above it, it is our wish to follow you.' I looked for the damsel, but saw only the long leaves of corn twining round my shoulders. And then I understood that it was the spirit of the corn who had spoken, she, the sustainer of life."

In early days the Iroquois had but one regular meal, and that a little before noon, but the kettle was over the fire all day. The housewife announced that it was ready, and the guest, at the end, heartily said, "Niawen, Thanks are given." This was supposed to be addressed to the Creator. As a response the host or hostess, the housewife or some member of the family would say, 'Niu,' meaning 'It is well.'

Neglect to use these words was supposed to indicate that. . . the eater was indifferent." There is a similar Onondaga custom, but all these quotations from Parker are Seneca.

Wedding bread, or Gon-ni-ta-o-a-kwa, had a special use. Bread was prepared as usual, but made up in two balls with a short connecting neck, and wrapped in corn husk tied in the middle. It was then boiled for an hour. Twenty-four of these were then taken by the girl's maternal grandmother to the door of the maternal grandmother of an eligible man. There was a previous understanding, and if the recipient favored the match she tasted the bread, and notifies her own daughter that her son is desired in marriage. His mother must submit if there is no valid objection. The boy's grandmother then makes 24 wedding cakes and takes them to the girl's grandmother. She tells the girl she must marry the man. If she rejects him he goes home, and the cakes are left untouched.

Van der Donck, in his Description of New Netherlands, says, "When they intend to go a great distance on a hunting expedition . . . where they expect no food, they provide themselves severally with a small bag of parched corn meal, which is so nutritious that they can subsist upon the same many days. A quarter of a pound of the meal is sufficient for a day's subsistence; for as it shrinks much in drying, it also swells out again with moisture. When they are hungry they take a handful of meal, after which they take a drink of water, and then they are so well fed that they can travel a day." One Algonquin name for this was Cittamun.

Bear's pudding was made of boiled and unseasoned yellow meal, mixed with bits of fried meat, and was ceremonially eaten by members of the Bear society. Buffalo dance pudding was made of squaw corn meal, sweetened with maple sugar and boiled to the consistency of thick mud. It is used only by the Buffalo medicine society. Ball players pudding is a charm and made like the next. A woman with rheumatic troubles gives this to a ball player, who, by eating it, charms away the disease.

False face pudding is eaten at private ceremonies for the sick. It is made of boiled parched corn mixed with maple

sugar. Not a disrespectful word is to be uttered while eating it.

Corn husks are used for water sprinkling by the Otter company at their winter ceremonies. The cob becomes a handle. Corn husk meshes were also ceremonially used more in Canada than here—and corn husk dolls are now well known.

Dried blackberries, soaked in honey and water, were a ceremonial food in the rites of the Bear society. Dried, and in later times preserved strawberries, mixed with water and maple sugar, were a refreshment for the guardians of the Little Water Medicine society during their night song, and berries had medicinal uses in some cases. For strawberries there was a special thanksgiving.

MAPLE FEAST

Last year it was announced in a daily paper, that "the dance of the trees and the maple sugar" would be held the night of the new moon, March 20th, at the Onondaga reservation, and also at others. The colonists learned the use of the maple tree from the Indians and followed their crude methods for a long time. The Moravians speak of these the only time they stayed here through the winter, and the sugar camp came into some of their stories. The reporter said that this feast would be held in the council house instead of outdoors.

The secret of the maple's sap was, in theory at least, guarded by the grandmothers of three clans. They chose a young man of a certain age to go into the woods on his errand, provided, in old times, with a clay bowl and a sharp stone, called a "sap sucker" and used to pierce the bark. For picturesque effect he went to an oak tree first, and returned saying there was no sap there. Another young man, a little older, was then sent out and went to a hickory tree with the same result. Other tests might follow if time permitted, but at last the clan grandmothers told the messenger what tree to seek, and he came back with his bowl full of sap. I fancy these ceremonies must have been in daylight, as the sap seldom runs at night. The boiling might take place then. The white people made quite a frolic of "sugaring

off" at night, and the Onondagas may have liked it just as well.

The Indians danced around the fire and partook of the thickening syrup, and then came a round corn meal cake, conical at the top and covered with honey in later days, for the honey bee came with the colonists, and the only sweetening the Indians had at first came from the maple. This ended the refreshment, and after dancing for some hours they needed it.

That they gave thanks for blessings received and asked blessings desired, appeared in every feast of this kind. To be thankful was a striking feature of Indian character, and he celebrated many a thanksgiving before the colonists of New England observed one there.

Mr. Morgan said of this feast, "This was a return of thanks to the maple itself, for yielding its sweet waters," for trees had their personality. He gave a full account of this spring festival, and was in doubt whether making sugar came from us or them, but inclining to the former.

Mr. Parker has an interesting note on the Seneca Maple Thanksgiving. "Every spring, at the foot of the largest maple tree in each village, a ceremonial fire was built and a prayer chanted by the Keeper of the Maple Thanksgiving ceremony, as he threw upon the embers pinches of the sacred incense tobacco. The maple tree started the year. Its returning and rising sap, to the Indian, was the sign of the Creator's renewed covenant." Reasons for feasts are many.

Mr. Parner connects the maple with a Mohawk tradition which I do not recall, though familiar with the Mohawk exodus from Canada, probably shared by their nearest kindred, the Oneidas. He said: "The Iroquois will ever remember the maple tree, but few now even remember the tradition of how it was, during the maple sap season, that the Laurentian Iroquois struck their blow for freedom from Adirondack domination, and fled into northern and central New York." His foot note adds that "One Mohawk tradition relates that the women flung hot maple sap into the faces of the Algonquin chiefs, and thus helped their people in the fight for independence."

These Mohawk dames set a fine example for our Moll Pitcher of the Revolution, or the Maid of Saragossa in Napoleonic times.

LOCAL NAMES

These sometimes refer to stories connected with them, perhaps only "in the way of suggestion. Date-ke-a-shote, Two baby frames, is still the Indian name for Little Sodus Bay, and Dats-ka-he, Hard talking, for North Sterling Creek, surely had its Indian story. Chautauqua is more definite. A Seneca tradition is that a hunting party was once encamped on the shore. A young woman dug up and ate a root which caused thirst. She went to the lake to drink and forever disappeared. Thence it was inferred that this root produced an easy death, a relief from the afflictions of life, the present name referring to this. In a speech by Cornplanter he spoke of this: "Another, who will not think of dying by the hand of his father or brother, says he will return to Jadaqueh, eat of the fatal root, and sleep with his fathers in peace."

Dearborn, (1838) mentioned Cornplanter's words to a Tonawanda Indian friend. He asked "what root was alluded to, and he informed me it was of a plant that grew on moist land, resembling the Skunk Cabbage, which was sweet to the taste, and that a small handful produced death. It tasted and smelt like a parsnip. He knew it well and had tasted of it. It was pleasant to eat. The effect was violent spasms; the head and body were drawn back with strong convulsions, as in the lockjaw. He said he had known of several suicides from eating it. Doctor Wilcox informed me two women at Cattaraugus had eaten the 'fatal root' within two years, and died—one from disappointed love. Cone states that love unrequited was a common cause of suicide. . . . Col. Jones brought me in, this evening, the 'fatal root,' which the Indians eat, and the whole plant attached; it is called the wild parsnip."

Though thus connected locally with Chautauqua, that is not the name of the root, which the Onondagas call O-nah-san-a.

Pursh, the botanist, when he was at Onondaga in 1807, said *Cicuta maculata* grew there in great abundance, adding that "the Indians use it to poison themselves, when they have an inclination in going out of this world; it is a most powerful poison, as Capt. Webster tells me who has seen the case on some Indians which had eaten the root, and was lost without being able to get anything as a remedy against it; it occasions lockjaw, and the patient is soon done. Elder bark or a Muskrat skin chopped fine, with the hair on, is reckoned a remedy if soon applied."

Ca-ha-qua-ra-gha, a Cap, was the name of the upper part of Niagara river and of Lake Erie in 1726 and earlier. O. H. Marshall applied it to Fort Erie, translating it in Place of hats. He said: "Seneca tradition relates, as its origin, that in olden time, soon after the first visit of the white man, a battle occurred on the lake between a party of French in bateaux and Indians in canoes. The latter were victorious, and the French boats were sunk and the crews drowned. Their hats floated ashore where the fort was subsequently built, and attracting the attention of the Indians from their novelty, they called the locality the place of hats."

Ga-hah-dae-ont-hwah, The hemlock was poured out, either the fine leaves of the tree or a medicinal drink made from it. This is one name of Squakie Hill. The people there may have been a remnant of the Kah-kwahs. David Cusick said they were "a powerful tribe past the banks of the Genesee river." After they were subdued "a remnant of the Squaw-keihows were allowed to remain in this country and became vassals to the Five Nations after the conquest."

Canaseraga creek and village in Madison county, are Ka-na-so-wa-ga, several strings of beads with a string lying across, according to Morgan and Seaver. I had the same meaning at Onondaga. It probably refers to some special ceremonial use of wampum at this Tuscarora village, perhaps when their formal reception by the Oneidas took place.

Sca-ni-a-do-ri-s, Long lake, was the name of Madison lake in the land sale of 1811. This line began 'at the west end of the Scaniadoris or the Long lake, which is at the head of

one of the branches of Ovirka creek." David Cusick told a story of this spot, the name of which must not be confused with the same name elsewhere. A party from Ohio-kea "encamped near the lake Skonyatales; one morning while they were in the camp a noise broke out in the lake; a man was sent immediately to see the tumult; he saw a great bear on the bank rolling down stones and logs; the monster appeared to be in a great rage; a lion came out of the lake and suddenly fell upon the bear, a severe contest ensued; in the meantime the bear was beaten and was compelled to leave the bank; the next day the men went in search of the bear; they found the bear; One of the fore legs was so heavy that two men could not lift but a hands high."

Ga-no-a-lo-hale, Head on a pole, was a favorite name for Iroquois fortified villages. It might be understood literally, but was probably like other instances, where the scalp represented the head. A Dutch party came to the Oneida castle, December 30, 1634, for the first time. They said, "we marched boldly to the castle, where the savages opened to let us pass, and so we marched through them by the gate, which was three and a half feet wide, and at the top were standing three big wooden images of cut wood, like men; and with them I saw three scalps fluttering in the wind that they had taken from their foes as a token of the truth of their victory. This castle has two gates, one on the east and one on the west side. On the west side a lock of hair [scalp] was also hanging."

In speaking of Pompey Mr. Clark said: "Another name given to this locality, not often repeated, and about which there is much superstitious reserve, is Ote-queh-sah-he-eh, the field of blood or bloody ground—a place where many have been slain. It has been said that no Indian ever visits this neighborhood. They certainly dislike to converse about it." Albert Cusick did not know Pompey by this name, but defined it as Blood spilled. There is no evidence of early battles and the allusion is to the numerous cemeteries. In Iroquois speech even a peaceful death might be thought the shedding of blood. Thus, in one of the condoling songs, the people are reminded that their great men, warriors, women, and even little children were daily borne into the earth, "so that in the midst of blood you are sitting. Now,

therefore, we say, we will wash the blood marks from your seat." Thus to call a place a field of blood, might be merely to say many were buried there.

Honeoye, Finger lying, has slight variations in form. Marshall defined it, Where the finger lies, and says an Indian, picking strawberries near Honeoye lake, had his finger bitten by a rattlesnake. With his tomahawk he cut it off and left it lying there. Major Fogg, in his military journey of 1779, called it Annaquayen, and said "this took its name from a misfortune which befell an Indian, viz: The loss of a finger, which the word signifies."

Cas-son-ta-che-go-na, River of great bark, in 1757 was placed a little east of Oswego. Abert Cusick defined this as Large pieces of bark lying down, ready for building. Morgan called it Gasuntaskona, Large bark, and applied it to Salmon creek. On Charlevoix's map this is R. da la Grosse Ecorce. Ga-sun-ta, Bark in the water, is the name of Jamesville and of Butternut creek at that place. Clark said of the creek: "Indian name Ka-soongh-ta, formerly called by the whites, 'Kashunkta,' literally, barks in the water or a place where barks are placed after being peeled in spring, that they may not curl in summer, and thereby become unfit for covering their cabins for winter, or that they may always be in readiness for use." I had the same account from the Indians.

BURIALS

Te-car-nase-te-o-ah, At the board sign. Painted Post, at the confluence of the Conhocton and Tioga rivers. The post marked the grave of a great warrior who was buried there and whose identity is rather doubtful. On it were many rude devices. Such memorials were frequent, and an early account said: "When it is a man they painted red calumets, calumets of peace on the tomb; sometimes they plant a stake on which they paint how often he has been in battle; how many prisoners he has taken; the post ordinarily is only 4 or 5 feet high and is much embellished." (For details see Doe, Hist. of N. Y., vol. 1.). Living warriors often painted their own deeds, and sometimes there was quite a display at places where they frequently en-

camped. Some tombs, also, were elaborately decorated and of curious construction. When the Dutch party drew near Oneida, December 30, 1634, the journalist said, "Before we reached the castle we saw three graves, just like our graves in length and height; usually their graves are round. These graves were surrounded with palisades that they had split from trees, and they were closed up so nicely that it was a wonder to see. They were painted with red and white and black paint; but the chief's grave had an entrance, and at the top of that was a big wooden bird, and all around were painted dogs and deer, and snakes and other beasts."

In Sullivan's campaign, August 24, 1779, at Tioga, Lieut. Beatty told of a cemetery of about 100 graves, partially examined. "They bury their dead very curious, after this manner. They dig a hole the length of the person they are to bury and about 2 feet Deep. They lay him on his back in the grave, with an old Blanket or blanket Coat round him, and lay Bark over the Grave, even with the Surface of the Earth, so as to prevent the earth from touching the body, then they heap up the dirt on the top of the Grave in a round heap which is from 4 to 6 feet high." One early burial made was in a sitting posture, face to the east, but extended burial was quite as early and common. The Hurons had scaffold burial, ending in a great dead feast for several villages, at which all remains were placed in one great pit. Ossuaries are also occasional in western New York, but rarer farther east. Of a great dead feast in the Huron country the Jesuits gave a graphic account. For a long time it was customary to place articles in the grave, to be used in the spirit world after death. The Hurons prudently knocked the bottoms out of kettles to prevent robbery of graves. Spirit kettles were good enough in spirit lands, but the Onondagas preferred the real thing. Even then brass kettles and iron knives were subject to decay. At death they shared in our desire to have the dead look as well as possible.

Heckewelder's account of the burial of a Delaware woman, near the end of the 18th century, would differ little from that of an Iroquois woman of the same period. She was placed in a coffin. "Her garments, all new, were set off with rows of silver brooches, one row joining the other. Over her wrists were bands forming a kind of mittens,

worked together of wampum, in the same manner as the belts which they use when they deliver speeches. Her long plaited hair was confined by broad bands of silver, one band joining the other yet not of the same size, but tapering from the head downwards, and running at the lower end to a point. On the neck were hanging five broad belts of wampum tied together at the ends, each of a size smaller than the other, the largest of which reached below her breast, the next larger to a few inches of it, and so on, the uppermost being the smallest. Her scarlet leggings were decorated with different colored ribbons sewed on, the outer edges being finished off with small beads, also of various colors. Her mocksens were ornamented with the most striking figures, wrought on the leather with colored porcupine quills, on the borders of which, round the ankles, were fastened a number of small round silver bells, of about the size of a musket ball. All these things, together with the vermilion paint judiciously laid on, so as to set her off in the highest style, decorated her person in such a manner that nothing of the kind can exceed it."

It was Indian etiquette that the wife should be handsomely dressed, no matter how the husband was clothed.

There was something yet to be done. "A number of articles were brought out of the house and placed in the coffin, wherever there was room to put them in, among which was a new shirt, a dressed deerskin for shoes, a pair of scissors, needles, a knife, pewter basin and spoon, pint cup and other similar things, with a number of trinkets and other small articles which she was fond of while living. The lid was then fastened on the coffin."

Three handsome poles were passed through straps across the coffin for the bearers, and "a small bag of vermilion paint, with some flannel to lay it on, was then thrust into the coffin, through the hole cut at the head of it. This hole, the Indians say, is for the spirit of the deceased to go in and out at pleasure, until it has found the place of its future residence."

Further details I omit.

Hiokatoo, Seneca chief and husband of Mary Jemison, died in November, 1811, at the reputed age of 103 years.

He "was buried decently, and had all the insignia of a veteran warrior buried with him; consisting of a war club, tomahawk, and scalping knife, a powder flask, flint, a piece of punk, a small cake and a cup; and in his best clothing. Generally two or three candles are put into the coffin, and in a few instances, at the burial of a great man, all his implements of war are buried besides the body. The coffin is then closed and carried to the grave. On its being let down, the person who takes the lead of the solemn transaction, or a chief, addresses the dead in a short speech, in which he charges him not to be troubled about himself in his new situation, nor on his journey, and not to trouble his friends, wife or children, whom he has left; tells him that, if he meets with strangers on his way, he must inform them what tribe he belongs to, who his relatives are, the situation in which he left them; and that, having done this, he must keep on till he arrives at the good fields in the country of Hawaneu; that, when he arrives there he will see all his ancestors and personal friends that have gone before him, who, together with all the chiefs of celebrity, will receive him joyfully."

In the evening his nearest relatives build a fire at the head of the grave and sit near it till the morning. For nine successive nights this is done, the deceased ending his long journey at the end of ten days. The relatives must not dance during this time.

FOUR ONONDAGA TALES

These I did not collect from the Indians, nor did I record their source. The first accounts for the cuckoo's nests. There was a lazy man who had a lazy son—an unfortunate combination. Neither of them worked or cared how things were done. The easiest way or no way at all was always the best. Their hut was poor and filthy, and bones were scattered around. Sometimes they quarreled, and one day the father struck his son senseless. For a time he seemed dead, but revived and flew away as a cuckoo. Because of his inherited lazy ways, the Indians say, the cuckoo (Tite-ti) builds no nest at all. It is but a layer of loose twigs and grass, neither beautiful nor safe.

THE THRUSH'S SONG

This Onondaga story is better. The birds wanted to get the sweetest song from the home of the Great Spirit, but this was a long way off, in the very highest sky. One after another tried to reach it, but every one failed. It was too far away. At last the great eagle (Skah-je-a-nah) said he would try. He was not much of a singer, but he was great and strong; his wings were broad and his sight keen. No doubt he could reach the highest skies. As he spread his wings a little brown bird hopped on his back and was borne unobserved through the air. The eagle flew high and the earth spread out beneath him. He flew higher and he was far above the clouds. He flew higher still, but the home of the Great Spirit was yet far away. He grew tired and had to return.

As he did so the little bird spread its wings and flew on by itself. It had lost no strength, and at last saw the bright light where the sweetest songs were heard on all sides. It alighted and sang the sweetest one of all, over and over again, till it was fixed in its mind. Then it flew back to the earth, a far easier task. But as he came near he feared the eagle would be angry and kill him. Then he feared the other birds would be envious and plague him. This he would not like. So he turned aside and found a thick grove, with bushes around, and from such places the song of the hermit thrush may often be heard.

THE MAPLE AND THE ASH

On the Onondaga hills the Sugar Maple claimed to be the best of all trees. It said, "I give the sweet water in which the red man delights. I give him O-wha-ta, the sugar which he loves. No one else can do this." But the Ash tree said "I am Ka-neh, and give him the tough wood, out of which he makes his bow. Without this he would get little game." Then was heard the voice of the Mother Life, saying, "Dispute no more. Draw your heads together and hear what I shall say." So their boughs interlaced and caressed each other, giving out a faint sound. And the voice said, "Your gifts are very good, but they all come from me. Sing this song when the winds arise." So when the

wind blows the branches of these trees come together, and a sound is heard, but not that of anger.

I think, however, that Hickory, Anonoka, is intended, from habits and use.

TA-HEECH-E-HAH, OR TWO DOGS

Men should be good to their dogs, for kindness is due to those that aid us, and if they are unkind there may be a penalty. There is an abyss between us and the land of souls, and over this two dogs hold a log by their teeth. Over this log, if fortunate, the soul passes to the happy hunting grounds. If voices are heard saying, "He fed us, he sheltered us, he loved us;" then the dogs at each end grips hard with his teeth, holding the log with all his might, and the soul passes safely over. But if the voices say, "He starved us, he beat us, he drove us away;" then, when he is half way over, the dogs let go, and he falls into the depths of wo. The Onondaga, who told this, thought with Coleridge, "He prayeth best who loveth best all things, both great and small."

THE THREE BROTHERS AND THE SUN

Mr. A. C. Parker discovered traces of an Iroquois adoration of the sun in Canada. The Senecas have some ceremonies of this kind, and among the Onondagas there the leader carries an effigy of the sun. "This is a disk of wood ten inches in diameter, fastened to a handle perhaps a foot long. The disk is painted red in the center, and has a border of yellow. Around the edge are stuck yellow-tipped down feathers of some large bird. The New York Iroquois have no such effigies," and Mr. Parker doubted whether the preachers of Handsome Lake's religion would permit this here. My doubts go a little farther—whether this ever existed in New York—whether, instead of being a survival it is not a late invention. The Jesuit Relations say nothing of it, but do record appeals to the sun as a witness to important words solemnly spoken.

Mr. Parker published a sun myth related by Edward

Cornplanter, Sosondowa, (Great Night) who recently died. The story is so evidently in his own words that I might make large quotations, with some summaries.

"This happened in old times, when there were not many people. There were three brothers and they were not married. They were hunters and had spent their lives hunting. When the brothers were young they enjoyed the excitement of hunting, but as they grew older it did not give them so much pleasure. The youngest brother suggested that, for new experiences, they walk to the edge of the earth, where the sun comes down and touches the big sea of salt water. There is salt water west, and this world is an island. The older brothers thought the plan a good one, and when they had prepared everything they started on the journey. They traveled a good many years and a good many things happened to them. They always went straight westward."

They came to a place where the sun goes under the sky's edge, into the water and camped there to see what would happen. They saw the sun get under the sky's rim and disappeared. Men tried to do the same and were crushed. "There is a road there. Now they noticed that when the sky came up, the water sank lower; and that when the sky went in the water, the water rose higher."

The younger brothers wished to pass under the rim with the sun, but the elder brother was afraid. The others ran under quickly. The rim was thick and the road good, with water on each side. They feared the sun would come down and crush them, as it did the elder brother when he ran after them. On the other side of the sky all was different. They went up a large hill and then saw a large and distant village. Their brother came to meet them. He greeted them and passed by. A venerable old man soon met them. He was the father of Hawenio and the Above Sky Place people. When they met Hawenio he said, they must call quickly "Niawenskano." If he spoke first they would become spirits like their brother. They went on to a high white bark house, and when a tall man appeared they spoke first. They thought they had fine bodies, but he took them all apart, cleansed the muscles and scraped the bones, washed them and put them together again. Then he tested

them in a fine grove, where his deer were. His swiftest buck ran by. "Try and catch him," said Howenio. They quickly caught him.

As they went to the white lodge a swift messenger came from it. On his wide breast was a brilliant ball of light. He shouted something and passed on. It was the sun. He brought news of war between their nation and another. Hawenio took them where they could see the strife. "Men will always do this," he said, as many people still believe. They staid in the upper world a long time and learned more than they could ever tell. After a time a messenger took them to the path by which the sun reached the earth in the morning. They waited till the sun reached the west, passed under the rim in the east and came out in their country again.

"It was night, and they slept on the ground. In the morning they saw their own village, and it was overgrown with trees. They followed a path through the woods and came upon another village. Their own people were there, and they went into a council house and talked." No one remembered them but their sister, now very old. It was fifty years since the war.

"The brothers did not care for the earth now, but wished themselves back in the upper world. They were not like other men, for they never grew tired. They were very strong and could chase animals and kill them with their hands. Nothing could kill them, neither arrows nor disease." After a while both were struck by lightning and killed.

DATE OF THE IROQUOIS LEAGUE

I have fully treated of this elsewhere. Traditions vary greatly but all refer to a recent period. Yet some persons antedate this for differencing of dialects or development of usages, but each nation formed a group, well apart, long before the League was formed. History helps us in this. Cartier found the Mohawks on the lower St. Lawrence, in his second and third voyages in 1535 and '40. Not one remained when Champlain came there in 1603. When and where had they gone?

From some records it seems probable their exodus was a little before 1570, and then they had to learn war before attempting conquests. In 1609 Champlain entered the lake that bears his name. He asked his Indians if the Green Mountains were inhabited, and was told they were and by the Iroquois—a name which he almost exclusively gave to the Mohawks. There they lived securely and in plenty. Yet to attack their principal towns Champlain must go through Lake George. Part still held Vermont, however, as appears from the route of those they met, which was from the head of Lake Champlain, where the party may have been reinforced from its eastern shore. Many Mohawks yet remained there, probably waiting to see if the League would last, if already formed. As late as 1655 the Mohawks expected war with the Senecas and were not on good terms with the Onondagas. The League was not yet helpful, though a means of peace. Thus, when Champlain passed through Onondaga in 1615, to attack the Oneidas, neither he nor they thought of interference or aid. A very weak League it was for many years.

Archeology comes in here. Early Iroquois towns in the Mohawk valley are very few, and they connect closely with those having European articles. One site may have been occupied before 1590—none earlier than this one—so that the Onondagas made a shrewd guess when they testified that the League was formed about A. D. 1600. There I leave the question in its simplest form. Very plainly no date as early as 1540 is possible, and 1600 is quite as early as should be claimed.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS OF ONONDAGA

I add a few names to Revolutionary soldiers already given as having lived here at some time and make some corrections. Several I had from files of Mr. L. H. Redfield's Onondaga Register, and these I give first.

Joseph Chapman, early pioneer and soldier, died in Marcellus, February 9, 1829, aged 82. I have not looked up his record.

Stephen Hager, pensioner, already mentioned, died in same town, November 22, 1822, in 65th year. He left 14 descendants there. Town divided in 1830.

Timothy Hannum, died in Otisco, June 27, 1825, aged 74.

Mr. ——— Hardenburgh, Revolutionary soldier, died in Manlius, October 27, 1829, in his 78 year. The name suggests N. Y. service.

Uriah Keeler, pensioner, died in Onondaga Valley, September 14, 1828, aged 69. According to pension list aged 74.

Ebenezer Moore's interview with La Fayette, his old commander, was described vividly by Mr. Redfield, but no allusion was made to the pensioner's nickname. Mr. R. added that "Moore is now 65 years of age, enjoys good health, and although destitute of property, he lives very comfortably with the aid of his pension. He is a man upwards of 6 feet high, and in youth was robust and athletic, and during two wars (for he was in the last) with England, he sustained the character of a valiant soldier." I have no record of his death.

Charles Richardson, Revolutionary soldier, died at the Onondaga Poor House, February 16, 1828, aged 70 years, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

William Sutherland, Revolutionary soldier, died in Onondaga, March 25, 1830, aged 69.

Capt. Tousley, father of Judge Tousley of Manlius, was drowned in Skaneateles lake, December 20, 1815. Nothing was added to this, and none of these men have monuments.

Ariel Lawrence I have mentioned before and also corrected an error made in mistaking his son's will for his. The error was perpetuated by a stone for the father, and I again certified to this. The Onondaga Register has a notice of a different kind, which I quote under date of Camillus, February 19, 1823: "Married, Ariel Lawrence, Esq., of Verona, aged 80, and Mrs. Asenath Lawrence of Camillus, aged 79, widow of late Col. Bigelow Lawrence. (In 1759 Esq. Lawrence courted her, but went to the French war and his oldest brother married her..." Ariel Lawrence, Jr., died in 1807.

Henry Morrison |1759-1842| Sally Morrison |His Wife|
1772-1863.

This stone is in the Collamer cemetery, and I am told, by descendants, that he served in Vermont, but have not found his name in rolls, that State having very imperfect records.

Timothy Teall |Died June 14, 1820|Aged 66 years|and
24 days|

Phebe Hull|wife of|Timothy Teall|died May 3,|1793 aged
34 years.

This stone is in the Fayetteville cemetery. The record I have already given. Military Lodge F. & A. M., attended the funeral at the house, June 15th.

John Nichols, a Rhode Island officer in the Revolution, was buried in Manlius cemetery, in the part originally belonging to Christ Church. Mrs. Charles R. Folsom, Regent of Fayetteville Chapter, D. A. R., tells me she verified this through the cemetery records, there being no stone. He was made Ensign of the First Company of Exeter, R. I., June, 1778, in place of John Congdon, Jr., who declined to serve. In published Rhode Island rolls only commissioned officers appear, and Mr. Nichols was probably a private before his appointment. This is the sole mention of his name. He may have been John, the son of Andrew Nichols of South Kingston, who married Phebe, daughter of John Reynolds of Exeter, R. I., July 23, 1775.

Ninian Chamberlain, |Died|Dec. 20, 1833,|Ae. 82 Yrs, 2
Mo. 20 Da's.|

Elizabeth,|His Wife,|Died|Mar. 10, 1855,|Ae. 87 Y'rs. 4 Mo's.|

Owasco Rural Cemetery, town of Skaneateles. While not enrolled in the regular troops, I have recently learned that Mr. Chamberlain enlisted as a teamster.

Wm. H. Church|Died|Aug. 20th, 1829,|aged 78 years.|

Respected while living|Lamented though dead|

His sanctified spirit|To Jesus has fled.|

Molly, wife of|Wm. H. Church,|Died|Feb. 15th, 1827,|aged 74 years.|

Here rests my lovely mother,|She's bid us all farewell,|

She's left this world of sorrow,|With her Saviour gone to dwell.|

Though I copied this long ago, present mention is due to Mr. Redfield, who published the death of Molly, wife of Capt. Wm. Harrison Church, a Revolutionary soldier, at Onondaga South Hill, February, 1828, in her 75th year. I made it 1827. The stones are in the Navarino, Pine Ridge Cemetery.

David Nichols, born in 1763 and brought up in Providence, R. I., enlisted in R. I. State troops June 14, 1778, and was discharged in February, 1779, but quickly enlisted again. About 1787 he married Nancy (Anna) King, born December 2, 1767. In 1801 they went to Pompey Hill, where she died November 22, 1820. The author of the Greene Genealogy said she had seen the scarcely legible stone, finely cut by her brother Joel, but then overturned and broken. It escaped my attention and has probably disappeared. David married again, went to Ohio, and died there November 5, 1839, aged 76 years. His second wife was Mrs. Abigail Brown. Probably in ruined Nichols cemetery, near South Onondaga.

Samuel Howe,| Revolutionary War|Died 1829 | Aged 84 Y'rs.|

New stone in old Marcellus cemetery. A veteran not mentioned before.

Charles Morgan|Revol'ry Spy|One of the Captors|of

Major Andre|Capt. Wm. Gifford's Co.|Col. Dayton's N. J.
Reg.|1745-1803.

Rachel|Late Wife of|Charles Morgan|Died|March 14th,
1846,|Ae. 80 Y'rs 11 M's.| and 11 Days.

John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wart were the three captors of Andre. Editor Carroll E. Smith always claimed that Charles Morgan was the original of Cooper's "Spy." Syracuse Post Office list, and interred in Morgan Church cemetery, town of Clay.

Peleg Slocum.—Among other inquiries about this pioneer, a short time since, I was asked if he served in the Revolution. He may have done so but I am not sure. He was born in Jamestown, R. I., January 28, 1749, and is said to have married Priscilla in 1782. I find no record of this marriage, but in 1790 he lived there with his wife and two children. His son Peleg R., of Skaneateles, was born in Lysander in 1796, and died in Skaneateles in 1859. One Peleg Slocum was a captain in Col. Stanton's R. I. Regiment in 1776-7, and may have been the one in question, but his residence is not given. The pioneer bought a farm at Plainville, Lot 73, Lysander, in 1818, and he and his wife, Ruth, re-conveyed it to the grantor the same year. Mrs. Slocum died in Skaneateles December 24, 1854, aged 94. 3. 24, having been born in 1759. I know of no tombstones for any of these.

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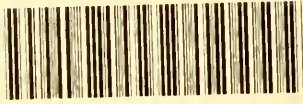


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